

Some men there are, 'tis said, who, with their teeth,
Dig deep their graves—I fear 'twill be my doom
To have inscribed upon my funeral wreath,
“With his can-opener he built his tomb.”

Oh, ye; whose caps are splashed with red and gold,
To whom the art of war is A.B.C.,
Let not our cry of anguish leave you cold,
But lend attentive ear unto our plea.
We'll gladly bear war's horrors—Number Nines,
Physical jerks, fatigues, and first F. P.,
“Whizz-Bangs and “Sausages”, grenades and mines
If only you will strafe MacConachie.