

Beauty.—Time enough to fight, boys, when the fighting comes; the alarm I like best has just sounded, for I am a ration—al creature.

Dumont.—What's for tea?

Mac.—Tea and hardtack.

Beauty.—That's what we had for dinner.

Mickey.—No, it's not; we had hardtack and tea.

Mac.—Oh, Moses! fifty cents a day and found dead on the prairie.
Let us have "Hardtack," boys.

(Orchestra.)

HARD-TACK COME AGAIN NO MORE.

AIR—"Hard Times come again no more."

SUNG BY CORPL. W. C. STIRLING.

There's a song of the flat-foot who toils as best he may,
On the river Saskatchewan's shore;
Though his voice might be merry he's groaning all the day,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Chorus.—'Tis the moan, the groan of the weary,
Sung in the tent and about the door,
Every day it is murmur'd in tones sad and dreary,
Oh! Hardtack come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that does echo across the camping ground,
To the man with the rations in his store;
'Tis a wail that is sounded for many miles around,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Cho.—"Tis the moan, &c.

As the bottom of a dry dock by the troubled wave,
There's nothing I assure you better for;
'Tis the thing that will linger till the last trumpets stave,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Cho.—"Tis the moan, &c.

If you wish to make a building, a fine City Hall,
Or headstone a baker would put o'er;
'Tis the thing that is wanted but as rations we all bawl,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more.

Cho. "Tis the moan, &c.

If you wish to finish "injuns" it will them quickly slay,
And dead "injun's" safest I am sure;
'Tis the plan to lower taxes we groan at every day day,
Oh! Hard Tack come again no more,

Cho. 'Tis the moan, &c.