

## A BIOGRAPHICAL BALLAD.

At the Canadian General Base,  
Where the drafts do come and go,  
A pipe band there does duty,  
As I suppose you all well know.

We often play at hospitals,  
And also for the W.A.A.C.'s;  
We have played for Tommies and the French,  
And also the Anzacs.

Our Pipey's name is Eden,  
Who is Johnny on the spot;  
His second in command is  
A windy chap named Scott.

Piper Symons and McDonald  
Are tall and strongly made,  
And when big Mac plays "Donald Dhu"  
The rest are in the shade.

McMurrick is a dancer  
Of very high degree;  
The sword dance and the Highland fling  
Sure is a treat to see.

We have a piper Welsh, a veteran of  
Wars fought in a foreign land;  
He was piping at the I.B.D.  
Before he joined our band.

Our leading drummer is Hewlett—  
And a mighty good one too;  
He stands in well with all French Janes,  
For he sure can "parlez-vous."

Drummer Vautier is a Jersey man—  
The land of peace and plenty;  
This war, he says, will never end  
Till the year of nineteen twenty.

A poodle pup was given him,  
Which he thinks is rather cute;  
But there's nothing nice that I can see  
In the homely little brute.

Colonel Worthington one day gave us  
A piece of land to till,  
And garden tools of all designs,  
So we set to work with will.

Our garden soon was planted  
With different kinds of seeds,  
And any time you care to look,  
You'll find it clear of weeds.