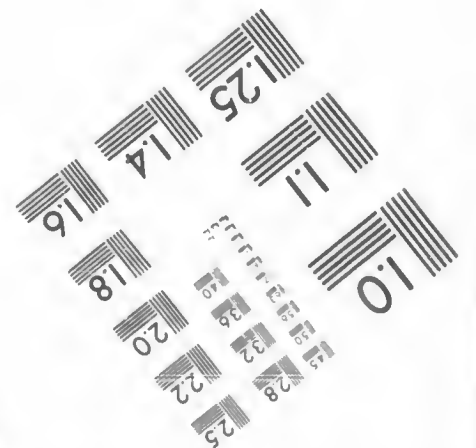
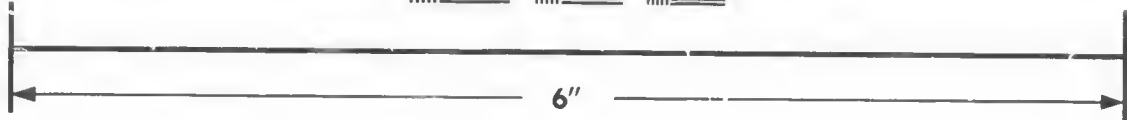
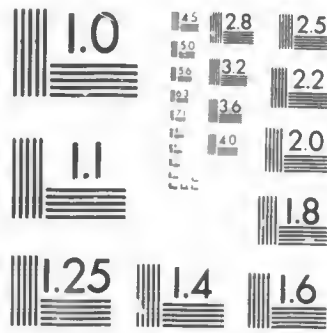


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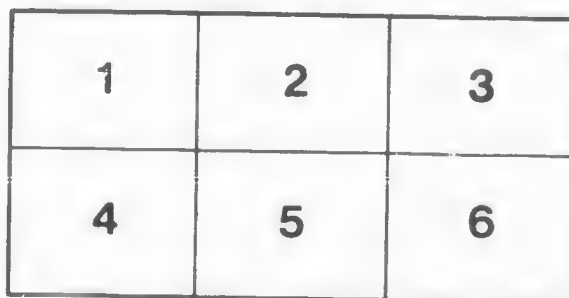
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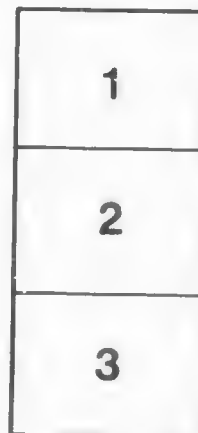
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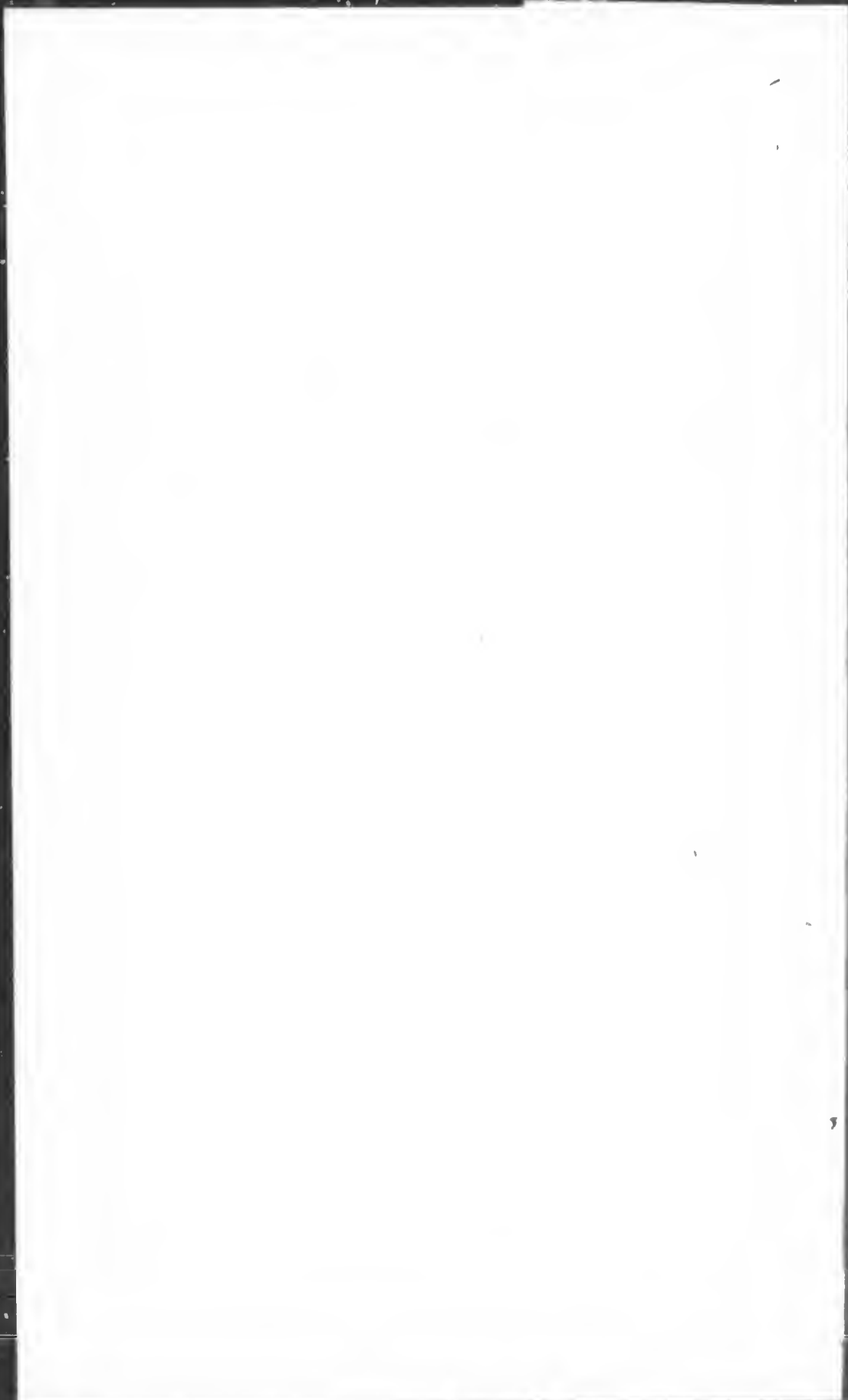
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# POEMS AND SONGS

