

“ K (1).”

*We do not deem ourselves A 1,
We have no past: we cut no dash:
Nor hope, when launched against the Hun,
To raise a more than moderate splash.*

*But yesterday, we said farewell
To plough; to pit; to dock; to mill.
For glory? Drop it! Why? Oh, well—
To have a slap at Kaiser Bill.*

*And now to-day has come along.
With rifle, haversack, and pack,
We're off, a hundred thousand strong.
And—some of us will not come back.*

*But all we ask, if that befall,
Is this. Within your hearts be writ
This single-line memorial:—
He did his duty—and his bit!*