

Just Mokes.

THE Artillery Force you know of course
Is made up of horses and men;
The horses come first though you're a long thirst
And been starving from one day to ten.
At daybreak you rise and rub your eyes,
And down to the stables you hurry,
You turn "heads about" then to water "lead out"
And get busy with brush and with curry.
Then you rub your arm sore for an hour or more,
But it seems like a decade indeed;
And you start like a hare when danger is near,
When a voice from the gods orders "Feed!"
When the schedule is laid for a Mounted Parade,
On this you can certainly count,
You barely get started when someone kind hearted
Commands that the "Gunnners Dismount."
You spend half your life through turmoil and strife,
Manicuring a dizzy old skate;
When it comes to a pinch you find it no cinch,
For he can't carry half his own weight.
You fondle and pet him and maybe you get him
An extra large portion of hay,
But he in his gratitude extends you his latitude,
Unhappily you're in the way.