COMPOSED AT

Home, Gibraltar, and Canada,

BY

ALEXANDER SHAND, 78TH HIGHLANDERS.

---

Montreal :

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1869.



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ALEXANDER SHAND,

78th Highlanders.

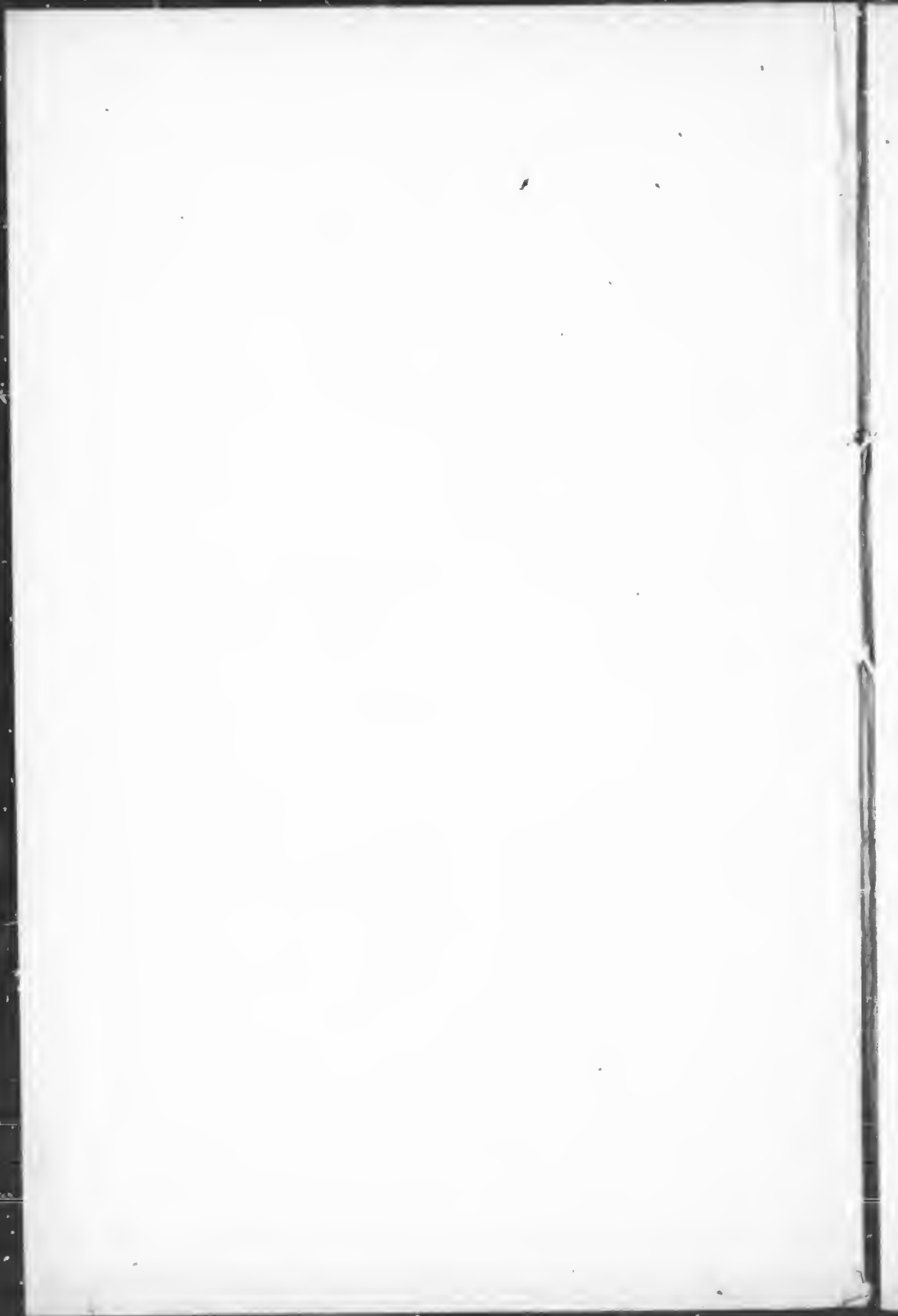


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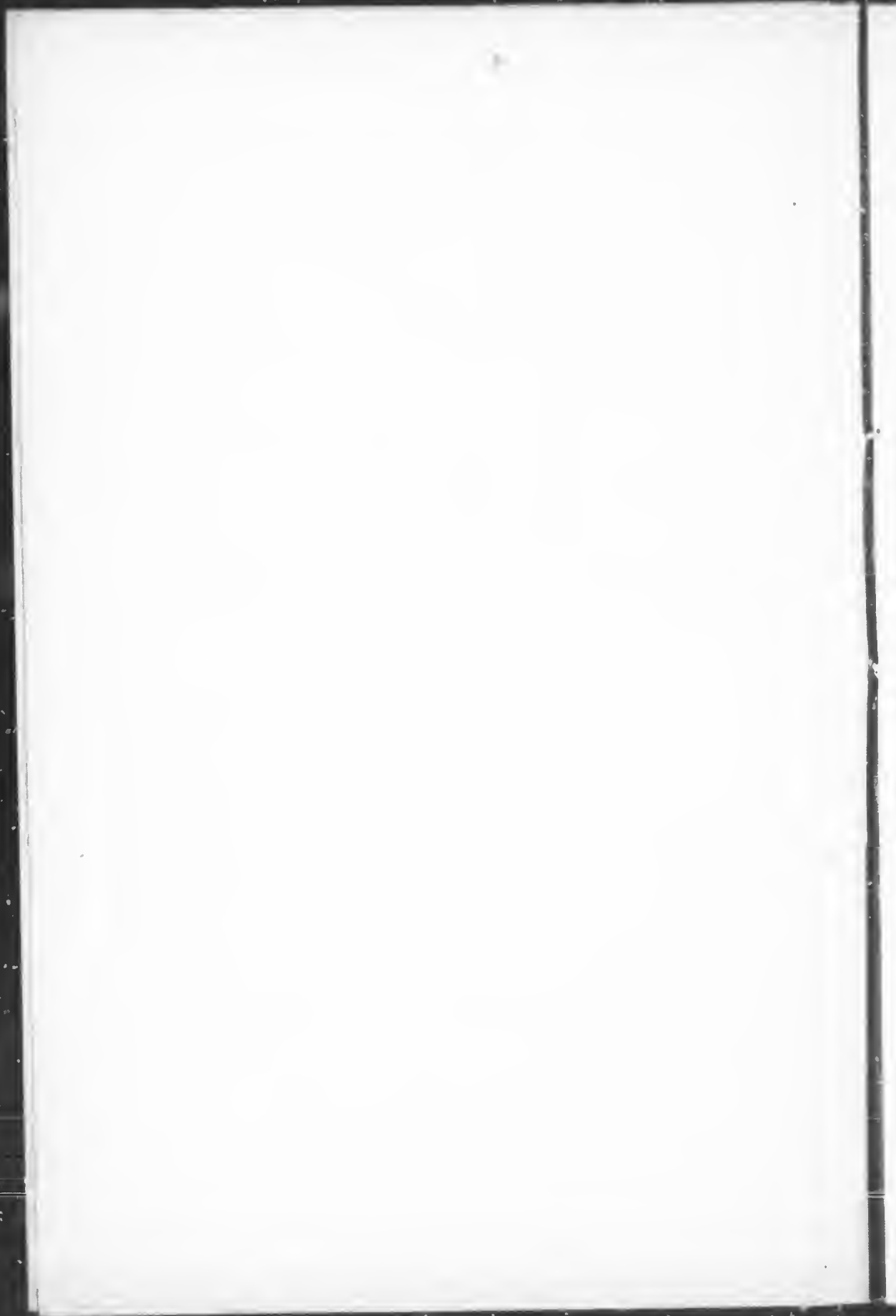
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To  
The Officers,  
Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men  
Of  
The 78th Highlanders,  
This Book is respectfully Dedicated  
By the Author.



## P R E F A C E .

---

THE following pieces were composed, not with the intention of being published, but for the amusement of the author, and to improve a spare hour either on Sentry or in the Barraek room. It will be highly gratifying to him if the reader derives as much pleasure in perusing them as he enjoyed in their composition.

