

VERSES FROM THE FRONT

EXCELSIOR-UM

The shades of night were falling fast,
As down a trench a private passed,
Looking cold and wet and glum
And murmuring, I want my rum.

And when again at break of day
The same man passed the self-same
way,
Saying low: Well, now I've come,
I wonder if I'll get my rum?

He met a sergeant who felt gay
And asked will there be rum to-day?
The sergeant said, you gosh darned
bum,
I'll clink you if you ask for rum.

The man went back, resumed his place,
A ghostly smile passed o'er his face.
And soon he left for Kingdom Come,
Still murmuring, I'd like my rum.

His soul reached Heaven in half a tick
And at the Gate met Saint Patrick,
Who said to him, why did you come?
So he replied, I wanted rum.

Saint Patrick looked again and said,
It sure is time that you were dead,
For while on earth you were a bum,
Who asked for nothing else but rum.

So here in Heaven you cannot stay;
I'm sorry, but I must say nay,
For here we only admit some
Who don't insist on getting rum.

So then to H—— that soul was sent,
And Satan, who is a pleasant gent,
Said, welcome, friend, I'm glad you've
come,
I expected you, so I got some rum.

So now in H—— that soul remains
And suffers no more ills or pains,
For every night an imp will come
And serve each one a jar of rum.

So when I die and I must go
And leave this cold wet earth below,
I hope that soul will be my chum,
For then I know I'll get my rum.

And if by any luck, or chance,
I meet a soul that's just from France
Or Dardanelles or Bel-gi-um,
I'll say, Hey, Partner, try some rum.

—W. O. W.

MIGHT BE RIGHT

"Somewhere in France" or Belgium,
Some place where might is right,
To show how mighty we might be,
We have to stay here and fight.

—G. A. F.

MODERN HYMNS WITH ANCIENT AIRS

O Parados, O Parados,
'Tis weary working here;
This everlasting sand-bag stuff
Makes life a trifle dreer;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the rain,
All soaking through and through
Then soaking through again.

O Parados, O Parados,
I'm getting tired of Fritz;
Each night we build you up, each day
He knocks you all to bits;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the breeze,
All frozen through and through —
Especially round the knees.



O Parados, O Parados,
It's getting far too hot
For filling sand-bags now, although
The sergeant says it's not;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the sun
All blistering through and through—
And blisterings not much fun.

O Parados, O Parados,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Where the wicked cease from shovel-
ling
And the Hun is second best;
Where loyal hearts and true
Can rest all day and then
Can sleep the whole night through
Then rest next day again?

—B. H. R.

THE CANTEN WAGON DRIVER

At 6 a.m. I feed my team
With oats and water from the stream
Then to the cook-house on the run
For my dixie of tea and fried bacon.

At 7 a.m. I work on the line
With comb and brush my team I
shine,
But alas I have no time to stay,
The canteen needs a wagon "right
away."

Hitched-up ready for the road
I ask from whence I fetch my load;
"From Poperinghe," comes the order
clear.

"Bring out four barrels of 'Special
Beer'."

—W. G. C.

THE BRAZIER

The Brazier—number Three
Has just been sent to me.
Such a paper is a marvel I declare.
It is full of lively matter, "gas" and
billet chatter,
Besides poetic talent which is rare.

The poem about the lice,
A subject far from nice,
Is treated just as such a matter ought,
It is graphic, frank and clever, and of
course the end was never
—Reached until it gave the certain
antidote.

About the telescopic rifle,
A first rate poetic trifle,
The writer has a gift that he should
nurse;
What although it means two guns, if
he circumvents the Huns,
He will bear the burden yet without a
curse.

All hail! men of the West,
You are giving of your best,
Our gratitude is yours without a doubt.
Yes you have the admiration of the
good old British Nation.
And the Huns will never put such men
to rout.

—G. McL.

'TIS TRUE

No rose, no cheeks but one day fade,
No eyes that lose their lustre;
No five franc bill but must be changed
Howe'er we hate to bust her.