Bacon on the Rind

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A soldier in the cavalry lay on a canvas bunk,
On a soap box there beside him lay a hunk of army punk;
And as he chewed away and busy, his face turned ashen gray
For the soldier boy was dying in the Island far away.
As his comrades knelt beside him
To hear what he might say,
The dying soldier faltered,
"Bring me a bunch of hay,
For my horse has food in plenty
And the grub is left behind,
And I must starve on Bacon
Army Bacon on the Rind.

And as he lay there gasping wlth the moments flying fast,
He tried to chew a rubber boot 'fore life went out at last.
And he said to his comrades, "Bring me a box of soap,
For they eat it in the frozen north, and where there is life there is hope.
But Charlie dear, I greatly fear, my race is almost run,
Life's feeble spark will be snuffed out ere the setting of the sun;
Take a message and a token to the dear ones left behind,
And say I starved on Bacon, Army Bacon on the Rind."

That evening just at twilight, as the flag slid down the pole
We bowed our heads in silence for the 'parting soul;
But that night beside the camp-fire you could hear his comrades say
"If he'd had a soldier's ration he'd be alive today.
A curse on the man who did it, tho' with coin his purse be lined
May he starve on Prunes and Bacon, Army Bacon on the Rind!"

In a trim New England cottage sits a mother old and gray
In her hand she holds a letter that came by mail that day.
And as she sits there reading, her eyes are filled with tears,
For the letter brings the tidings that every mother fears.
lt tells how in the lslands her darling met his death,
Fighting for flag and country midst the battle's frenzied breath
But it don't tell how it happened, and perhaps the Fates are kind
For her darling starved on Bacon, Army Bacon on the