



HEROES.

We're singing aloud of the feller
 Afield with his death-dealing gun,
 Who shoots you in attic or cellar
 Before you can scamper or run;
 But what do we say of the others
 All dripping with sweat as they toil,
 Our noble and hardworking brothers
 Who keep on a-tilling the soil?
 It's a cheer for the man with the sabre,
 Aflame and a-dripping with gore,
 Who starts in dissecting a neighbor
 Who never has met him before;
 We honour this chap who is willin'
 As pastime to slaughter and slay,
 Who draws p'raps a dime or a shillin'
 For choppin' his chum's vertebra.
 We rave o'er the man with a rifle
 Who pumps everyone full of lead,
 We smile and we think but a trifle
 His bag of a half-hundred dead;
 We laugh as his bullets go screechin'
 And winging their way to their goal,
 And hit some poor guy in the breechin'
 Who sat alongside him in school.
 We hail as a comrade the soldier
 Who pierces a stranger's caboose
 With his bayonet, chanting "I told yer
 We'd make them dinged Germans vamoose";
 We smile as the broadax and sabre
 Our enemy's features bespoil,
 Forgetting the fellows who labour
 And keep on a-tilling the soil.
 Now let us pass up all this killin'
 And think of the squashes and prunes,
 And sing of the chap who is willin'
 To rip up the valleys and dunes;
 For he is as much of a hero
 Altho he is led by no band,
 Ah, me, they knock spots off old Nero,
 These fellows who stick to the land.