A few of them—"Strathbogie," "The Maid of Lessendrum," and "To Jessic,"—were composed amid the rural scenes of his native village, while the others were composed, either in the din of the Barraek room or in the nocturnal solitude of the sentinel. The piece entitled "Soldier's Thoughts on Sentry," was composed on Europa advance guard, in Gibraltar, beneath the shadow of that gigantic rock; and the piece on the "Presentation of our Colors," was composed on sentry at the main guard of this garrison shortly after the occurrence of the event which it is meant to describe.

It is at the request of his comrade soldiers that he submits them to press, not to undergo the critical inspection of the public, but for the soldiers, who can judge them best—being written in their own sphere. Any civilian, into whose hands a copy may fall, who is at all acquainted with military life, must allow for the disadvantages experienced by a soldier in literary pursuits.

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## A Soldier's Thoughts on Sentry.

---

The sun has set, and twilight grey  
Is darkening into night ;  
The towers on yon embattled rock  
Are spreading rays of light.

When walking sentry on my post  
Upon the ramparts high,  
Hearing no sound except the waves,  
No human being nigh ;

My thoughts,—they wander'd far away  
Unto a happy spot,—  
My native land ! My native home !  
Ah ! ne'er to be forgot.

The dear lov'd cottage in the glen,  
I pictur'd in my mind,  
And dearer still, that lovely maid,  
Whom I had left behind.

I thought I saw her, bright and fair,  
Blooming in all her charms,  
Oh ! how I long'd to be again  
Encircl'd in her arms.

And fondly I recall'd to mind  
My happy, early days,  
When wand'ring with companions young  
Among our country's braes ;

Sometimes to tread the deep ravine,  
Or climb the mountain side,  
As lightsome as our native stag,  
In all his freeborn pride.

But youthful days soon pass away,  
And boys soon grow to men;  
I parted with that happy band,  
And now I am in Spain.

Enroll'd among a gallant corps,  
Who guard their country's rights,  
In doing duty—day or night,  
Upon Gibraltar's heights.

That giant rock, with visage grey,  
Has seen war's wild alarms,  
But never witness'd Britain's sons  
Disgrace their country's arms.

And well may Old Brittainia boast  
Of sons so tried and true;  
For in the battle's hottest charge,  
Their courage leads them through.

In every climate—hot and cold,  
The British soldier serves,  
And gains himself a hero's name,  
A name he well deserves.

# On the Presentation of New Colors

TO THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS.

---

The bugle calls us for parade,  
We form up, in marching order,  
Dress'd in the Highland kilt and plaid,  
We march away to "O'er the Border."

We come from Caledonia's hills,  
Their rugg'd rocks are high and hoary ;  
Our land a page of history fills,  
With records of immortal glory.

The gallant ensign stately rears  
Our blood-stain'd colors rent and torn ;  
These relics of departed years  
Are now to shreds completely worn.

In many a foreign land they've wav'd  
Amid the strife and din of battle ;  
And many hearts beneath have brav'd  
The charge, where steel on steel did rattle.

Tho' bullets, time, and torrid zone  
Have worn and sore defac'd our banners,  
Yet what is left, to look upon,  
Is thickly cover'd o'er with honors.

But now!--We reach the Champ-de-Mars,  
And as in line we take our station,  
The ladies gay in glittering cars,  
Do wait in eager expectation.



And officers of every grade,  
Around their General, form a cluster,  
He smiles upon the gay parade,  
His eye sheds forth a joyous lustre.

Upon a pile of drums—Behold!  
Bright silken colors are extended,  
Welcome the new! Farewell the old!  
Their days of warfare now are ended.

But see! The crowd is thickening fast,  
With men of every rank and station;  
The hour of twelve has chimed at last,  
And now begins the presentation.

A lady fair, with graceful mien,  
Of high degree, and polished manners,  
Says:—"In the name of Britain's Queen,  
"I now present you with these banners;

"And Highlanders, where e'er you go,  
"I hope you always will respect them,  
"And should you ever meet the foe—  
"I bid you with your lives protect them."

Our country's royal gift we take;  
The memory of the past will aid us,  
To guard them for our country's sake;  
In battle nothing shall degrade us.

## The Highland Soldier.

---

When our country goes to fight,  
And the foe has come in sight,  
In our columns, left or right,  
You'll find the Highland soldier,

Pressing on with dauntless heart,  
With the courage and the art  
To perform an hero's part,  
And prove himself a soldier.

When the shot like hailstones fly,  
When the shells are bursting nigh,  
Death or victory, is the cry  
By every Highland soldier.

Onward, at the charge they go,  
Rushing madly at the foe;  
Files and sections are laid low  
Before the Highland soldier.

Never on the battle field,  
Did a kilted hero yield,  
Though with mortal wounds he reeled,  
He still fought like a soldier.

And oft, beneath a torrid sun,  
Were deeds of glory bravely done,  
And never-fading laurels won  
By many a Highland soldier.

When Cawnpore's bloody plains were lost,  
Who was it that the Ganges cross'd,  
And hurl'd back the rebel host?  
It was the Highland soldier.

