

## THE WATCH ON THE RHINE!

When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine,  
How we'll sing, how we'll sing, Auld Lang Syne!  
You and I, Hurrah! we'll cry,  
Everything will be Potsdam fine;  
When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine,  
Then Keir Hardie, no doubt, will repine,  
And his life will be grand, out in Hel-igoland,  
When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine.

### PARODY.

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,  
Let me forget the war and all;  
Damp is my dugout, cold my feet,  
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.  
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode,  
And shrapnel shells are "à la mode,"  
Over the sandbags helmets you find,  
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,  
Where German snipers can't pot me;  
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,  
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,  
The rats are running around my head;  
Stretched out upon my waterproof,  
Dodging the raindrops through the roof.  
Sing me to sleep where camp fires glow,  
Full of French bread and "café à l'eau,"  
Dreaming of home and night in the West,  
Somebody's over-seas boots on my chest.

Far from the starlights I'd love to be,  
Lights of old London I'd rather see;  
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,  
Waiting for someone to put me to sleep.