

HOW WE KEPT THE DAY.

I.

THE great procession came up the street,
With clatter of hoofs and tramp of feet ;
There was General Jones to guide the van,
And Corporal Jinks, his right-hand man ;
And each was riding his high horse,
And each had epaulettes, of course ;
And each had a sash of the bloodiest red,
And each had a shako on his head ;
And each had a sword by his left side,
And each had his mustache newly dyed ;

And that was the way

We kept the day,

The great, the grand, the glorious day,

That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With a battle or two, the histories say,)

Our National Independence !

II.

The great procession came up the street,
With loud da capo, and brazen repeat ;
There was Hans, the leader, a Teuton born,
A sharp who worried the E flat horn ;
And Baritone Jake, and Alto Mike,
Who never played anything twice alike ;