From Lucknow's walls arose a cry—  
The wail of women rent the sky,  
Imploring aid from heaven on high:  
Heaven sent the Highland soldier.

See on that wall the crimson stain,  
The blood of infants cruelly slain;  
It cried for vengeance o'er the plain,  
And vengeance cried the soldier.

Then bravely onward went that few,  
Britannia's maidens to rescue;  
Their stalwart pipers loudly blew,  
To cheer the weary soldier.

They marched, they fought, but not in vain,  
At last they did the fortress gain,  
Although on India's burning plain,  
Lay many a bleeding soldier.

## Soldier Abroad.

---

Is it a dream—a flitful dream,  
A shadow of the night!  
That Caledonia's bonnie hills  
Are fleeing from my sight?  
I know too well 'tis not a dream,  
It only is my fate  
To leave fair Scotland for a while,  
To serve the crown and state.

I go to join the Ross-shire Buffs,  
That brave heroic band,  
They wear the tartan of the North,  
And glory in that land.  
Land of the brave that gave me birth!  
To thee, I say, farewell!  
I for a time must cross the deep,  
In other climes must dwell.

Ho! spread the canvas, Neptune's sons,  
And let us catch the breeze;  
I long to prove the boasted worth  
Of climes beyond the seas.  
Our ship is good, the wind is fair,  
No swell is on the deep,  
We'll sling our hammocks to the beams,  
Turn in, and go to sleep.

Vain hope! an hour has changed the scene—  
High crested waves appear,  
We leave Hibernia's coast behind,  
And Biscay's bay draws near.  
Ill-fated bay! how many a bark,  
Has sunk beneath thy wave,  
And England's bravest hearts of oak,  
In thee have found a grave.

The heavens grow dark, the billows roar,  
It blows a heavy gale;  
The mariners with all their haste,  
Are reefing every sail.  
The gale assumes a hurricane,  
And darker grows the sky,  
Our vessel cracks from stem to stern.  
The sea rolls mountains high.

A broadside from a monster wave.  
Makes all her timbers shake;  
Another breaks upon her bows,  
And sweeps along her deck.  
We mount upon the watery heights,  
Then headlong down we dash  
Into a yawning, surging gulf,  
Tremendous is the splash.

For twelve long hours the storm increased,  
We roll'd from wave to wave,  
Yet every sailor did his best  
The gallant ship to save.  
At last the danger passed away,  
The sea was calm and still;  
And when a gentle breeze set in,  
The boatswain's pipe blew shrill.

The yards were manned, the sails were set,  
The sun was sinking low ;  
Then soldiers gather'd on the deck,  
And songs were all the go.  
Some well known comrade gives his best,  
Encourag'd by a cheer ;  
And all along the crowded deck,  
The chorus rises clear.

With many a song and many a tale,  
The night was spent in glee ;  
And every soldier's heart was glad,  
That second night at sea.  
How soon do men forget the hour  
Of threatening danger near—  
An hour will change dismay to joy,  
A minute—joy to fear.

When morning dawn'd, we sought the deck,  
And well we could descry  
Hispania's hills of hoary gray,  
Far in the eastern sky.  
And as our vessel near'd the shore  
Corunna met our gaze ;  
Well might its shattered walls unfold  
A tale of former days.

For there our hardy sons of war,  
Although half-starv'd and few,  
Did meet with legions of the French,  
And fought till all was blue.  
All honor be to gallant Moore,  
Who, in that day of strife,  
Led on his men to victory's charge—  
But gained it with his life.

Right well he knew his Highland men,  
The heroes of the Nile ;  
"Remember Egypt," were his words,  
And cheered them with a smile.  
And when their store of shot was spent,  
Brave Moore, without dismay,  
Said : "Men you have your bayonets yet,  
"We'll charge and gain the day."

But scarcely were his words obey'd,  
When with a fatal shot,  
The hero got his mortal wound,  
And fell upon the spot.  
He raised himself from off the ground,  
And view'd his trusty band  
Charging the now retiring French  
Who could no longer stand.

Four soldiers took him in their arms,  
And bore him off the field ;  
He then exclaimed : "My work is done,  
"To death I now will yield."  
He died the glorious death of fame,  
And Britain well might mourn  
Her son, who gain'd Corunna's field,  
But never did return.

Even France admired her conquering foe,  
And o'er the hero's dust  
Has raised a fitting monument,  
Grac'd with colossal bust.  
But though a passing scene like this  
Demands a passing lay,  
The vessel speeds and so must I  
Along our destin'd way.

We pass Finisterre's rounded cape,  
Projecting in the deep;  
And playful to its rocky shore  
The bounding waves do leap.  
The genial warmth of the south  
Now gently fans the air,  
And men and women seek the deck,  
The sunny bliss to share.

Against the bulwarks many stand,  
And eagerly they watch  
The porpoise dashing through the brine,  
His mid-day meal to catch,  
And others squatted on the deck,  
Are dealing out the cards;  
A few although untaught to climb,  
Are sporting on the yards.

