

But sure 'tis not the bayonet,
Nor bullets make us squeal,
For none of them is in it with—
A nice sore heel!

For long ere this I might have put
The kibosh on Von Kluk,
But only for a measly streak
Of thunderin' bad luck.
You folks cannot appreciate
How awful bad I feel;
I'm not a hero 'cause I had
A pink sore heel!

It scarcely lays you up if you
Are by a bayonet stung,
Nor hors de combat if you get
A bullet thro' the lung.
But you can take this here from me
It's very true and real
There's nothing does the business like
A nice sore heel!

A broken nose is dreadful,
A broken shin's a curse,
A broken rib is pretty bad,
A broken head is worse;
But into insignificance
These minor terrors reel,
You can't compare these troubles with
A rich sore heel!

How can you into battle go?
How follow trump and drum?