

## THE BOSS OF THEM ALL

*By H. L. Stuart, 21st Batt., C.E.F.*

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Who is the man with a manner so grand,  
The Colonel.

Who is it forgets the word of command,  
The Colonel.

Who is it that leads the regiment in  
To a feed, or to battle, or even to sin,  
And who gets the credit, if we should win?  
The Colonel.

Who is the fellow who gives you a pill,  
The Doctor;  
Slips you a drink (I don't think) when you're ill,  
The Doctor.

The man whom often you see up the line,  
Whether it's muddy or whether it's fine,  
For gout or rheumatics prescribes No. 9?  
The Doctor.

Who is the man who's got plenty of dough,  
The Paymaster,  
To whom all the soldiers so cheerfully go,  
The Paymaster.  
Who has to hear hard luck stories all day,  
Makes the poor, downhearted tommies so gay.  
Gives 'em ten dollers and drives 'em away?  
The Paymaster.

Who is the lady with blue eyes or brown,  
The Sister,  
Who charms with a smile, or quells with a frown.  
The Sister.

Who nurses poor Tommy after the fight,  
Who hangs o'er his bed like an angel of light  
Then marries her patient as soon as he's right,  
Oh! Sister.

Who is it that thinks he's the boss of them all,  
The Private.

Who eagerly watches the Paymaster's call,  
The Private.

Who is it that goes in the thick of the fight,  
In the light of the day, or the dark of the night,  
And leaves our friend Fritz in a H—l of a plight  
The Private.