

A LETTER FROM SALISBURY PLAINS

Dear sir, these lines will let you know
How things in dear old England go,
And that the source of all our woe
Is not the b—— Kaiser.

We thought at home, when at our ease,
An arbour'd pub, with bread and cheese,
When served by dainty maids, would please
The stomach and the eye, sir.

The bread and cheese, we've found, ah me!
Developed to the nth degree,
The rose-clad pub and maid, say we,
Were both a wild surmise, sir.

The English beer is strong in cheer,
And makes a soldier's feet act queer,
And in the morn he sheds a tear,
His clothes are such an eyesore.

Old England's jam has made no hit;
In fact, 'tis but a counterfeit;
The turnips in it are but fit
For bombing Bill the Kaiser.

At home, we often sat and dreamed
Of England's shady lanes, where beamed
The moon, and happy lovers seemed
In rosy bow'rs to sigh, sir.

We've found the lanes, too true, too true;
The shade is there, the mud is too;
Nor roses bloom, nor lovers woo,
To please the passer-by, sir.

Alas! 'Tis but a dismal plain
Or rather, sea of mud and rain,
Where language that is all profane
Shoots hot as any geyser.