

(Continued.)

You've written your name on the scroll of
Fame;

No record is plainer writ.

You bathed in mud and you waded in blood,

And you thought it was only your bit;

And you didn't complain of the cold, or the
rain,

Or the deluge of iron and lead;

And you still carried-on, though your leaders
were gone

And the friends of your bosom were dead.

So why are you grumbling and growling now

Ten miles from the seat of war?

And why are you asking:—"What on earth

Do they think we enlisted for?"

You came to fight for the cause of right,

But not to be "Chocolate" men,

So you strain and roar, "Get on with the war.

"We want to get home again."

Oh yes! There's a hundred thousand men,

(In fact, I believe there're more)

Who polish their buttons and buckles and boots

Ten miles from the seat of war;

Who polish their buttons and buckles and boots

And go for a march now and then,

Who fain would roar, "Carry on with the war,

"We want to get home again!"

Somewhere in France,

July, 1917.