

The sentry shouts in fear,  
 "Turn out the guard, things aren't  
 just right  
 A rustling noise I hear."

But all is well, a false alarm,  
 It was only a cat in the lane;  
 And the men lie down and snatch  
 a nap,  
 To go out in the pouring rain.

Then the 'phone it rings or a  
 telegram comes,  
 Or an escort is wanted at once;  
 Or a prisoner is sick and must see  
 the 'M.O.'  
 Or the M.P.'s come in with some  
 drunks.

And so it goes on 'til the break of  
 day,  
 And a new guard comes on the  
 scene;  
 Then the sergeant goes off for a  
 two hours' rest,  
 And some breakfast in between.

And when he lies down perchance  
 he may dream,  
 Of the guards he's done before;  
 But his sweeter dream by far will  
 be,  
 Of the day when guards are no  
 more.

A Helluva Sergeant.

— ? —

There's a little bunch of men in  
 camp

Who are they?

They're boys of a peculiar stamp  
 Who are they?

They're gathered here from far  
 and wide

Their time for action here to  
 bide

Who are they?

They're listed here as engineers,  
 But are they?

A nice decorous bunch of dears  
 Now aren't they?

They think that they're the liv-  
 est crowd

That ever to dicipline bowed  
 Who are they?

Some of them tradesmen by  
 vocation,

What are they?

With the rest its purely 'magin-  
 ation

Who are they?

They know it all they'd have you  
 think

Until they wake up in the clink  
 Who are they?

Since they came back from  
 loading slugs

Where were they?

Their actions savour strong of  
 things

Who are they?

Because they loaded box-cars up  
 with shells for Kaiser Bill  
 They think they've earned a re-  
 putation that is hard to  
 kill,

Who are they?

With "Corporal" Mitchel in the  
 Van

Who is he?

And the rest of us pickled every  
 man

Who are we?

Now we're all divided up  
 Likewise thoroughly sobered up

Who are we?

Now some of us are on our fati-  
 gues

Who are we?

And others are distant 1,000 lea-  
 gues

Where are they?

And some have the pleasure un-  
 alloyed,

Of Regimentally being employed  
 Who are they?

One is a Post office clerk large  
 as life

And one's in the Kitchen as  
 "cook" (?)

And two in the Hospital, order-  
 lies are

And three by the M.P.'s were  
 took.

Which were they?

There's Woodsy and Wyman  
 Wilkerson bold

Who are they?

Fitzpatrick and Campbell and  
 Mitchel so old

Who are they?

Our Sergeants were Scotch, to  
 heaven give thanks,

Tho' they never interested their  
 money in "banks"

Who are they?

They're the crowd that once did  
 a bit of their bit,

Yes that's they!

In spite of their being so full of  
 bull,

Yes that's they!

They're a bunch of good boys in  
 spite of their voice,

Each one's a good sport if in  
 temper, he's short.

They're ready and willing to  
 jump to their part

In the scrap that's in progress in  
 France,

And every dashed one of them  
 loudly they sang

And the bell on the Loci right  
 loadly it rang.

When the train left the Depot  
 with that little gang,

Who were they?

The Montreal Gang, signed,  
 Sebastian.

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