

THE ARMISTICE

Forced control and aching dread
Melt away in tears thus shed,
Victory! Victory!

Citizens and soldiers run
In a string together spun,
Boys are clanging pots and pans;
Labourers and artizans,
Clerks and merchants rush along,
Elbowing the motley throng,
Victory! Victory!

Draped in flags, strange figures come,
Pirouetting, frolicsome,
Tall coned caps upon their heads
Spell the fool and nonsense spreads,
Children immitate and prance,
Blowing trumpets while they dance,
Victory! Victory!

Tooting motors seek to pass
Through the swaying human mass,