

## To The Grafters

---

The Boche is a creature whose virtues are few,  
His crimes are too many to tell.  
He plotted and labored thro' long years of peace  
To turn half the world into hell.  
He butchers brave Belgians; he scuttles good ships;  
He bombs British babies in bed.  
In short, for his manners and morals and case  
There's not very much to be said.

There's this much at least: he is true to his flag,  
And steadfastly helps it to win.  
There's one slimy breed doesn't thrive in his land,  
(Or else we would be in Berlin!)

The scoundrel who preys on his country's distress,  
The renegade, crocodile-souled,  
Who looks on her need as his heaven-sent chance  
For stuffing his pockets with gold.

We know him of old by the rifle that jams,  
The boots that curl up on our feet,  
The khaki that's shoddy, the misfires and duds,  
The tins of pestiferous meat.  
He isn't too common—thank heaven for that—  
For England fights now with a will.  
(The "nation of shopkeepers" knows what is due  
To men who are guarding the till.)

In Hunland, the traitor, when caught in the act,  
Would stand with his back to a wall,  
And twelve sturdy soldiers would joyfully aim  
To riddle his body with ball.  
Our customs are milder; the grafter escapes,  
His pocket, at most, suffers loss.  
But might we not justly compel him to wear  
Forever, the Hun—Iron—Cross

Pte. E. G. McDougall.

P.P.C.L.I.