

Tattoo

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Bed-time's Come!

Come soldier lie down on the hard ground
Throw down on your couch of snow feathers
The blanket your tent in all weathers
Sleep cool and you'll sleep sound.

— Shoddy contractors by drum head court martial should be
Base malefactors hung up to the nearest tree
Who gave the Sutters right to defraud us poor soldiers?
If I were Provo I'd beat the Tattoo on their shoulders

It's not for myself
[This here's the first time] I'm complaining
But then I see few rascals^x gaining
A fortune on short cut tobacco
Not worth five cents a pound.

Tattoo! — Roll Call! — Turn out! — All!