

Recruit Drill at Gibraltar.

'Twas on a day in flowery spring,
On every tree the birds did sing,
The southern sun did brightly blaze
On Calpe's rock with scorching rays,
When first our draft of forty men
Turned out for drill at half past ten.
The sergeant said he meant to try
And make us soldiers by and by ;
Now lads, my way of teaching drill,
Is learn to face before you wheel ;
Of course we knew that long before
By practice some twelve months or more,
Though here we were not ranked with men.
But class'd as raw recruits again,
And turned out three times in a day
For drill ; and faith it was not play,
Beneath the sun an hour to burn,
And still to get the other turn,
The least mistake by any there,
Kept us the longer on the square.
Duty was hard, our case was urgent,
But fair things would not please the sergeant,
The game of marking time he play'd,
Enjoying every night in bed,
Till one day came that made him sad,
The adjutant dismissed the squad,
And very gently told our tutor—
That he must do his guards in future.