

on with our old fighting gear. Though our feet be sore with the marching, And
make man - y sad hearts to - day. On our quick march perchance are depend - ing Vic - to -
welcome us home from the fight. Now off to our peaceful vo - ca - tions, The

hun - ger won't leave us a - lone; Though with thirst our lips be
ry... and the lives of the brave; The quick - er the soon - er its
workshop, the desk, or the gown; We are sure of good quarters and

parching, We're pre - pared! are we not? Queen's Own.
end - ing, And rest comes with peace or the grave.
ra - tions, Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.

CHORUS.

1. Though our feet be sore with the march - ing, And hun - ger won't leave us a -
2. Then though feet be sore with the march - ing, And hun - ger won't leave us a -
3. Now off to our peace - ful vo - ca - tions, The workshop, the desk, or the

lone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We're prepared! are we not? Queen's Own.
lone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We will march, will we not? Queen's Own.
gown; We are sure of good quarters and ra - tions. Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.