

AFTERNOON TEA

I'm thinking I looked like a madman; I fancy I
felt one, too,
Half naked and swinging a rifle . . . God!
what a glorious "do."
As I sit here in old Piccadilly, sipping my after-
noon tea,
I see a blind, bullet-chipped devil, and it's hard to
believe that it's me:
I see a wild, war-damaged demon, smashing out
left and right,
And humming "Ben Bolt" rather loudly, and
hugely enjoying the fight.
And as for my men, may God bless 'em! I've
loved 'em ever since then:
They fought like the shining angels; they're the
pick o' the land, my men.
And the trench was a reeking shambles, not a
Boche to be seen alive—
So I thought—but on rounding a traverse I came
on a covey of five;
And four of 'em threw up their flippers, but the
fifth chap, a sergeant, was game,
And though I'd a bomb and revolver he came at
me just the same.
A sporty thing that, I tell you; I just couldn't
blow him to hell,
So I swung to the point of his jaw-bone, and
down like a nine-pin he fell.