

Oh! the song that will linger for ever on our ears,
 Outliving the mother-in-law;
 Is the wail of the hungry the veteran volunteers,
 Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Cho. 'Tis the moan, &c.

(*Omnes Exeunt right.*)

CAMP SCENE.—*Evening. Two tents rear. Sentries rear and right.
 Men sewing, reading, writing, smoking, &c.*

Sergt.-Major.—Bugler! Sound "Retreat."

(*Bugler sounds call.*)

Scout.—Here comes the picket, boys.

(*Enter the picket, left, in file.*)

Corporal of Guard.—Leave us a lock of your hair, Sergeant.

Charley.—I'll tell the boys you died game.

Mac.—Say, don't kill any dead things.

Sergt. Picket.—Halt—front. Now go on with your chaff. It's your turn, and we are prepared for it.

Deacon.—What a lovely night you have for outpost.

Corporal of Guard.—When the rain comes in a couple of hours think of the boys doing the grand snore act. (SnORES.)

Sergt.—Before we go let us have a turn at the crank for a moment.

(*Advances front and sings.*)

(*Orchestra.*)

A SOLDIER'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

AIR—"Policeman's Lot," (*Pirates of Penzance*)

SUNG BY LCE.-CORPL. W. A. EMERSON.

When the bugle wakens sleepers in the morning,
 Calling up the "mules" their days' work to begin,
 'Tis then they scorn the parson's well known warning,
 And loudly swear altho' they know 'tis sin.
 Then on the scow their temper they don't smother,
 Fighting 'gainst the current isn't fun,
 Taking one consideration with another,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.
 When the scow upon the river's to be run,
 The soldier's lot is not a happy one.