

Turn to the right, turn to the left,
Of independent sense bereft,
Turn to the right, turn to the left,
And pray keep step.

GOMEZ. .

No talking in the ranks—no movement,
No laughing ! silence number two ;
There's room, I must say, for improvement.
Somehow I'll drill it into you.

CHORUS.

Let no one move,
That we may prove
Our discipline surprising ;
Now to mark time,
Movement sublime,
Our reputation's rising :

Repeat Chorus—Shoulder to shoulder, &c.

BOMBARDOS.

Bravo ! a marked improvement ;
I, commanding you in chief,
Do pronounce my firm belief
That no men could better do—
I am really proud of you.
But I hope you understand,
Every soldier in the land
Must obey the word of command.

SONG.

BOMBARDOS.

1.

In time of peace a man engages
In combat of another sort,
Makes love—no matter what his age is.
He does—I do not say he ought,
Until the regiment preparing
For further service in the field,
He leaves his lady, fealty swearing
With wounds that are most quickly healed.