

Then the little old Rag-time Army rose up at the Mother's
call,

And the little old Rag-time Army has learned how to fight,
and fall,

And the little old Rag-time Army is doing its little bit,

And the Huns know the Rag-time Army, and they're not
very fond of it.

There are little white crosses marking the beds where the
Canucks lie—

(For drilling is only drilling—can drill teach a man to die?)

But, when we come to the finish, to the close of the Hun's
great "Day"

When we've smashed the Hun on the Western Line,

When our shells are screaming across the Rhine,

You'll find the old Rag-time Army at work in its own
old way.