And thus the time wings swiftly by,  
Onward the vessel glides;  
We hail the coast of Portugal,  
Where beauty's train abides.  
What varied scenes that land displays,  
On mountain, rock and dale;  
And richly there, the clustering vine  
About us in every vale.

Yet, in this land by nature bless'd,  
Exists a servile race—  
A Nation cursed with indolence,  
Degraded by excess.  
Ye fallen sons of Portugal,  
Arise and till the soil;  
Your wealth and honor to regain,  
And heaven will on you smile.



With Autumn's bounty in your stores.  
Your commerce cannot fail ;  
For merchant ships from every land,  
Will on the Tagus sail.  
But as our vessel sweeps along,  
The land recedes from sight,  
Again the sun sinks in the west,  
And glorious is the night.

The moon, which but the other eve,  
Was hidden in the storm,  
Now rises slowly o'er the wave,  
Proud in her rounded form.  
How brightly in the azure heavens,  
Emblaz'd with shining stars,  
A spangled throng that seems to smile  
On us the sons of Mars.

The starboard watch now take their post,  
And briskly walk the deck,  
The ship cuts through the brine and leaves  
White foam, far in her wake.  
The gay lieutenant on the bridge  
Is walking to and fro,  
Thinking perhaps on some fair girl,  
That lov'd him long ago.

That night o'er many a watery league,  
Our well tried ship did gain ;  
By noon, next day, with cheers we hail'd  
The southern coast of Spain.  
Fair Cadiz, with its lofty towers,  
Smiles o'er the peaceful bay,  
Where Nelson met the fleet of France  
In battle's stern array.

Trafalgar, scene of deadly strife,  
The memories of thy fight  
Will ever rouse the British Tar  
To die for Britain's right.  
How calm is now that deep blue bay,  
Where once the cannon peel'd,  
Where England's force received a wound,  
That vict'ry scarcely healed.

When brave men die, a nation's heart  
Is wounded to the core ;  
When Nelson fell, Britannia wept,  
And mourn'd from shore to shore.  
The Spanish soil, from north to south,  
With British blood is stain'd ;  
And victory on Trafalgar's Bay,  
With valued life was gain'd.

Now ploughing swiftly through the gut  
Unfathom'd yet by man,  
A continent on every side,  
With wondering gaze we scan ;  
And Hercules' proud pillars rise  
Majestic'ly ahead—  
Shrine of that powerful demigod  
Fam'd for heroic deed.

Mare Internum's inland wave  
Is reached through Calpe's straits,  
And with the batteries iron load,  
Britannia guards the gates.  
Weak minded statesmen seek to yield  
That fort so dearly bought  
With millions, and by British blood,  
When desperate bravery fought.

We nearly reach our destin'd port,  
When night obscures our way ;  
By signals then we orders get  
To anchor in the bay.  
'Tis morn again—a glorious morn,  
Gib's towering rock appears  
Majestic, grand and terrible,  
Its summit grey with years.

But mark its base how richly dress'd  
In nature's robes of green ;  
The orange thrives uncultured here,  
And clambering vines are seen.  
The figtree and the pomegranate  
In rare profusion grow,  
And leafy bowers of jasmine  
Their cooling shadow throw.

An order comes for us to land ;  
The ship now seeks the pier ;  
There many of our regiment wait  
To greet us with a cheer.  
Our party now is formed up,  
And soon we march as'ore ;  
And all that day the gay canteen,  
With jovial mirth did roar.

With right good will the sens of Mars,  
To Bacchus' board repair ;  
And charge the glasses with the stuff,  
Prescribed to drown dull care.  
How free the foaming jug goes round,  
Till mirth takes sovereign power,  
And chases aught that tends to grieve  
Them in the passing hour.

But often, some unlucky wight,  
Drinks deeply for a while,  
And finds himself safely next day,  
In shameful durance vile.  
There are in every class of men,  
A few who by excess  
Do mar enjoyment to the rest,  
Then sink in deep disgrace.

Now, stationed on the good old rock,  
Many old friends we find,  
Among the Ross-shire Highlanders,  
Who had before us join'd.  
Our draft broke up and intermixed  
With all that stalwart band,  
Who long had served the British crown,  
In many a foreign land.

The Highland garb has proudly wav'd  
In India's burning plain,  
Where hostile ranks did thickly press  
Rebellion to maintain.  
With dreadful loss, our men at last  
The mutineers subdued ;  
The British flag's triumphant still,  
And peace again renewed.

At Meida's charge, at Assaye's fight,  
In Java's sultry isle ;  
On Meteren's heights, on Persia's sands,  
And on the banks of Nile,  
The Ross-shire Buff's have fought and bled  
Along with thousands more ;  
And still, with pride, can boast a name,  
Unstain'd on any shore.

They now combine with other troops,  
Gibraltar's fort to hold,—  
To foemen inaccessible,  
To Britain more than gold.  
What foe could stand before its guns,  
Loaded with deadly shell,  
Ready to pour destruction forth  
On all who dare assail.

