

FAGS

When the bullets whine above your head, and
sputter on the ground,
When your eyes are strained for every move,
your ears for every sound —
You'd bet your life a Hun patrol is prowling
somewhere near;
A shiver runs along your spine that's very much
like fear;
You'll stick it to the finish — but, I'll make a little
bet,
You'd feel a whole lot better if you had a ciga-
rette.

When Fritz is starting something and his guns
are on the bust
When the parapet goes up in chunks, and settles
down in dust,
When the roly-poly "rum-jar" comes a-wobbling
thro' the air,
'Til it lands upon a dugout — and the dugout
isn't there;
When the air is full of dust, and smoke, and
scraps of steel, and noise
And you think you're booked for golden crowns
and other Heavenly joys,