

A Memory of Gallipoli

1915 – 1916



The Dug-out



by

A. P. Herbert

of Hawke Battalion, Royal Naval Division

The Dug-out by A. P. Herbert

Part of the Gallipoli Music Memorial Resources

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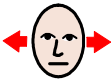

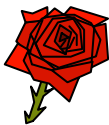
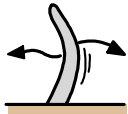



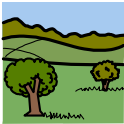
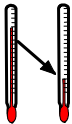
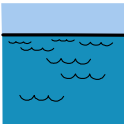

This version is available electronically from www.gallipoli-music.co.uk



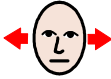

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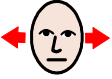


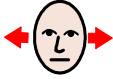




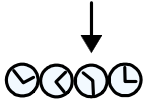

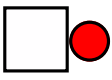

The Dug-out by A. P. Herbert

It was my  home,  not  ringed  with  roses blowing, 

Nor  set in  meadows where  cool  waters  croon;

 Parched wastes were  round it, and no  shade  was going,


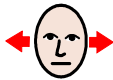
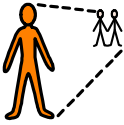


Nor  breath  of  violets  nor  song-birds'  tune;

 Only at times  from the  adjacent  dwelling





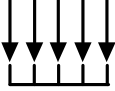

 Came down  with  Boreas the quaint,  compelling

 Scent of the  Tenth  Platoon.





The Dug-out by A. P. Herbert





 And there not hermit-like alone I brooded,

 But ant and lizard and all things that crawl

 With great grasshoppers by brigades intruded;

 Therein the tortoise had his homely stall;







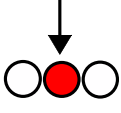
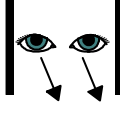









 Green flies and blue slept nightly in their notches,

 Save when a serpent, in the middle watches,






 Came and disturbed us all.

The Dug-out by A. P. Herbert

There, where the sun, the senseless sun, kept pouring,

And dust-clouds smothered one about the chest,

While secret waters filtered through the flooring

(In case the heat should leave one too-oppressed).

Always I lay in those sad fevered seasons

Which Red-Hat humourists, for mystic reasons,





Regarded as our "rest."
















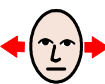

For it was home; and when I was not in it,





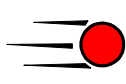





But in the trenches, it was home indeed;


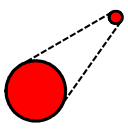




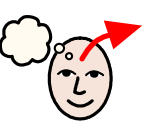










When mad foes fired at twenty rounds a minute













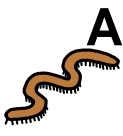


(Not, I may say, the regulation speed),

For me far more it harboured my Penates;

I missed my animals; I missed my gay teas

With Alf, the centipede.