

The Wail of the Billeted.

*When first I came to Rouen,
I found that I was free,
To live like any gentleman,
Where best it suited me.*

*And there I lived like Lucullus,
Or anyone you please,
While Madame cooked me dainties,
Suzette sat on my knees.*

*So I sought a chambre à louer,
And did install me there,
For Madame was a kindly soul,
With daughter passing fair.*

*But now alas ! they've moved me,
To a " Billet " cold and hard,
Where I sleep upon the floor, Boys,
And wash me in the yard.*

*And now I'm strictly rationed,
On hard tack and bully-beef.
From biscuits and Machonachie,
I fain would seek relief.*

*So when the shades are falling,
Suzette, I'll think of thee,
And of Madame cooking dainties,
While you cuddle on my knee.*

*For alas ? my dainty Suzette,
An incredible decree,
Has confined me to my billet,
When I fain would be with thee.*

APOLOGIA

*Now test the captious reader
My morals should bewail.
Suzette's a little fairy,
Actat sir, avec pig-tail.*

C. P. P.

