



You sure are down upon the booze,  
And on the water-cart  
Each Tommy had to scramble  
From the finish to the start.  
We may hold different views on hooch,  
But take it from a dub—  
You trained us without whisky,  
But you gave us decent grub.  
Temp'rance Sam.

Yes, you lashed us up to rations,  
And the quality of prog  
Was worth ten times its weight in beer,  
Or other brands of grog.  
We ain't no half-starved soldiers,  
Our pay is mighty good.  
You've incidentally pulled a stunt  
No other person could.  
Thoughtful Sam.

You took a hunk of wilderness  
And made a camp of it.  
Of forty thousand greenhorns,  
Turned out thirty thousand fit  
To slope the old Ross rifle,  
March in fours, deploy, attack.  
You kept us there and drilled us  
Till we got the soldier's knack.  
Soldier Sam.

So while on Active Service  
We will do the best we can  
To vindicate your views upon  
The raw militiaman.  
And if we pull a grand stand play  
And make ourselves a name,  
We'll tell them all that you're the guy  
Who put us on the game.  
Fighting Sam.