

The Soldier's Dread

(With apologies to the Shade of George Whither)

Now in myself I notice take,
What life we soldiers lead,
My hair stands up, my heart doth ache,
My soul is full of dread;
And to declare
This horrid fear,
Throughout my bones I feel
A shivering cold
On me lay hold
And run from head to heel.

It is not the loss of limbs or breath
Which hath me so dismayed,
Nor mortal wounds, nor groans of death
Have made me thus arrayed;
When cannons roar,
I start no more
Than mountains from their place,
Nor tremble I
When from the sky
"Jack Johnsons" fall apace.

A soldier it would ill become
Such common things to learn.
A cheery word, a tot of rum,
His courage up doth cheer;
Though dust and smoke
His passage choke,
He boldiy marcheth on,
And thinketh scorn
His back to turn,
Till all be lost or won.

That whereupon the dread begins
Which thus appalleth me,
Is not that troop of crying sins
Which rite in soldiers be,
But in my mind
This fear I find—
I hope my fears deceive—
That "all leave stops"
When my name tops
The list to go on leave.

A Perfect Day

Dix 'Steenth Battalion boys eating Bully Bœut
One caught the tummy-ache and then there were neuf.

Neuf 'Steenth Battalion boys munching des biscuits,
One broke his wisdom tooth and then there were huit.

Huit 'Steenth Battalion boys did it for a bet.
One met the A.P.M. and then there were sept.

Sept 'Steenth Battalion boys called to see Elise,
One cut his comrades out and then there were six.

Six 'Steenth Battalion boys not heeding what they drank,
One called for Grenadine and then there were cinq.

Cinq 'Steenth Battalion boys starting to se battre,
One riled a heavy weight and then there were quatre.

Quatre 'Steenth Battalion boys broke the blinkin' loi,
One made a job of it and then there were trois.

Trois 'Steenth Battalion boys feeling tres heureux,
One spoil the gramophone and then there were deux.

The Tanks

The Tank is a monstrous thing;
The terror of the Hun;
To get a notion of its size
Just study Figure One.

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No projectile its armoured walls
Can ever pierce right through;
An elevation of its front
Is shown in Figure Two.

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No obstacle its progress stops,
'Twill even climb a tree;
A drawing of it from the back
Is made in Figure Three.

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It holds a hundred thousand men
And very likely more;
A section of it from the right,
Is sketched in Figure Four.

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With guns of every calibre,
It's bristling alive;
A photo of it on the move,
Is snapped in Figure Five.

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The Germans all agree it is
A triumph of Old Nick's;
For Raemaker's cartoon of it,
Please turn to Figure Six.

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—R.M.E.

For Men Going on Leave

Beds and meals at moderate prices
can be obtained by men going on
leave at the following places in
London:

Victoria League Clubs—16 Regent St.,
S.W., Mason's Yard, Duke St., St. James,
82 Charing Cross Road, W.C.

Maple Leaf Clubs—11 Charles St.,
Berkley Square, 5 Connaught Place,
Marble Arch W. (Daughters of the Em-
pire Annex) and at Peel House Club,
Regency St., Vauxhall Bridge Road.

Deux 'Steenth Battalion boys called a man a Hun,
He proved he wasn't one and then there was un.

Un 'Steenth Battalion boys feeling tres bien,
He got estiminated, that left rien.

—R.M.E.

Popular Parodies

Air—*Row, Row, Row.*

Oh, it's rum, rum, rum,
If your in our crush you'll get none, none, none.
From the Quartermaster's stores
It's issued now and then,
But they water it, and water it and water it again.
And then you come, come, come,
To draw your ration of this weak diluted rum,
For you draw it in a tin,
But, by gad, it's pretty thin,
Still its rum, rum, rum.