

If you're out on guard some morning,
Bright and shining as the best,
He may pull your tunic open,
And you are improper dressed.

And suppose you do keep smiling,
There is still another way,
Not the least of persecutions
Are the things that he can say;
Not the least of persecutions
Is his hissing, hot abuse,
And the coward know he's got you—
You can't answer. What's the use?
Ain't he hoping you will do it,
You will answer back or fight?
But of course if you do either,
Then the beggar got you right.
True, the wearing of the uniform
Didn't spoil them all;
I've known officers were princes—
But their last name wasn't Small.
All I say for these—God bless them—
If they got through the big row;
If they died, I'm only hoping
That they're sleeping peaceful now.

But I don't hold it no duty
For to lie about the dead,
Or to cover up their record
Or the kind of life they led.
When a thing's the truth, I'm claiming
That it can't be any sin.
And Im not against the telling