

PEPITA.

No, not we.
We are best described as sly,
Pert and pretty, all agree.

INEZ.

Soldiers we are not afraid of,
They are more afraid of us ;
Chic and go is what we're made of,
Though so much is made of us.

PEPITA.

Rank and file all persecute us
With their praises of our charms,
And the officers salute us,
Or to us present their arms.

Refrain.—Oh ! 'tis a pleasant and romantic task,
With a glug, glug, glug, from a brimming flask,
Thus to pour the liquid sweet
Down the throats that like it neat,
Glug, glug, glug, come pledge the fair ;
Allons ! vivent les vivandières.

PEPITA.

We have both stood under fire,
We're like seasoned vet'rans tough ;
Puffs o' powder but inspire
Yearning for the powder puff.

INEZ.

Bullets carried on by us are,
Will be till we're carried off
By a bullet or a Hussar—
Shot, that is, or married off.

PEPITA.

Sieges we've so often been in,
If experience can teach,
We shall sure, when wedlock seen in,
Garments wear to knee that reach.

Refrain.—Oh 'tis a pleasant, &c.