

THE LUNGER'S LAMENTATIONS.

I.

When first I hears that war is on, I goes around to see
 If them wot runs the soldiers couldn't make some use of me.
 I gets me papers out O.K., resolved to do me bit,—
 Until old doc he bowls me out "NOT PHYSICALLY FIT."

II.

And now as down the street I sees the soldier lads go by,
 I puzzles this ole brain of mine to try and figger why
 The good Lord made me strong for fight but skimped on health with me;
 While others wot is scared to fight is strong as they can be.

III.

I've tried just seven times so far to get into the fight,
 And seven times I've been turned down when ole doc came in sight.
 Ole doc he looks at me and says, "You can't enlist, me lad;
 It's no use trying; cut it out; your lungs and heart is bad."

IV.

Now why should I who wants to fight be turned down week on week,
 Because the ole M.D. decides I've got a poor physique?
 I'm anxious for to do my bit—suppose me lungs is wrong!
 I'd do more good than those *afraid* to help the cause along.

V.

The doctor says I'll never see another year go through,
 So why not let me go and fight and kill a Hun or two?
 If strong men is afraid to go, and stay at home through fright,
 I think we weak ones should at least be given a chance to fight.

VI.

We "need more men," we hear each day; how can strong men resist
 The chance to aid the Motherland help break the mailed fist!
 I comes from fighting stock, me friend, though I don't look the part,
 But I makes up in backbone wot I lacks in lungs and heart.

VII.

Yet here among the cowards hanging back I've got to stay
 Because I can't show papers with the ole M.D.'s O.K.
 I can't go telling everyone me heart and lungs ain't right;
 But blowed if I want people thinking I'm afraid to fight.

—Blackie Dawe