

"The *next thing* is to dry our trowsers;"  
 And to dry trowsers as you know,  
 We want a certain heat, but slow,  
 For, if the fire is hot and brisk,  
 The process must be one of risk,  
 And when the owner's legs are out,  
 He can't feel well what he's about;  
 Br-df-rd, with laudable desire,  
 To hold his garments at the fire,  
 Never once thought while he was drying 'em,  
 That at the same time he was frying 'em,  
 And when he put them on—alack!  
 The roasted spots began to crack,  
 Just in the very parts, of course  
 Where the default could not be worse.  
 Waw-Goosh had better luck than he,  
 But shrunk his woollens fearfully,  
 And vainly by spasmodic tensions,  
 Tried to regain the lost dimensions.  
 Who has not felt that grave discomfort,  
 Of earthly ills the worst,—a shrunk shirt?  
 Like pilgrim's penitential peas,  
 The acme of uneasiness.  
 Where was the veteran W-lt-r, he  
 Of snipe and duck the enemy?  
 There, by the sickly fire he sat,  
 Dejected—wet—disconsolate,  
 So weak, too, as he swore from hunger,  
 That he could not survive much longer;  
 And all the Commissariat store,

Had b  
 "Ah"  
 Quoth  
 "Che  
 "Neit  
 "Fill  
 "Br-  
 But l  
 Of th  
 With  
 In qu  
 "We  
 "To y  
 "The  
 "Is b  
  
 The v  
 W  
 Furth  
 Fo  
 Tho'  
 Forb  
 Of m  
 Is tol  
 Tho'  
 Only  
 Yct,  
 Anno  
 Thei  
 Quot