

To a Soger's Louse.

(With apologies to Bobbie Burns.)

(By a Private in the Dandy Ninth.)

Wee scamperin', irritatin' scunner.
Hoo daur ye worry me, I wunner.
As if I hadna lots to dae,
Blockin' the road to auld Calais,
Without ye.

Ye'll hardly let me hae a doss,
For you paradin' richt across
Ma back, ma neck, an' donn ma spine,
Thinkin' nae doot ye're daein' fine,
Suckin' ma bluid.

When at ma Country's ca' I came,
To fecht for Beauty, Kind and Hame,
I read ma yellow form o'er twice,
But it said naught 'bout fechting lice,
Or I had gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skiff ma heid,
Or me aboot to draw a bead,
I fain would stop to scairt ma back,
To shift ye off the bitten track,
Afore I fire.

When through the shirt from Sister Sue,
I search maist carefully for you,
I smile to think the busy wench,
Ne'er dreams her seams mak' sic a trench,
To gie ye cover.

Whit labyrinthine dug-outs too,
Ye're making in our kilts the noo ;
Yer reinforcements tak' the bun,
Encouraged by the Flanders' sun,
To keep us lively.

Gott strafe ye, little kittlin' beast,
Ye maybe think ye'll mak' a feast,
O' me, but no, ye'll get a had,
When next ye try to promenade,
Across ma kist.

The Mixtyre in the bottle here,
Is bound to mak' ye disappear,
Nae mair I'll need to mak' ye click,
Ane dose, they say'll dae the trick,
As sure as Death.