

A Song of Cover

III.

*Cover, cover, seeking cover,
When an aeroplane's on high,
And you see a Taube hover
Menacingly in the sky.*

*(Recit.)—Tho' those anti-aircraft guns
Spit up metal by the tons,
Still, the photos that the Huns—*

*Cho.—Take as up aloft they hover,
Aint the special kind the lover
Sends home to his gal to prove her
He is one of Britain's sons !*

IV.

*Cover, cover, taking cover,
When a "Jenny's" on the wing,
Just as though the devil drove her
Smashing into anything.*

*(Recit.)—Tho it looks like thirty cents,
Still, to flop is evidence,
Of the Ostrich' common sense.*

*Cho.—When one peeps from out one's cover,
And one sees (and thanks Jehovah)
Where the blighter struck just over
"Ten yards—on my honor, gents."*

(Refrains to be hummed softly after each verse) :

Verse I.—"Are we downhearted? No!"

Verse II.—"Home, Sweet Home"

Verse III.—"The Boys of the Bull-dog Breed."

Verse IV.—"Beer—Glorious Beer!"

*Bessie
sgb R.M.
50 CUBA*

A SLIGHT ERROR.

NOT long ago, one of the best known officers of the Fifth Battalion prepared a careful and comprehensive Intelligence Report for Brigade headquarters. When the envelope containing the supposed report reached the Brigade, however, there was considerable puzzlement. Intelligence reports didn't usually begin "My dear Mary"—(or whatever the name was). Some time later, the wife of the officer received a letter from the Front, which was quite different from any she had ever received before, full of technical terms and matter dealing with affairs military, and formally signed by her husband's name. He had sent the Intelligence Report to his wife, and his wife's letter to the Brigadier!