



















Does it matter — losing your legs?... For people will always be kind, And you needn't show that you mind When the others come in after hunting To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter — losing your sight?... There is such splendid work for the blind; And people will always be kind, As you sit on the terrace remembering And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter? — Those dreams from the pit?... You can drink and forget and be glad, And people won't say that you're mad; For they'll know that you've fought for your country, And no one will worry a bit.