

## RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

### The Thin Red Line.

So you're lumping your pack  
and you're going on back  
To a job. I don't blame you  
for that;  
And a third of the pay that  
you earn every day,  
You, of course, will donate  
to Nat Pat.  
You'll remember the boys, mid  
the tropical joys,  
Who on beautiful islands re-  
cline,  
And you'll murmur a prayer  
for the boys over there,  
The boys of the thin red line.

There are things that I'll  
bet you will never forget.  
To forget would be almost a  
crime.  
There's the strain and the  
thrill, when you're thirst-  
-ing to kill.  
It's the devil's own job kill-  
-ing time.  
When you're watching the cows  
as they lazily browse,  
Or you're shovelling coal in  
the mine,  
Won't you murmur a prayer for  
the boys over there,  
The men of the thin red line.

While in bed you recline on a  
Sunday and dine  
On a meal of tomatoes and  
steak

There are men you know well  
who are fighting like hell,  
Just trying to keep wide awake.  
At some far distant date, maybe  
May 48  
We'll be home. Perhaps June  
'49.

Won't you murmur a prayer for  
the boys over there,  
Old men of the thin red line.

### FIZZED

We're informed a certain ser-  
geant got a letter from his  
missus,  
And she's asking awkward ques-  
-tions, for she wants to  
know what "fizz" is.  
So perhaps she may have heard  
of, or she even may have  
read  
Of that celebrated battlecry  
of "Boys, bring out your  
dead. "

The origin of "Fizzy" we will  
tell you, if you wish.  
It is simply a corruption of  
the famous nickname "Fish",  
A title once conferred upon  
One, Sgt Nash D.B.  
In that cataclysmic conflict,  
the battle of Fiji.

Swiftly the fleeting hours  
passed by,  
Filled with delight.  
A flash of red across the sky  
-Then headlong flight !