

It may look a little crowded, and the roof's a trifle low,
But it's water-tight—or nearly—and it wasn't built for
show,
And when Woolly Bears are crumping and the shrapnel
sprays around,
You feel a whole lot safer if you're underneath the ground
In a rat-proof, rain-proof dug-out (and it's splinter-proof
as well)
Where we got the stuff to build it is a thing I mustn't tell,
But we've made it strong and solid, and we're cosy, rain
or shine,
In our happy little dug-out on the firing line.

TO A "V. A. D."

MINE is a stubborn pen,
Mine an untutored tongue;
I must depart again,
Leaving our thanks unsung.

But be you well assured,
Deep in our hearts we know
All that you have endured,
All that you must forgo—

So, though our lips be dumb,
Yet may you learn some day,
In the long time when the world comes home
All that our hearts would say.