

THE QUITTER

*When you're lost in the Wild, and you're
scared as a child,*

*And Death looks you bang in the eye,
And you're sore as a boil, it's according to
Hoyle*

To cock your revolver and . . . die.

*But the Code of a Man says: "Fight all
you can,"*

And self-dissolution is barred.

In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to blow . . .

*It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's
hard.*

*"You're sick of the game!" Well, now,
that's a shame.*

*You're young and you're brave and you're
bright.*

*"You've had a raw deal!" I know—but
don't squeal,*

Buck up, do your damndest, and fight.