



FAT-I-GUE.



Pte. Albert Wm. Drummond.

FAT-I-GUE.

Come all you jolly soldier lads, that march to fife and drum,

I'll tell you all a story fit to tell across the foam :

'Tis a tale of pots, and pans, with a scubbing brush or two,
When the roll is called you answer to your name on

FAT-I-GUE.

You get up in the morning and you rush out on parade,

You stand before the sergeant, and this is what is said :

"Pte's Drummond, Jones and Smith are on FAT-I-GUE
to-day"—

That is all there is to it ; now what can a soldier say ?

You 'ave to take your medicine, quite bravely like a man,

You hike into the kitchen and fall into a pan,

You hear the corporal calling, "Get busy, show more
steam,"

Believe me, when I tell you, it aint peaches and no cream !

You coal the blooming fires, and you scrub the dirty floor,

You pick up all the rubbish, that is left around the door,

'Tis mop, and slop, from early morn, until the dewy night,

And you'll stay behind to finish up if things aint left just
right.

Then when your work is finished, you may seek your
downy bed,

The soft side of a pine board plank, is where you lay your
head,

You know that you are tired, for you feel not very fit,

But with slumber comes the knowledge, that you're doing
of your bit.

You aint fighting awful battles, you aint following glory's
trail,

You feel all wet and sloppy, just like a blooming snail,

Yet you're bravely forging onward, you have answered
duty's call,

And though things may come adversely never let the Old
Flag fall.

Never let the banner waver, always keep your pecker up,

If there's FAT-I-GUE to-morrow, keep on climbing to the
top,

For what to-day is *greatest* in this terrible world strife,

May seem to *you* the meanest, and the smallest things in
life.

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