

Of how Major Small cashed in.
I was there, and "standing easy"
When the awful thing was done,
And the gun that got the Major
Wasn't pulled by any Hun.
But I never told no M. P.,
For to squeal is not my style.
How I seen the Major fade out
In a fight with Johnny Kyle.
S'pose it ain't no harm to tell it
After all the fight is through—
Small is lying where we left him,
And poor Johnny died of "flu."

When a mean man is worried
Or dissatisfied with life,
And afraid to strike his equals,
He goes home and beats his wife.
Or maybe if he's single,
Can't find nothing else to lick,
For to show his meanness some way,
He will give his dog a kick.
So it was in our outfit—
That was our Major's style—
When he had to pick on someone,
He got after Johnny Kyle.
Watching constant for to trap him,
Laying for him day and night,
And to get a crime against him
Was the Major's great delight.

What? You say it don't seem likely
For to pick so much on one?