



And were I hale and hearty
I'd do the same again,
And take my place among the ranks
Of Britain's fighting men.

What, youngster? Tell about my wounds?
There's nothing much to say.
The first was in the village—
We captured it that day—
I got a bullet in the breast.
Unconsciously for hours
I lay just where I tumbled
Drenched thro' with chilling showers.

To get me to the ambulance
The bearers had to creep.
A doctor tended me who looked
Half dead for want of sleep.
They'd run quite out of medicine;
Few orderlies beside,
And those of us who wanted to
Might live—the others died.

I needed life so much, I guess
I fought the angel back.
It's funny how you hate to die
When lying on your back.
They patched me up eventually;
Back to the lines I went,—
Back to the freezing trench; 'twas then
I knew what suff'ring meant.

The cutting wind nipped to the bone,
The rifle froze the hand,
And all day long the shrapnel searched
The frost-encrusted land.