

And sunk in Belgium's bog?
For here and there a pine must fall
Before the tempest's sway—
"God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay!"

In pent-up citadels the foe
Is hampered to his knees,
But ye go free for weal or woe
Across the seven seas;
Your far-flung battle line doth stretch
From Albion to Cathay—
"God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay!"

The seven corners of the earth
God gave to us to keep,
And while we're guarding home and hearth
We sleep, nor creep, nor weep;
But many a palm shall fall before
The cyclone loud and grey—
"God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay!"

THE SORE HEEL

You folks at home when evening comes
Do sit from eight to ten,
And talk and read about the hosts
Of hapless wounded men.