

To Jack Harrison, King of Grooms.

HAIL! Captain Jack. O! King of all the grooms,
Knight of the brush and prince of stable brooms,
How often in our hours of relaxation,
Have we enjoyed thy classic conversation.
Thy leanéd carcass clad in Khaki rags,
And scarred with mud and dust from Riley's nags.
Has been the source to all the drivers lazy,
Of many a jest and many a comment crazy,
And if perchance some future happy day
The wily Captain hands you out some pay.
We'll drink, while round us roar the tragic guns,
To death for Kaiser Bill and all his Huns,
And wish thee, Captain, many a happy day
To celebrate the death of those you slay.

Who is the sergeant who went out to get some bricks,
Went out to get some bricks, went out to get some bricks,
Who is the sergeant who went out to get some bricks,
And never got a gol darn one.

Whatever may be said of the battery as a whole we must
admit that the Major part of it is alright.