

THE LADS IN RED.



THE Sergeant met me on the road ;
Said he, "My lad," to me,
"The war's begun ; and now's the time
For lads of six-foot three !
A smarter regiment you'll not find,
Tho' you may travel far,
Or truer comrades round the world,
In friendship, love, or war.

Here they come,
Fife and drum !
Gaily led,
The lads in red—
Not one eye
Will be dry

When the regiment marches by !
Your fortune's made if you will come
With the lads in red, with the fife and drum.