

“TOMMY AND HIS DUG-OUT”

(The following lines were written by a Kirrie “Tommy” in the trenches and are forwarded for publication in the **Observer**).

*There's a dug-out in the trenches,
I wou'd have you understand
What this dug-out means to Tommy
As he fights to save his land.
It's his only joy and comfort
When the din of strife is o'er
And he tries to snatch some slumber
On his little muddy floor.*



*Try and picture for one moment
What the shelter means to one
Who for hours has been on duty
Holding back the brutal Hun.
Ever ready in the trenches,
Weary, muddy head to feet
Presently he slings his rifle
And starts away on sentry beat.*



*Not a sound you hear of grumbling,
But he's thinking all the time
Of the dear ones left behind him,
And he sets his thoughts to rhyme,
See him crawl into his dug-out -
Soon is heard a gentle snore
From the wet and weary Tommy
Stretched upon his muddy floor.*

*With a start he wakes from slumber,
Rubs his eyes and looks around,
And he listens to that awesome
But now familiar sound.
'Tis the sound of rapid firing
By his comrades in the fray:
Out he slips and gets beside them,
For they mean to win the day.*

*Here they come the skunks- the Germans,
Rushing on with all their might.
Thinking they can take our trenches
Though our boys are standing tight.
“Steady, lads, and let them have it -
Rapid fire and straight ahead”,
Till our front is thickly littered,
With their dying and their dead.*



*This for sure will give you notion
Of the soldier's fighting life,
And the comfort of his dug-out
'Midst the noise and din of strife.
Folks at home, when you are resting -
Sleeping on soft beds once more -
Have one thought for gallant Tommy
On his muddy little floor.*

*“Cheer lads, they are going backwards,
Very soon they're out of sight,
And we hear a sigh of gladness -
Having conquered in the fight.
“Stand down, boys, and sound the order”
“Sentry on”; “Who's next relief?”
Then once more to his dug-out
Tommy gets, and hopes to sleep.*

