

SHORNCLIFFE CAMP.

There's an isolated, desolated spot I'd like to mention,
Where all you hear is "Stand at Ease,"
"Slope Arms," "Quick March," "Attention."

It's miles away from anywhere, by Gad,
it is a rum'un,
A chap lived there for fifty years and never saw a woman,

There are lots of little huts, all dotted here and there,
For those who have to live inside, I've offered many a prayer;
Inside the huts there's RATS as big as any nanny goat,
Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat.

It's sludge up to the eyebrows, you get it in your ears,
But into it you've got to go, without a sign of fear,
And when you've had a bath of sludge, you just set to and groom,
And get cleaned up for next Parade, or else, it's "Orderly Room,"

Week in, week out, from morn till night, with full Pack and a Rifle,
Like Jack and Jill, you climb the hills, of course that's just a trifle.

"Slope Arms," "Fix Bayonets," then "Present," they fairly put you through it,

And as you stagger to your hut, the Sergeant shouts, "Jump to it."

With tunics, boots, and puttees off, you quickly get the habit,

You gallop up and down the hills just like a blooming rabbit,

"Heads backward bend," "Arms upward stretch," "Heels raise," then "Ranks change places,"

And later on they make you put your kneecaps where your face is.

Now when this war is over and we've captured Kaiser Billy,

To shoot him would be merciful and absolutely silly,

Just send him down to SHORNCLIFFE, there among the Rats and Clay,

And I'll bet he won't be long before he droops and fades away.

BUT WE'RE NOT DOWNHEARTED
YET!

TOMMY'S ALPHABET.

"A" is for "Argyll" that fine Highland Clan who voted for rum right down to a man.

"B" is "Biscuit" we get in the trench, it's cursed at in English, German and French.

"C" is the "Censor" who must know ere this a cross is a cross and a kiss is a kiss.

"D" is the "Dugout" that gives us the habit of dodging about like a paralysed rabbit.

"E" is an "Easter Egg" laid by a louse now there's a family, my shirts their house.

"F" is for "Flanders" according to wags it used to be here but now its in bags.

"G" are the "Gumboots" that seem very neat till your head comes down "wack" and up go your feet.

"H" is for "Huns" who are devils to roam and till Belgium is "Hunless" we'll never get home.

"I" was an "Idiot"—thought he'd be brave stood on the parapet, he's now in his grave.

"J" is the "Jam" we all have to grapple God knows we are fed up with Damson and Apple.

"K" is an army composed of the best we wish they'd come out and give us a rest.

"L" is the place — well you know where I mean where defaulters, etc., are oft to be seen.

"M" is the "Medico" whom I personally hate He gave me a "9" instead of an "8."

"N" is the "noise" that is made by a shell it goes up to Heaven and brings us down hell.

"O" is the "Offensive" we are starting on now its even worse than "unearthing" a cow.

"P" is the "Piper" who pipes just for fun and makes the Bosche glad he's only a Hun.

"Q" is the "Question" you might answer fast How long is this blooming war going to last.

"R" is the "Rum" that is dished out to you if you cannot stand one well you cannot "Stand To."

"S" is a "Star-shell" bound for the moon as it quietly goes up you quietly "got doon."

"T" is the drink we are now getting here its rotten to know the Germans get beer.

"U" are the person the sniper is after its "Odds on" he'll get you and then there's no laughter.

"V" is the backsight you look through to shoot the Hun he knows it, and snipes you, the brute.

"W" is for "Wiring" a very fine job till you get on the shins what was meant for the stob.

"X" as letters are no bally good lets pretend they are charcoal for cooking the food.

"Y" is for "Ypres" surrounded by Snipers pronounce it as you like but, we call it Wypers.

"Z" are the "Zeppelins" seen in the skies they never come near us, the statement lies.