

Thank God for the aspidistra,
Three cheers for the antimacassar too!
I've three pink stocks in the window-box,
And I've called the house Belle Vue
For the backbone of Britain,
Britannia's vertebrae,
Old England's spine is me and mine,
So God bless mine and me!

When all the world sees red,
I'm still as sweet as honey;
I never lose my head,
I only lose my money;
I neither beg nor borrow,
I grumble, but I pay,
And I shall do to-morrow,
Just what I've done to-day.

Thank God for the Albert Memorial —
Three cheers for Lipton's tea,
If His Majesty the King wants any little thing,
He has only to come to me.
For the backbone of Britain,
In my considered view,
Is the unassuming cuss in the corner of the 'bus,
So God bless me and you!

I T M A Y B E L I F E

By
ANONYMOUS*)

*I wish I hadn't broke that cup.
I wish I was a movie star.
I wish there weren't no washing-up
And life was like the movies are.
I wish I wore a wicked hat;
I got the face for it, I know.*

*) Aus „Riverside Nights“, Verlag T. Fisher Unwin Ltd. London.