Even far up in the solid rock,  
Are mighty galleries wrought ;  
With heavy guns and furnaces—  
Ready to give them 't hot.  
A hundred sentries proudly walk  
Its ramparts and its walls,  
And guard it as they would their Queen  
In Windsor's Royal Halls.

## Lines on Burns.

---

Is there an honest Scottish rustic bard,  
Who does not hail with reverence the day  
On which immortal Burns first appeared,  
And in a cottage poor and humble lay?  
Is there a man of great and noble birth,  
Is there a learned sage or simple swain,  
Who does not join in one to praise the worth  
Of him who seems as if he lived again?

He lives indeed; for every Scottish maid  
Oft hails the morning with a happy song,  
Perhaps her native Bard's, as if she paid  
A tribute to his name, with impulse strong.  
He lives in all who ponder o'er his page,  
And learn his tale of love so fond and true;  
Heart-stirring feelings do their minds engage,  
And rich imaginations meet their view.

Altho' his songs speak of the lowly train.  
His genius lifts him up to high renown;  
For reared high on Scotia's lovely plain  
Are monuments his lasting fame to crown.  
What homely tales he makes with lustre shine!  
His Cottar's Night and Halloweven's charms!  
In both he paints that pleasure so divine,—  
A loving pair wrapp'd in each others arms.

O! would the muses nine inspire my pen  
 To write on thee, thou bard that I admire,  
 Thy rarest beauties I would show to men,  
 In graphic style! But vain is my desire.  
 Because my harp is weak, my words are few,  
 My style is simple and my measure tame—  
 To hymn thy panegyric! Lyrist of the Plough!  
 Or add a laurel to thy wreath of fame.

---

### Coast

COMPOSED FOR A DINNER, GIVEN BY THE 87TH ROYAL IRISH  
 FUSILEERS, TO THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS, PREVIOUS TO  
 THEIR LEAVING GIBRALTAR.

---

Here's success to the heroes that wear the grenade,  
 Likewise to the lads with the kilt and the plaid—  
 The deeds they have done for their country and Queen,  
 On their old tattered banners, are plain to be seen.  
 And though fate has thought fit to part us afar,  
 May friendship unite us in peace or in war;  
 And the next time we meet with the brave Fusileers,  
 May the brandy be flowing as free as our cheers.

## Strathbogie.

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Though London toon be large and wide,  
Wi' streets and lanes fu' monnie ;  
Though royal gentry there do 'bide,  
It's very far fae bonnie.  
Though Aberdeen's a burgh toon,  
It is but dark and foggy ;  
But my delight by day and night,  
'S to live in sweet Strathbogie.

Mark weel ! upon its eastern side  
A varied fair creation  
Of fertile fields, rock, hill and dale,  
A river and plantation.  
And bonnie lasses on the green  
Bend o'er their girded cogie  
And wash their linen white and clean,  
To bleach beside the Bogie.

The market place is on the south,  
There farmers bring their cattle ;  
And wi' the dealers fae the toon,  
Hae many a firm battle.  
And when they get their helter teem,  
It maks them unco vogie ;  
And droves o' them get up the steam  
Wi' drinking gude Strathbogie.



How sweet to taste the lovely west,  
Where nature's voice is ringing,  
And lightly rove along the grove  
To hear the linties singing.  
A warlike pile stands to the north,  
Among the trees sae scrogie,  
By it the loving couples stray  
Down Deveron side to Bogie.

And as you pass along the streets,  
If architecture's wanting  
You'll see there faces blythe and gay,  
And bonnie lasses rantin'.  
They speak o' lasses unco fair  
In Fyve and in Logie,  
But while I live, I'll ever praise  
The girls o' sweet Strathbogie.

And there is ane, my bonnie Jane,  
So lovely and so bonnie,  
If there be mair that are so fair,  
I'm sure there are no monnie.  
And all I want gude heaven grant,  
Give me her and my cogie ;  
Though money's scant, I'll live content,  
But aye live in Strathbogie.

## On the Cap O'Noth.

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On Bogie's side a lofty mountain stands,  
Between wild moors and cultivated lands ;  
Tho' distant far and hidden from my eyes,  
Yet in my mind I see its form arise,—

Its rugged sides, all clad with heaths and ferns,  
Its crystal streamlets, and its old grey cairns,  
The mighty rock that rises from its side,  
Where sits the keen eyed hawk in all his pride ;

And on its summit, where in days of yore,  
The strife of nature horrid gorges tore,  
The goat now feeds on herbs that suit his taste.  
And where hot lava flow'd he goes to rest.

But all these wild eruptions now are o'er,  
On Tap O'Noth volcanoes burn no more ;  
And when the summer comes—its bonnie braes  
Re-echo to the shepherd's artless lays.

When with the warming sun and crystal dew  
The rich brown heath assumes its purple hue,  
Then sportmen know their season is begun,  
And down the muir-fowl falls,—O, glorious fun.

