

A CIGARETTE.

1. *When the cold is making ice cream of the marrow in 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 miserable, and all the world is wet,
You'll always get thro' somehow if you've got a cigarette.*
2. *When you're lying in a listening-post, 'way out beyond the wire,
While a blasted Hun, behind a gun, is doing rapid fire,
When the bullets whine above your head and sputter on the ground,
When your eyes are strained for every move, your ears for every sound —
You'd bet your life a Hun patrol is prowling somewhere near,
A shiver runs along your spine that's very much like fear;
You'll stick it to the finish-but I'll make a little bet
You would feel a whole lot better if you had a cigarette.*
3. *When Fritz is starting something and his guns are on the bust,
When the parapet goes up in chunks, and settles down in dust,
When the roly-poly "run-jar" comes a-wobbling thro' the air;
When it lands upon a dug out and the dug out is 'nt there;
When the air is full of dust, and smoke, and scraps of steel, and noise,
And you think you're booked for golden crowns and other Heavenly joys,
When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your brain is all a-fret
It isn't half so hopeless if you've got a cigarette.*
4. *When you're waiting for the whistle and your foot is on the step.
You bluff yourself its lots of fun, and all the time your kep'
To the fact that you may stop one 'for you've gone a dozen feet,
And you wonder what it feels like, and your thoughts are far from sweet;
Then you thing about a little grave, with R. I. P. on top,
And you know you've got to go across altho' you'd like to stop;
When your back bone's limp as butter, and you're bathed in icy sweat,
Why, you'll feel a lot more cheerful if you puff your cigarette.*
5. *Then, when you stop a good one, and the stretcher bearers come,
And patch you up with strings, and splints, and bandages and gum,
When you thing you've got a million wounds and fifty thousand breaks,
And your body's just a blasted sack-packed full of pains and aches,
Then you feel you've reached the finish, and you're sure your numbers up
But you know that you're not down and out, the life's worth living yet,
When some old war-wise Red Cross guy slips you a cigarette,*
6. *We can do without Maconachie and Bully, and hard tack;
When Fritz's curtain-fire keeps the ration parties back;
We can do without our great coats, and our socks and shirts, and shoes
We might almost — tho' I doubt it — get along without our booze.
We can do without "K. R. and O." and "Military Law";
We can beat the ancient Is realites at making bricks and straw.
We can do without a lot of things and still win out you bet.
Wut I'd hate to think of soldiering without a CIGARETTE.*

Written in the trenches
Corp. Jack TURNER, Newfoundland.

