

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

I do not mind the Huns at all, I always like to
strafe at them,

And as I bare my bayonet I positively laugh at
them ;

And when I've my smoke helmet on, and in the
trench I roam about—roam about—roam
about,

I'm telling you, d'you get me kid ? I'm something
to write home about.

II

I love to hear the screeching of the shells a-tearing
round about,

And see the bombs a-bouncing and a-bursting on
the ground about ;

I'm tickled when the "Johnsons" and the
"Jennies" start to whizz on me,

And aerial torpedoes never raise the slightest fizz
on me ;