

## Out at Rest.

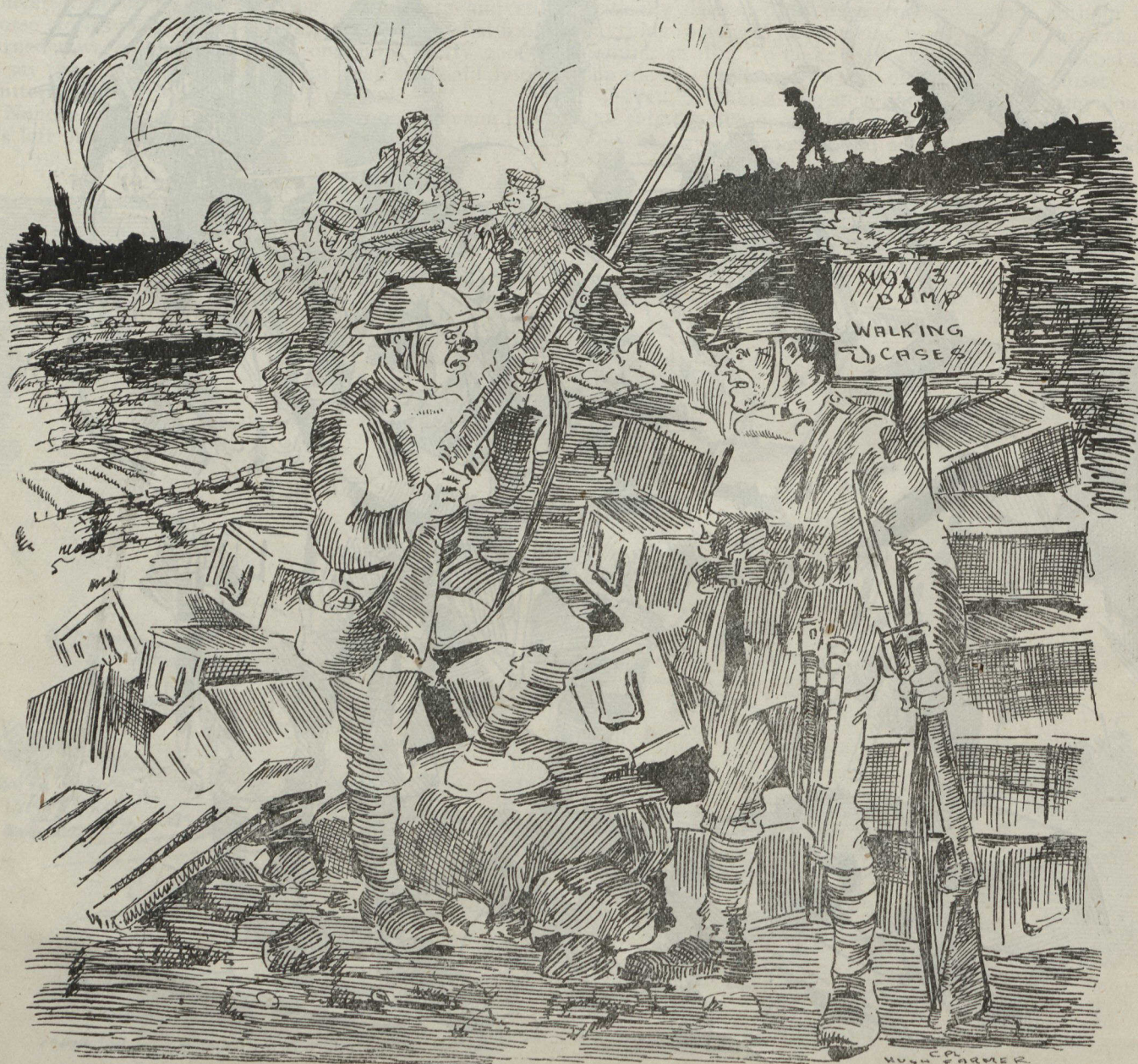
BLUE is the sky of sunny France,  
And green are her fields so fair;  
On the apple trees the blossoms dance  
With the breeze in the soft Spring air;  
And here I lie out in an orchard old,  
In a village away in the rear,  
And peace and contentment around me unfold  
With a feeling of gladness I'm here.

Oh it's good to get out at rest,  
Away from the roar of the guns,  
Hike out to the land in the west  
Away from the work of the Huns,—  
Away from the dug-outs and dirt  
And the living like moles in the ground,  
Away from the bullet's "spirt,"  
And the ricochet's shrieking rebound;

Away from the "stand to" at dawn,  
And the twists and the turns of the trench,  
Away from the watch by the horn  
That tells of the poison-gas stench,—  
Away from the working at night  
With the damned and the detestable wire,  
Away from the "holding on tight"  
To the stretcher covered with mire.

There's a murmuring of guns far east,  
Like surf on a shingled shore,  
And day or night it has never ceased,  
Till now by the swelling roar;  
And the distant shrapnel-dappled sky  
Where planes dart to and fro,  
It is plain to me the time is nigh  
When back to the line we'll go.

C. E. TOCKNEY,  
Little Black Devils.



Battle Story: "Hey, who are you, Nosey? A mopper-up? Well, you'd better go back up the line—there ain't no booze here."