

We are sorry to part with you, Fifty-First,
 It's a credit you've been to the town,
 There are people, of course, who always think worse
 Than is real when a fellow is down,
 But we know these things don't worry you,
 And in you we've implicit trust,
 You're men everyone, and, father or son,
 We're proud of you, Fifty-First.
 So here's a Good-bye to you, Fifty-First,
 When you get to the other side,
 The folk will run to meet you, boys,
 The Forty-Ninth will greet you, boys,
 Then side by side for the dear old flag
 You'll gallantly face the worst,
 And wherever you are we'll remember you,
 And root for the Fifty-First.

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WHEN NELLIE BOBBED HER HAIR

Oh, Nellie dear, why did you do it,
 How could you be so unkind,
 Depriving your head of its glory,
 And showing it so bare behind.
 The boys have not been so despondent
 Since the day they first were demobbed,
 When they look and behold with a shudder
 Your raven black hair has been bobbed.

You looked so demure and so dainty
 As you served out the cakes in the store,
 Or handed our soup and our doughnuts
 And had us all asking for more.
 But, oh, what a sad transformation,
 It just makes us feel we've been robbed
 When we look at your head and discover
 Your raven black hair has been bobbed.

Lovely hair is a woman's best asset,
 At least so we see every day
 From advertisements showing that Woffles'
 Hair Tonic is best every way.

So, Nellie dear, don't be hard-hearted,
 Just think how the boys have sobbed
 When they heard of your great indiscretion
 In getting your raven hair bobbed.

For Heaven's sake, Nellie, HAVE A HEART.