

BILL THE BOMBER

We didn't 'ave no singin' now, nor many men to
cheer;
Maybe the shrapnel drowned 'em, crashin' out so
werry near;
And the Maxims got us sideways, and the bullets
faster flew,
And I copped one on me flipper, and says I:
"That's number two."

I was pleased it was the left one, for I 'ad me
bombs, ye see,
And 'twas 'ard if they'd be wasted like, and all
along o' me.
And I'd lost me 'at and rifle—but I told you that
before,
So I packed me mit inside me coat and "carried
on" once more.
But the rumpus it was wicked, and the men were
scarcer yet,
And I felt me ginger goin', but me jaws I kinda
set;
And we passed the Boche first trenches, which
was 'eapin' 'igh with dead,
And we started for their second, which was fifty
feet ahead,