Beneath its towering heights, from day to day,  
The hand of industry is seen to play ;  
At morn the merry reapers take the fields,  
And cut and gather that which nature yields ;

The evening comes, and all is hushed and still,  
 Bright Luna rises slowly from the hill ;  
 The simple lover meets his artless maid,  
 And paradise is in the birken shade.

I long to see these rural scenes again,—  
 The steep romantic hill and fertile plain ;  
 Where peace and plenty crown the rustic's toil,  
 And youth and beauty innocently smile.

Let foreign lands, reputed rich and fair,  
 Lead fortune hunters on to blank despair ;  
 Let mad ambition fight for future fame—  
 The old grey Tap O'Noth will stand the same.

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### The Maid of Arderseir.

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Away far in the distant west,  
 A soldier I do roam ;  
 The broad Atlantic now divides  
 Me from my native home.

But though I'm far from all I love,  
 While tartans I do wear ;  
 I'll mind upon my dearest Jane,  
 The maid of Arderseir.

The heathy mountains of the north,  
 With lofty grandeur frown ;  
 And oft times from their craggy tops,  
 The bursting storm comes down.

And yet among them blooms a flower,  
To me forever dear ;  
All clad with nature's wildest charms  
Is Jane of Arderseir.

When parting with that virtuous maid,  
Her rosy lips I press'd  
And when at last she breathed farewell,  
I strained her to my breast.

"My dearest girl," I said to her,—  
"The happy time is near  
"When I, your soldier, will return  
"To bonnie Arderseir."

From fortunes lap of golden stores,  
I ask not wealth or fame ;  
I've got a prize of higher worth,—  
I love to breathe her name.

It is engraven on my heart,  
'Tis music to my ear ;  
And while I live, I'll ever love  
My Jane of Arderseir.

## Jessie, the Maid of Lessendrum.

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Its now September, and the oats  
Are yellow on the braes ;  
My musing fancy takes its wing  
To sing my fair one's praise.

When from the merry harvest field,  
I slowly homeward come,  
My busy thoughts, my heart and soul  
Are all at Lessendrum.

For there the rural nymph does dwell,  
Who is my heart's delight ;  
She's highest in my thoughts by day,  
First in my dreams by night.

If Spaniards boast their matchless fair,  
Let them to Scotland come,  
And gaze on beauty pure and rare  
At bonnie Lessendrum.

Ye powers that ruleth nature,  
A humble poet hear,  
And while he museth on the one,  
That to his heart is dear,

Crown wreaths upon the soldier's brow,  
Give gallant tars their rum ;  
But O ! give me my Jessie dear,  
That lives at Lessendrum.

For she's the girl that I adore,  
 In a' the country wide ;  
 Her youthful charms hae won my heart—  
 Wi' her I aye could 'bide.

And I must be to see her soon,  
 To me she canna come ;  
 It's far between the Tap O'Noth,  
 And bonnie Lessendrum.

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### Go Jessie.

Some think upon lands wi' their skies ever sunny,  
 And fair flowery countries far o'er the sea ;  
 Some think on gay pleasure ; some think on their money ;  
 But Jessie ! my thoughts are concentr'd on thee.

From morning till evening, 'mid stir and in bustle,  
 When I am busy as busy can be,  
 When all my gay neighbours do merrily whistle,  
 My thoughts and my fancy still wander to thee.

And in the dark night, when the tempest is raging,  
 And cold is the wind that blows over the sea,  
 I dream of a maiden—so sweet and engaging—  
 O Jessie ! dear Jessie, that maiden is thee.

Thou'rt as fair as the rose in the fresh summer morning,  
 And sweet as the honey that comes from the bee ;  
 Thy charms, like blossoms, all nature adorning,  
 It is that, Jessie dear, makes me think upon thee.

Although unto you I am almost a stranger,  
 Thy sweet youthful beauty has taken my e'e ;  
 Then trust me and try me, O, do not deny me,  
 There's none in the world that I love like thee.

## Recruit Drill at Gibraltar.

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'Twas on a day in flowery spring,  
On every tree the birds did sing,  
The southern sun did brightly blaze  
On Calpe's rock with scorching rays,  
When first our draft of forty men  
Turned out for drill at half past ten.  
The sergeant said he meant to try  
And make us soldiers by and by ;  
Now lads, my way of teaching drill,  
Is learn to face before you wheel ;  
Of course we knew that long before  
By practice some twelve months or more,  
Though here we were not ranked with men.  
But class'd as raw recruits again,  
And turned out three times in a day  
For drill ; and faith it was not play,  
Beneath the sun an hour to burn,  
And still to get the other turn,  
The least mistake by any there,  
Kept us the longer on the square.  
Duty was hard, our case was urgent,  
But fair things would not please the sergeant,  
The game of marking time he play'd,  
Enjoying every night in bed,  
Till one day came that made him sad,  
The adjutant dismissed the squad,  
And very gently told our tutor—  
That he must do his guards in future.





