

And then the hill is climbed at last, and by the
hall they swing,
"Left wheel," the sergeant shouts, "Form up
on the left wing."
And soon in double file they stand, all soldiers
there's no doubt,
A smart, "Right turn," and a swift salute—
IT'S TWELVE O'CLOCK; FALL OUT.

Then down the town they wend their way, for
pleasure's their pursuit,
Some meet their wives and kiddies there, some
grab the gay recruit,
The noontide hour has sped at last, the "movie"
shows are near,
And many hasten on their way to meet the one
so dear.

For, "What's the use of kicking, for they've
'got it on' them all,
For their King and Country needed them, and
they answered to the call,
A soldier and a good one, of that there is no
doubt,
But he likes to hear the Colonel say—
IT'S TWELVE O'CLOCK; FALL OUT!

The brave boys in the fighting line—to them
we wish our best;
In the cold, and the wet, of the trenches there,
they face the fearful test;
The crash of the shell, and the reek of the gas,
the vermin, the long, long night,
And the glare of the "Star Shell" and search-
light reveal what to him is an ordinary
sight.