

## THE COWARD

And 'e says: "Wot d'ye think of it, Lizer Ann?"  
And I says: "Well, I can't make it out, old man;  
You'd 'ook it as soon as a scrap began,

When you was a bit of a kid;"

And 'e whispers: "'Ere, on the quiet, Liz,  
They're makin' too much of the 'ole dam biz,  
And the papers is printin' me ugly phiz,

But . . . I'm 'anged if I know wot I did.

"Oh, the Captain comes and 'e says: 'Look 'ere!  
They're far too quiet out there; it's queer.  
They're up to somethin',—'oo'll volunteer

To crawl in the dark and see?"

Then I felt me 'eart like a 'ammer go,  
And up jumps a chap and 'e says: 'Right O!  
But I chips in straight, and I says, 'Oh, no!

'E's a missis and kids,—take me!"

"And the next I knew I was sneakin' out,  
And the oozy corpses was all about,  
And I felt so scared I wanted to shout,  
And my skin fair prickled wiv fear;  
And I sez: 'You coward! You 'ad no right  
To take on the job of a man this night,'  
Yet still I kept creepin' till ('orrid sight!)

The trench of the 'Uns was near.