

THAT THREE DAYS BIVOAC

We all fell in on Monday morning, after
our breakfast stew,
All our brass was shining and our kits
looked almost new,
For we had spent half a day cleaning up
the pack
With polish, brush and blanco for Mon-
day's bivouac.

Those horrid bonnets made of steel
adorned each sweating brow,
As we marched along to Frensham to
the pipe band's screeching row.
Our packs seemed filled with lead and
brick, our shirts were wringing wet,
The poorest scout in the brigade could
trail us by our sweat.

When we arrived at Frensham Pond we
had to pile our arms,
And then they put us through once more
those bivouacing shams.
Right dress, left dress, get covered off
and number from the right,
Till we thought we'd be lucky if we got
dismissed by night.

Then each man drove a stake well down
in the ground between his feet;
We just had that job started when they
fell us in to eat.

We started for the kitchen cart, then
someone shouted "gas!"
For the beef lay in the dixie, just an evil
smelling mass.

We made our meal of spuds and beans,
asphalt duff and punk,
But held our noses while we ate, gee!
how that old ox stunk.

And when we finished up our meal and
built our bivouacs,
Soon many weary soldiers lay snoring
on their backs.

That night we got a little sleep though
it was rather cool,
And they woke us up at three a.m.
to give us stew and gruel.
And then we started on our hike, which
no one will forget,

And had the horses not got tired we
might be marching yet.

We doubled, marched and ran on every
kind of road,
No matter where we walked that day we
took our heavy load.

We climbed the hills, we jumped the
creeks and doubled through the sand,
Yes, all these stunts and many more
we did without a band.

Most everybody felt as weak as a baby
in its pram,
The sandwich which kept us alive was
calcimined with jam.

And when the blank round was done,
they claimed we won the day,
And everybody wanted peace, declared
it right away.

That evening we bivouaced on Hankley
in the rain,
I don't think any fellow wants to see
that place again;
It rained until it turned that place into
a blooming bog,
The pool they had inside the tent would
float a good size log.

A fellow missed his billy can, but saw
the can next day
Go floating down a little creek about a
mile away.

When we awoke next morning we were
feeling wet and mighty blue,
The colonel nearly sold his horse to buy
a good canoe.

All day amid the muck and slime we
waded, slipped and swore,
And wished that Russia would come
back and end this awful war.

Once more we waded through a swamp,
Gaden hill was won,
And then we marched back home to
camp, glad the war was done.

Now who invented bivouac, not one of
us can tell,
But would like to send that guy to a
certain spot in—Oh well
We would not to kill him right away,
but serve him with a pack
And start him out to-morrow on a three-
day bivouac. (134TH KILTIE)