



THE HAVEN OF REST.

An ode to the trenches

There's mud in the trenches and water as well, and shrapnel and bullets, « Say, isn't it Hell? » The mud holds you fast whilst the water will ooze, through the seams of your boots, to your ration of booze. With an oath you get free then a cannon's dull thud, will cause you to flop into three feet of mud. Your cold and you're wet yet you mustn't go sick, You've got to get busy with shovel and pick. The parapet's down so look out for your « bean », Fritz in the same plight has cause to feel mean. The sooner you finish the sooner you're through, So you