

## JACK, OF THE SECOND FIFTH.

So, Jack, you are of the Second Fifth,  
Of a perishing pad-hoof corps,  
And you've landed somewhere out in France,  
Where the mud lies five feet four,  
That's up to your neck and a little more.  
And when you are in, you're in,  
While a Bantam cove sinks in, by Jove,  
To the level of his chin.

It is mud all day, and it's mud all night,  
If the mud ain't blanky froze  
Then you hear a shout from the next dug-out,  
"What price for your bloomin' toes  
And you chip right in with a raucous laugh,  
That "trotters are off to-day,  
If you want a treat you can have my feet,  
Free gratis and nothing to pay."

Then your hand sticks on to the Lewis gun,  
Till you're not quite sure 'tis cold,  
For it burns right into the blessed bones,  
And you have to loose your hold  
Then you spits in om for another go  
At the rush of the blighting Hun,  
And you thank your stars that the Huns ain't "ares"  
For they aren't when their trench is won.

Then you breathe again somewhere in France,  
With long drawn Blighty breathe,  
And you think right back to the old home fires,  
While you cuss at your two-starred sleeve,  
And you cuss your job, and you cuss the Hun,  
And the whole caboodle too,  
For it's many a day since you got back pay,  
In the way which you'd like to do.

You take your doss in a byway shant,  
Or 'hap in an old hay loft,  
And you stick it well till the rats come out.  
When your job seems none too soft,  
Then the wind is up your back old man,  
Still 'tis all for home and King,  
So you'll please sit tight like a proper knight,  
Till the Boche has had his fling.

You will stick it, Jack, till the cows come home,  
Which I trust, lad, won't be long,  
In the meantime, boy, I can bet my boots,  
You are going it durned well strong,  
And I'm sure you'll hand the change out right;  
That you'll do what is right to do,  
So I raise my thumb where the eyebrows come,  
To your cloth and the likes of you.

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11<sup>th</sup> Feb., 1917.

Market Harborough Advertiser. 13<sup>th</sup> March 1917

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