FOVANT 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 putties 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 Fovant, 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.