



“ FALL IN ! ”

*Oh ! we are a ragged, motley crew,
Each with a tale to tell
Of a life of ease—a life of toil ;
A life lived out in hell.
What'er befall at the bugle call
We'll do our business well.*

THE bugle bawls a sharp “ Fall In,”
The section sergeants shout ;
A stampede on the markers,
And the company turns out.
And now you have us into line,
Just cast your eye within,
And read the tale of these soldiers hale
Who answered the cry “ Fall In ! ”

That guy with the coat split up the back,
And his forage cap aslant,
Is a minister's son—and a son of a gun.
You should hear the bounder rant
When the rations aren't quite up to scratch,
Or his rifle jams his thumb.
He slips a cog, and a language fog
Spurts up and begins to hum.

The other, with his moustache trimmed,
And puttees that need a shave,
Is a slum child from Toronto,
But a splendid chap is Dave.
His upper lip is his idol,
Boot dubbin is its pomade ;
He's tried to sup from a moustache cup—
But he knows his work with a spade