

ONE DAY IN CAMP

When it's five fifteen in the morning and the bugler sounds first call,
And the Sergeant yells "Outside, Come now, one and all,"
And I step outside the barracks and everything is fresh with dew,
When it's reveille in the morning, Dear, my thoughts then turn to you.

When it's seven fifteen in the morning and the sick call then is heard,
You roll up your right sleeve and walk in without a word,
They jab a needle in your arm, and they make you like it too,
Then to make the misery lighter, Love, my thoughts then turn to you.

When it's seven thirty and drill call and everyone gets in life,
It's squads right and four left, quick and double time.
When I am tired, worn, and wary, just sore, through and through,
It makes it all seem lighter, Girl, for my thoughts turn to you.

When it's eleven thirty and recall from both drill and work,
Both of which the Engineers have never been known to shirk,
And I come back to my quarters, then, of course, don't feel so blue,
For now it's time for rest, so I just sit and think of you.

When it's one fifteen in the afternoon, an unearthly sound is made,
It's nothing in the world but fatigue call, get a shovel or a spade.
And I try to make this hilltop look like the valley do,
But it makes the old pick lighter, Love, when my thoughts turn to you.

When it's five thirty in the evening and retreat and all is done,
And I sit and smoke my pipe and watch the setting of the sun.
And I watch the smoke above the pipe forming rings so round and blue,
I see a face in each ring, my Love, and of course, the face is you.

When its ten o'clock at night and taps are blown so very low,
I lay awake athinking of the times not long ago,
And all my thoughts are of one girl, whom I know is true,
Then I go to sleep and dream, and all my dreams are then of you.

But, when the Kaiser stops his murdering and raiding on the sea,
And the submarines are all sunk and the enemy soldiers flee,
And the Kaiser doffs his helmet to the Old Red, White and Blue,
With the rest of this victorious bunch, then I'll return to you.

With best wishes to all. Composed by William Lucy and Richard Pendency of Belle Plaine and Patrick F. Donnelly, Thomas Doyle and James Garry of Cedar Lake, we are all together and fine. Address us Co. D.

20th Engineers. Camp American
University, Washington, D.C.

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