

Next in the gun-park.

The first battery in position and an hour to wait.

"Dress up the Headquarters Party!"

"Spit out that gum and down with your chin-straps!"

And the Sergeant-Major's melodious bellow

Moves the gunners to action.

"Prepare to mount—Mount!"

"Prepare to dismount—Dismount—"

O Hell! Why did I ever join the Army?

"Column of route from the right."

We're off.

Far ahead

Stretches the long dusty road.

We eat it, we breathe it, it fills our eyes and noses

And yet, for all that, we enjoy it,

Soaking in the sun and the beauty of Surrey,

It's hedges and fields and the great stately oaks,

And the hills meeting away in the blue distance.

And here and there an old mossy brick cottage,

And perhaps a fair face at the window.

Somebody hang on to Jock Noad

And Jack Bird, the bar-maid's Romeo,

They'll stand some watching, both of 'em!

The long day

Strenuous and sweaty and full of disaster.

"Get mounted—no, dismounted—no, mounted—"