

(Continued.)

And we would rather a thousand times
Be here in the smoke and din,
Than sit back home, with a lonely heart,
And wait till the news comes in.

As, day by day, you kneel and pray
And long for our safe return,
Our foremost hope is—to find the soap,
And what are we going to burn?
Our cook is dead, there's not much bread,
And matches are scarce as gold;
But yours the grief without relief,
Whose half cannot be told.

To us the fight is a cinema night,
In fact, we call it a "show."
But you must read—how your heart must
bleed
In dread of the names below!
Our heart may thrill—or stand stock still—
Or the struggle quicken our frames,
But you can only turn once more
To the endless list of names.

The saddest word I ever heard,
When they carried one out of the fight,
Was what my partner said to me,
"God comfort his Missus to-night!"
For we would rather a thousand times
Be here in the smoke and din,
Than sit back home, with a lonely heart,
And wait till the news comes in.

Found written in his Diary.