

## XXI

Lo! Rum we want, the strongest and the best,  
 Lick up the Spoon, then stand awhile and jest—  
 Let's drink our "tot" and clean our trusty "Gats,"  
 Then one by one creep silently to rest.

## XXII

And we, who erst made merry in a Shed  
 With six to eight tiles missing overhead,  
 Can keep a Smile on in a Dugout too,  
 If we've swiped Sandbags to make soft our Bed.

## XXIII

Ah, make the best of what we yet must spend,  
 Lest Britain too into the Mud descend,  
 Mnd unto Mud and under Mnd to lie,  
 Sans Wit, Sans Truth, Sans Justice—What an end!

## XXIV

Alike to those who for a Zepp prepare  
 And those who after Tirpitz' Navy stare,  
 A Northcliffe from the Tower of Darkness cries  
 "Hark" but his Talk is neither here nor there.

## XXV

Why, all these ha'penny Sages who dispense  
 Stale Platitudes so learnedly—from whence,  
 Got they their turgid Wisdom?—Purchase some  
 Lest strident Paper—till they write some Sense.

## XXVI

Oh, come with Jack Canuck and leave those "Wise"  
 To talk: some insects worry such as—Flies  
 Keep still—and listen (all the Rest is Lies)  
 The Pow'r that caused this War forever dies.

## XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
 Tory and Whig—and heard great Argument,  
 Of Food and Creeds and Taxes—and I found  
 The whole blamed lot was mere Advertisement.