

VERSES FROM THE FRONT

TO A SODGER'S LOUSE

(By Anonymous)

Wee scamperin', irritatin' scunner,
Hoo daur ye worry me I wunner,
As if I hadna' lots tae dae,
Blockin' the road to Auld Calais
Without ye.

Ye'll hardly let me hae a doss
For your paradin' richt across
Ma back, ma neck, and doon ma spine
Thinkin' nae doot ye're dain' fine
Sookin' ma bluid.

When at ma country's ca' I came,
To fecht for beauty, King and hame,
I read ma yellow form twice,
But it said nought aboot fechtin' lice
Or I hae gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skiff ma heid,
Or aboot me tae draw a bead,
I fain would stop to scart ma back,
To shift ye aff the bitten track
Afore I fire.

When through the shirt o' Sister Sue,
I search maist carefully for you.
I smile tae think the busy wench
Never dreams her seams mak' sic a
trench
Tae gie ye cover.

Whit Labyrinthine dug-out too,
We're makin' in our kilts the noo,
Ye're reinforcements tak' the bun
Encouraged by the Flanders sun,
Too keep us lively.

"Gott Strafe ye" little kittlin' beast
Ye maybe think ye'll mak' a feast
O' me, but no, ye'll get a had
When next ye try to promenade
Across ma kist.

The mixture in the packet here
Is bound tae mak' ye disappear,
Nae mair I'll need tae mak' ye click,
One dose they say 'll dae the trick
As share as d'ath.

APROPOS OF FLANDERS

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough and double
Reasons for complaint.
Rain and storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often grey;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine to-day?

What's the use of always weeping,
Ma, in' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulations,
Water with his wine,
Life, it ain't no celebration,
Trouble? I've had mine—
But to-day it is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago.
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As fate wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine today.

A contributor to La Vie Canadienne dedicated the following verses to the commanding Officer of a Canadian Highland battalion, who, among the lads of the auld regiment, will always be remembered as:

MAJOR JACK

Come, call your boys together,
Major Jack,
To face the wintry weather
On the track.
Scottish, with their latest breath,
Will follow to the death
Where you lead them, when you need
them,
Major Jack.

For they know your tried and true,
Major Jack,
And they'll each along with you
Do their whack.
In your heart no thought of fear,
On your lips a word of cheer,
Ever ready, cool and steady,
Major Jack.

Well we know you'll hold your ground
Major Jack,
And when foemen creep around
Drive them back.
In the Homeland o'er the sea,
We are trusting, Sir, to thee,
And your laddies, in their pladdies,
Major Jack.

TO A RUM JAR

AN APPRECIATION

(By R.T.S.S.)

O quaint, misshapen shape! O thou
whose stunted lines have oft called for
the acclaim of thirsty legions.
O thou, who, within thy squalid
self did'st contain life's sweetest

essence; who canst, by one lone jolt
change these mudded walls to marble
pillars, this tattered burlap to a silken
canopy, yon sodden floor to a feath-
ered couch! Accept now my thanks,
my thirsty thanks.

Oft, on a wintry night, hast thou
gladdened my wearied eyes to see thee
approaching from afar, born aloft by
some luckless swain, who did but
faintly appreciate what honor was his,
but called instead many Unseen Pow-
ers to witness that never was there
mud like the mud of Flanders!

Now, night engulfed in this self-same
mud, thou liest beside yon broken
bath-mat. Thou, who did'st but yester-
ere bring joy to sixty gallant men;
who did'st change my officer's scowl to
a wreathed smile; the S.M.'s curse to
a mild rebuke; the Listening Post's
qualms to a bold defiance. Thou hadst
thine single hour of greatness.

Praise be thou hast many brothers!

WAR LIMERICKS

[By F. G. S.]

There was an old man of Belloo
Who, on finding a tack in his shoe,
Said a horrible word
Which his wife overheard,
And which I could'nt mention to you.

There was an old maid of Belloo,
Who was hated by all that she knew.
Her habits were mean
And her hands were unclean,
And her teeth—which were false—
would'nt chew.

There was a young girl of Belloo,
Who had eyes of beautiful blue
But was so full of wiles,
With her nods and her smiles.
That to run was the safe thing to do.

While the Germans were camped in
Belloo,
An aeroplane over it flew,
And it there dropped a shell
Which sent them to ———
And made all the devils look blue.

"Do you believe everything you
hear?" asked the new private of his
sergeant. "No, sonny. But when
I'm in the trenches and hear a noise
like an express train I never doubt
that a 'coal bucket' is coming."