

The Song of the Spit

(Sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body")

We're Warden's weary warriors, a'drilling on the sand.
And paying out a buck a day to help the bloomin' band.
But what they do with all the cash, we don't quite understand,
As we go marching on.

The Colonel forms us up in line and hands us lots of bull:
"You are the finest bunch of men that trigger e'er did pull."
On beef and beans and bread and jam we keep our bellies full,
As we go marching on.

The sand gets in our blankets, and the wind blows chill and drear.
If life was dull at Comox, it's a damned sight duller here,
You have to go a mile or so to get a glass of beer,
As we go marching on.

Chorus:

We are Warden's weary warriors,
We are Warden's weary warriors,
We are Warden's weary warriors,
The gallant One-O-Two.