

**A Scout in Flanders**

**By H.E.**

Now, while eternal shells  
Are screaming overhead,  
And frozen mud – and worse,  
Is all I have for bed,  
A kind of moving picture show  
Goes floating through my head.

I see a bare-kneed boy,  
Light-hearted, gay and free,  
In shorts and broad brimmed hat,  
Encamped beside the sea:  
Who'd think to see me now,  
That I was ever he!

And then I see bright walls  
Gleaming in firelight glow,  
And shouts of boyish mirth  
Come o'er the Flanders snow.  
Once more I'm in the club-room with  
My pals of long ago.

And when these pictures fade,  
I see a future day –  
Myself a Scout again,  
Leading at work and play –  
Leading a Troop, my very own,  
On in the good old way.