THE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Words by
P. H. B. LYON.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Animato Pomposo.

The R. S. M. has a fancy chest, And

swank enough for thirty, But tho' at times 'e can yarn with the best, 'E's in-

clined to turn up shirty: But the man who can give and take a joke, An

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out and out rampager, Is that workin', worritin', cus-sin' ole bloke, The

Pomposo.


Company-Sergeant-Major!

"Quarters" works till the dawn is grey, And
juggles his figures neatly, But a regular knock-down east-wind day Will

jigger him up completely; But the fellow as strong as a blinkin' ox, And as

tough, tho' a trifle sager, Is that only terror of weak-kneed crooks, The

Pomposo.

Company-Sergeant-Major!

The officers read their little red books, (Or

Don't, as the case may be, sir) But it isn't to them that the Captain looks, When ere

feels 'e's up a tree, sir. When 'e's turned the Company inside out, I'm
read-y to lay a wa-ger, 'E'll flick 'is boots with 'is cane and shout-

(Shoated.)

"Car-ry on, Ser-geant-Ma-jor!"

But it's not at 'ome in the bar-rack square That the
ten.
molto rit. e dim. ten. pp

stuff in the lads is tell-in', But in dis-tant lands' way o-ver there, When the
enemy start-ed shell-in'; For where-er the mud and shells were thick, You'd

find that jol-ly old stag-er That fear noth-ing, scal-ly-wag,

son of ole Nick, The Com-pa-ny-Sergeant-Ma-jor, The Ma-jor, The

Ma-jor, The Com-pa-ny-Sergeant-Major!