

ODE TO MACCONACHIE."

My weary spirit, like a storm-swept pine,
Is bowed beneath the weight of trouble's load,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor pitying star doth shine,
To ease the darkness of my cheerless road.
To all the woes that harass and appall,
That crush my heart and fill my soul with pain,
Is added one, more deep and dark than all—
We've got MacConachies for lunch again.

Here, where we've made our home, the rainfall's cold,
The mud is unbelievably deep,
The "Whizz-Bang" whizzes, as in days of old,
The crumping "Crump" disturbs our easeful sleep,
All these be minor ills—we've learned to laugh
At screaming shells, and cold, and driving rain,
But none among us can forbear to strafe,
When we must eat MacConachies again.

Friend Fritz's "Heavies" fill the air with noise,
And breach the parapet that was our pride,
"Rum Jars" and "Sausages", and kindred toys,
Fall thick around the dug-outs where we hide,
The snipers snipe ferociously and free,
The Maxims spray us with their iron rain—
We could stick these things with a grin, maybe,
But—we must eat MacConachies again.

Accursed can of thrice accursed food:
Oh, "M. & V." when shall we have release,
From thy meat, murphys, beans and carrots, stewed
And buried deep in hecatombs of grease?