

How can you rattle foeman if
Your heels are on the bum?
You cannot charge the German's host
Nor mosey to a meal
If you have got to lug along
A big sore heel.

Oh, we'd have captured Berlin
Six weeks ago or more,
And at the Potsdam palace we
Had thundered on the door;
Alas! We couldn't move a peg,
In spite of wild appeals,
Because a million men or more
Had nice sore heels!

THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY

We know not where we're going,
We care not how we go
To find the fruiting battlefields
Of glory and of woe.
Mayhap it is to Belgium,
Perhaps to far Cathay;
We don't know where we're going,
But we are on our way!

We only know they've called us,
The battle-flag's unfurled,
The battle-tide is rolling
Breast-high 'round the world.