

AFTERNOON TEA

And the Boches that missed my bullets, my chaps
gave a bayonet jolt,
And all the time, I remember, I whistled and
hummed "Ben Bolt."
Well, that little job was over, so hell-for-leather
we ran,
On to the second line trenches—that's where the
fun began.
For though we had strafed 'em like fury, there
still were some Boches about,
And my fellows, teeth set and eyes glaring, like
terriers routed 'em out.
Then I stumbled on one of their dug-outs, and I
shouted: "Is anyone there?"
And a voice, "Yes, one; but I'm wounded," came
faint up the narrow stair;
And my man was descending before me, when
sudden a cry! a shot!
(I say, this cake is delicious. You make it your-
self, do you not?)
My man? Oh! they killed the poor devil; for if
there was one there was ten;
So after I'd bombed 'em sufficient I went down at
the head of my men,
And four tried to sneak from a bunk-hole, but we
cornered the rotters all right;
I'd rather not go into details, 'twas messy that bit
of the fight.