

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.