

The Old Battalion

[C]If you want to find the *lance-jack*, I know where he is
I know where he is, I know where he is
If you want to find the *lance-jack*, I know where he is
He's scrounging round the [G7]cookhouse [C]door.
I've [F]seen him, I've [C]seen him
Scrounging round the [G7]cookhouse [C]door,
I've [F]seen him, I've [C]seen him
Scrounging round the [G7]cookhouse [C]door,

The sergeant-major...Thieving all the squaddies' rum.

The company sergeant... lying drunk on the latrine floor

The quarter master...Miles and miles behind the lines.

The C.O....Down in a deep dugout.

The brasshats...Drinking claret at Brigade HQ.

The politicians....Drinking brandy at the House of Commons bar.

Tom Driscoll ... on the firestep with half his head blown away.

The buckshee private...Buried in a deep shell hole.

The old battalion...Hanging on the old barbed wire.