

XIV

The Dugout that we set our minds upon,
Blows up—or isn't bothered—and anon,
Like Warts upon old Belgium's muddy Face,
Staying its little day or two—is gone.

XV

And those who dodged the vindictive Grenade,
And those who promptly for their Dugouts made,
Alike to Sentry Duty are returned,
They're much too busy now to be afraid.

XVI

Think—in this battered—Line Trench we stay,
Waiting for Him Surpris—Night and Day,
Where sentry after sentry with his "Gat,"
Abides his Hour or two and goes away.

XVII

They say the Germans find it hard to keep
The land where Willie gloried and drank deep,
And Joffre's going to hunt the Wild Ass,
And put him and his Papa safe to sleep.

XVIII

I sometimes think that ne'er has blown so red
The Rose, as Roses will, when Willie's fled,
That every Flower will in the garden grow
More beautiful when Prussianism's dead.

XIX

And this delightful Herb's once tender green
Dyed by the foulest Work the World has seen,
Will grow again in Radiance—Ah, who knows
How badly Germanized we might have been?

XX

Come, gentle Sergeant, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears,
To-morrow in old Blighty I may be,
And I'll come back—in nineteen thousand years.