

WHY DON'T YOU DON THE KHAKI?

(Suggested by a Recruiting Poster).

Why don't you don the Khaki,
Or else the Navy Blue—
From line and trench, or Kiel Canal
Stop Huns from coming through?
You've shown no "colours" yet this while
"For Britain, Home or Beauty,"
You've worn civilian garb in style,
Now don the dress of Duty!

Have you not seen the finger's scorn,
Because you're not in Khaki?
When every clime of our Domain—
From Afric's shores the Darkey—
From frozen North—from Tropic soil,
They feel it's but their due—
All these are *Men*—true Britishers—
You don the Khaki too!

It's not a glittering show, we know—
Nor yet the peacock fine,
But Khaki or Blue, will see you through
The Kiel or River Rhine!
Then up and don the Khaki—
Your part for Freedom take,
For Honour, King and Empire—
Your own dear safety's sake!

Have you not known a mother's love?
And been her constant care?
Did she not train for Manhood's ways—
Made that her daily prayer?
The time is *Now*, to prove her work—
Now let her prayers come true—
For her dear sake the dress now take—
The Khaki, or the Blue.

Just think of wives, of mothers, homes,
Of all they loved bereft,
Just look at gallant Belgium,
Of it so little left!—
Once smiling, peaceful, well-tilled farms,—
A land of beauty, too;
Up, up and right her forlorn plight,—
Don Khaki, or the Blue!

Were *none* to change peaceful attire—
None don the Khaki, or the Blue,
By now the foe had been through France,
Aye! wasting Britain too!
But thousands brave have crost the wave—
And blocked the lawless Hun,
You back them up, in Khaki get,—
Be Britain's worthy son!

"Yes! yes! I'll don the Khaki,"
I hear you firmly say;
I'll be the man my mother wished,—
I'll help to win "The Day!"
I'll be the friend of orphans—
Of helpless, mothers, wounded, too,
I'll help the fight—(Great Britain's right)
I'm Khaki through and through!