

Repair where damaged, prop it if required,  
But never be it said, "we once retired."  
Oh, what a blessed thing is common sense;  
'Tis of more value than poor Peter's pence;  
These are of copper, those of purer ore  
That fills our treasury with more and more.

Methinks I see our army take the field,  
That fine old army that will never yield,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
And Minnie Rifles that *know how* to shoot.  
Then comes amongst them a presumptuous seer  
Who tells them not to arm—"dispel all fear,"  
"Your cause is good and providence is near."  
Your drills and practice ground and grand parade,  
Are empty trifles, you require no aid;  
Your standard and your band with grand display  
Are merely baubles—cast them all away.  
You have the *spirit* working in your mind,  
Go forth and victory you are sure to find.  
If those who answer for the nations weal,  
Would for a moment let such "*bosh*" prevail,  
The prestige of our name not long would stand,  
Adieu the safety of our glorious land.  
Make every fellow to himself a law,  
From the "old colonel" to the "Johnny Raw."  
Let every soldier choose *his* way to fight,  
Then to all discipline I say "good night!"  
The sp. " must be kept within control,  
Else it may waste, not purify the soul.  
Our means external must be brought to play,  
Else the result—both ruin and decay.  
Water a broken vase will not contain,  
The fluid you may pour but pour in vain.  
The man to "broken reeds," who dares to trust,  
In place of bread will find but fleeting dust.  
That book from which pure lessons we should draw,  
Where may be found the spirit and the law,  
Gives an instructive parable to all,  
Pointing to pride and its destructive fall.

Two sinners to the temple went to pray,  
(Where we should all repair from day to day,)