

Omar from the Trenches

By

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I

Stand to! for Morning in the Trench of Night
Has flung his Starshell, putting Stars to Flight,
And lo! the Sergeant with the Rum is come,
"Stand down and post Day-sentries now," "All right!"

II

Dreaming when Starshells fluttered thro' the Sky
I heard a Voice outside the Dugout cry:
"Awake, my little one, it's two o'clock,"
Sadly I crooned "Thy Sentinel am I."

III

And at the "Stand down," those who stood outside
The Dugout, waiting, "Get a move on," cried,
"You know how little while we have to stay,
Big Working Parties threaten—get inside."

V

Winter indeed has gone with all her Snows
And last week's Fifteen Franes—where, no one knows
But still our Rum its Warmth and Pleasure yields
And still the "Stokes" its frequent mortar throws

VI

And Fritz's bolt is shot: but asinine
Fool-bluffing newspapers with "Whine, Rhine, Whine!"
Ach Rhine!" The Tagenblatt cries to poor Fritz,
That yellow Cheek of his to incarnadine.