**War Girls**

BY [JESSIE POPE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/jessie-pope)

There's the girl who clips your ticket for the train,

  And the girl who speeds the lift from floor to floor,

There's the girl who does a milk-round in the rain,

  And the girl who calls for orders at your door.

      Strong, sensible, and fit,

      They're out to show their grit,

    And tackle jobs with energy and knack.

      No longer caged and penned up,

      They're going to keep their end up

    Till the khaki soldier boys come marching back.

There's the motor girl who drives a heavy van,

  There's the butcher girl who brings your joint of meat,

There's the girl who cries 'All fares, please!' like a man,

  And the girl who whistles taxis up the street.

      Beneath each uniform

      Beats a heart that's soft and warm,

    Though of canny mother-wit they show no lack;

      But a solemn statement this is,

      They've no time for love and kisses

    Till the khaki soldier-boys come marching back.