

Play the Game.

FROM the day you first don khaki,
And you lose your blooming name,
There's a little song they sing you,
Whistle, dance it: "Play the game."
Play the game, play the game,
From reveille until lights out it's the same:
Take a beer, you're half-seas over—
If you stagger you are drunk,
If you falter on manoeuvres
You are trying to do a bunk.
Hear the Sergeant-Major bellow—
White's to him a dirty yellow,
But you're down and he's top fellow—
"Play the game."

On the long and gruelling marches,
When your breath comes hot like flame,
If you totter, reel, or stagger,
Comes the old voice, "Play the game."
Play the game, play the game,
Every long and weary milestone it's the same;
But you're not supposed to grumble—
You are here to do your bit;
Get a move on, don't you tumble;
No use trying to throw a fit.
There are other men behind you,
If you fall their heels will grind you;
"Be a man," the voice reminds you;
"Play the game."

When someone big has blundered,
And they want to fix the blame,
While they cast about for victims,
They keep yelling, "Play the game."
Play the game, play the game,
While the German staff are laughing. My! it's tame.
But Tommy, he must stick it—
There is nothing else to do;
Be it open ground or thicket,
It is up to me and you;
We must keep the line from breaking,
Though the rocks and trees are quaking,
And the earth with gunfire shaking,
"Play the game."

At the best it's all one-sided,
And to us is not the fame;
We must carry on, not count the cost,
Nor yell out, "Play the game."
Play the game, play the game—
You're a number, you poor devil, not a name;
You must bear the brunt of battle,
While the others win renown;
Not for you the gilded rattle,
Not for you the laurel crown;
Fight on, then, for all there's in it—
There's a pension if you win it;
You've a yarn, but you can't spin it—
Play the game.

JOE SULLIVAN.

We are informed that the shell from the German long-range gun is so destructive that if one drops within half a mile of a ship it kills the entire crew, severely wounds the one about to sign on, and shell-shocks all the agents of the steamship line to which she belongs.

The Private's Prayer.

FROM damp dug-outs and rumless dawns,
From working-parties nights and morns,
From crummy shirts and aching corns,
O Lord, deliver us!

From dust and heat, and beerless camps,
From pains and rains, and dews and damp,
And from the O.C.'s gimlet lamps,
O Lord, deliver us!

From very new and zealous subs,
From these bomb-proof instructor dubs,
From five-a-spray, two-minute tubs,
O Lord, deliver us!

From M.T. drivers scared to stop
And lift you when you're fit to drop,
From mulligan that's mostly slop,
O Lord, deliver us!

From Blanco mud and Brasso bright,
From having to keep your mess-tin white,
From Blighty-touches that ain't quite,
O Lord, deliver us!

Old Peter.

'TIS the voice of old Peter,
You can hear him complain;
If you ask what's the trouble—
"Working party again!"

As the cook calling "breakfast!"
So he through his nose
Blaspheming informs
All the world of his woes.

His thoughts they are gloomy,
His outlook is blue,
His most frequent remark is,
"We'll all be napoo!"

If there's no rum at night
It's the "d—d A.S.C."
Or the C.Q.M.S.
Who gets strafed by old P.

If the rations are short,
"It's a low dirty trick
To steal a man's grub—
Let's all report sick."

He grumbles and growls—
"This army's a joke!"
As he stumbles along
'Neath the officers' coke.

In short, if there's grouching,
You will all understand,
'Tis the voice of old Peter
That is heard in the land.

SILVESTER.