

Well, there was a sort of reason
When the business first begun.
Johnny was the sort of fellow
To irritate a man like Surall—
Wasn't really fresh or saucy,
But he simply couldn't crawl;
Wild and reckless little devil
(There are birds you cannot tame)
When the Major would abuse him,
How his eyes and face would flame!
He might try to look quite humble,
Yet the dullest one could tell,
Though his lips were saying nothing,
He was thinking, "Go to hell!"
Did not seem the boy could help it,
Though he swore to us he tried,
Though he kneeled and whined and
whimpered,
Could not cover up his pride.

There's no joy for any bully,
If his victim doesn't squirm;
What's the use of persecuting
A poor, humble, soulless worm?
No—all men ain't free and equal
On this earth or in their graves;
I've seen some men in the army
That was only meant for slaves.
They were proud to be a batman
And to wipe the Colonel's boot;
They would cross the street on purpose
For to humbly salute.