

## QUARANTINE CAMP

SNEAKING along in the darkness,  
Dodging the bally M. P's,  
Wondering how I can slip past the guard  
Into my den of disease,  
What in the world am I up to?  
Where in the deuce have I been?  
Plainly and clearly—I have been merely  
Breaking from quarantine.

Mud from the road and the pathway  
Cakes on my boots and puttees;  
Puddles of water, unseen in the dark  
Soak me half-way to the knees.  
Can't I go out in the daytime  
When all these things can be seen?  
Not by a damn shot—not here in Bramshott  
We are in quarantine!

Guarded like cattle or convicts  
Seldom we dare pass the door;  
This is the way we are fighting the Hun!  
Oh, what a h— of a war!  
Yet one bright beam in our darkness  
One ray of hope shines serene:  
Think how we'll cheer if we ever get clear—  
Clear of our quarantine!