



THE THIN EDGE

Mars : "Just give it the first tap. I'll do the rest."

# THE BLOOD

"Why is your face so white, Mother?  
Why do you choke for breath?"

"O I have dreamt in the night, my son,  
That I doomed a man to death."

"Why do you hide your hand, Mother?  
And crouch above it in dread?"

"It beareth a dreadful brand, my son,  
With the dead man's blood 'tis red."

"I hear his widow cry in the night,  
I hear his children weep,  
And always within my sight,  
O God!

The dead man's blood  
doth leap.

"They put the dagger into my  
grasp.

It seemed but a pencil then,  
I did not know it was a fiend a-ga,  
For the priceless blood of men.

"They gave me the ballot paper,  
The grim death-warrant of doom,  
And I smugly sentenced the man to  
In that dreadful little room

"I put it inside the Box of Blood,  
Nor thought of the man I'd slay,  
Till at midnight came like a wheel  
flood

God's word - and the Brand of

*Written by W.R. Wainman, and*

**Some of the most famous cartoons in the campaign  
against conscription 1916-17**



little son! O my little son!  
 Pray God for your Mother's soul  
 that the scarlet stain may be white again  
 In Gods great Judgment Roll

in Marquet, St Andrews Place Sydney



Of Course we'll All be in the Same Boat