



### The Brass Band

The mellow strains of the band has rung  
Through Surrey's leafy leaves,  
As the Regiment's boys step cheerily on  
In the long route marche's train.



When nearing the end of a long day's toil  
And the packs weigh near a ton,  
Watch the steps quicken up and lengthen  
At the first tap of the drum.



With Sergt. Jack who the baton wields,  
Then Hardy and Hahn and Pearson,  
Whose big bass horns give forth deep tones  
So loud it is almost fearsome.



Then Wismer, Wright and Carlton Prosser  
Are heard on their slide trombones,  
As Atchison, Kincaid and Shorty Price  
Peal forth on their big baritones.

Next Campbell, Thompson and Wisler,  
Uphold the alto part,  
Hodgson, Nebbling and Charlie Birch,  
"Plawy oop" the lead right smart.



Then McNamara, star base ball catcher,  
"Stub" Matthews and Akiwenzie,  
Good seconds make, I would inform you,  
When playing "Flowers of the Prairie."



Next comes the artist Dooley McCombe,  
A star on the clarionet,  
With Curtis and Lane and William Prince,  
All there with the goods you bet.



Hall Trout on his E flat clarionet,  
Has a piccolo beat a mile.  
Fred Bennet, who makes a violin speak,  
Plays the cymbals with dash and style.