

FAGS

- When the cold is making ice cream of the marrow
of your bones,
When you're shaking like a jelly and your feet
are dead as stones,
When your clothes and boots and blankets, and
your rifle and your kit,
Are soaked from Hell to Breakfast, and the dug-
out where you sit
Is leaking like a basket, and upon the muddy floor
The water lies in filthy pools, six inches deep or
more;
Tho' life seems cold and mis'erable and all the
world is wet,
- You'll always get thro' somehow if you've got
a cigarette.

When you're lying in a listening post 'way out
beyond the wire,
While a blasted Hun, behind a gun, is doing
rapid fire;