



GROUCH! BUT CARRY ON.

When you're named for the Draft, and you're
feeling nigh daft,

At the way that the Lance-Jacks all treat
you,

Why, stick out your chest, and you'll find it is
best,

For the guy with the lone stripe can't eat you.
Gee! it does seem a shame, but it's all in the
game;

Buck up, throw your weight on your chin
strap;

He's the whole blooming hog with his little
"lone dog,"

But a lead-swinging guy as a trench chap.

When you're warned for a "Guard," sure I
know it's damned hard,

'Cos you've done more "guards" now than
you oughter,

Give your buttons a lick, and you'll grab the
"clean stick,"

And your jig will be cushy and shorter.

When you're down for a picquet, why, darn it,
just stick it,

The job won't take more than the day,
Just grin, and you'll like it, go to it, and smite
it,

Say, Kid, that's the more pleasant way.

When you're "C.B.'d" for seven, well, your
lucky 'taint 'leven,

Just laugh, and say "Damn it, I earned it."

If you're taking it blue, why, the Serg. will
"get you,"

So you might as well grin and bear it.

At "Defaulters' Parade," don't start a tirade

And give the Non-Coms chance to bawl,

You can be a Defaulter, and stay with your
halter,

So long as you answer the "Call."

When you're slipped "up the line," and you feel
none to fine,

And your stomach ain't acting just right,

Ram your teeth in your gum, and just fancy
it's Rum,

It sure will help keep down your fright.

When you feel that you're stuck, well, just
trust to your luck,