

DUMB HEROES

THERE's a D.S.O. for the Colonel,
A Military Cross for the Sub,
A Medal or two when we all get through,
And a bottle of wine with our grub.

There's a stripe of gold for the wounded,
A rest by the bright sea-shore,
And a service is read when we bury our
dead,
Then our country has one hero more.

But what of our poor dumb heroes,
That are sent without choice to the
fight,
That strain at the load on the shell-swept
road
As they take up the rations at night ?

They are shelling on Hell Fire corner,
Their shrapnel fast burst o'er the
square,
And the bullets drum as the transports
come
With the food for the soldiers there.

The halt till the shelling is over,
The rush through the line of fire,
The glaring light in the dead of night,
And the terrible sights in the mire.