

A. SONG OF A SHIRT

My comrades in the trenches got—
For fighting men are pets—
Most lovely presents sent from home,
Soap, socks and cigarettes;
My present set my soul alert,
It filled my heart with glee,
It was a very handsome shirt
My sweetheart made for me!

There in the roaring battle front,
All safe from harm I'd feel,
That handsome shirt she made for me
Could turn the foeman's steel;
I knew that I could get no hurt,
From danger I was free
So long as I did wear the shirt
That Mollie made for me.

That shirt got soiled—you all have had
Experiences like mine;
I went to work and washed that shirt
And hung it on the line.
A fight began—our Captain roared
"Fall in! Fall in!" cried he.
I dashed away to get the shirt
That Mollie made for me!

"Halt!" cried the Captain in a rage,
"Surely you will not fail,
You heard the brassy bugles blow,
And now you're turning tail!"