

AFTERNOON TEA

Free for a glorified moment, beyond regulations
and laws,

Free just to wallow in slaughter, as the chap of
the stone age was.

So on I went joyously nursing a Berserker rage
of my own,

And though all my chaps were behind me, feeling
most frightf'ly alone;

With the bullets and shells ding-donging, and the
"krock" and the swish of the shrap;

And I found myself humming "Ben Bolt" . . .
(Will you pass me the sugar, old chap?

Two lumps, please.) . . . What was I say-
ing? Oh, yes, the jolly old dash;

We simply ripped through the barrage, and on
with a roar and a crash.

My fellows, Old Nick couldn't stop 'em. On, on
they went with a yell,

Till they tripped on the Boches' sand-bags—noth-
ing much left to tell:

A trench so tattered and battered that even a rat
couldn't live,

Some corpses tangled and mangled, wire you
could pass through a sieve.