

AFTERNOON TEA

As I was saying . . . (No, thank you; I
never take cream with my tea;
Cows weren't allowed in the trenches,—got out
of the habit, y'see).
As I was saying, our Colonel leaped up like a
youngster of ten:
"Come on, lads!" he shouts, "and we'll show
'em," and he sprang to the head of the men.
Then some bally thing seemed to trip him, and he
fell on his face with a slam . . .
Oh! he died like a true British soldier, and the
last word he uttered was "Damn!"
And hang it! I loved the old fellow, and some-
thing just burst in my brain,
And I cared no more for the bullets than I would
for a shower of rain.
'Twas an awf'ly funny sensation (I say, this is
jolly nice tea);
I felt as if something had broken; by gad! I was
suddenly free.