

The Convalescent

By Cicely Fox Smith

We've billiards, bowls an' tennis courts, we've teas an' motor-rides;
We've concerts nearly every night, an' 'eaps o' things besides;
We've all the best of everything as much as we can eat —
But my 'eart — my 'eart's at 'ome in 'Enry Street.

I'm askin' Sister every day when I'll be fit to go;
'We must 'ave used you bad ' (she says) ' you want
to leave us so';
I says, 'I beg your pardon, Nurse, the place is 'ard to beat,
But my 'eart — my 'eart's at 'ome in 'Enry Street.'

The sheffoneer we saved 'to buy, the clock upon the wall,
The pictures an' the almanac, the china dogs an' all,
I've thought about it many a time, my little 'ome complete,
When in Flanders, far away from 'Enry Street.

It's 'elped me through the toughest times — an' some was middlin' tough —
The 'ardest march was not so 'ard, the roughest not so rough;
It's 'elped me keep my pecker up in victory an' defeat,
Just to think about my 'ome in 'Enry Street.

There's several things I'd like to 'ave which 'ere I never see,
I'd like some chipped potatoes an' a kipper to my tea;
But most of all I'd like to feel the stones beneath my feet.
Of the road that takes me 'ome to 'Enry Street.

They'll 'ave a little flag 'ung out — they'll 'ave the parlour gay
With crinkled paper all about, the same as Christmas Day,
An' out of all the neighbours' doors the 'eads'll pop to greet
Me comin' wounded 'ome to 'Enry Street.

My missis — well, she'll cry a bit, an' laugh a bit between;
My kids'll climb upon my knees — there's one I've never seen;
An' of all the days which I 'ave known there won't be one so sweet
As the one when I go 'ome to 'Enry Street.