

THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLEMAN

Lines written during The Great War 1914-18 by the late Edgar Wallace

He hasn't his Busby or tunic of green,
There isn't a sign of red lace to be seen;
He might be a Guardsman - a Gunner-Marine,
If he wasn't so perfectly dapper.
You can tell him at once by the way that he goes,
His step and his swing and his debonair pose,
And the "finicky" way he looks after his clothes;
He's as fussy and neat as a flapper.

*King's Royal Rifleman - K.R.R.,
The smartest, the lightest,
The quickest, the brightest,
That ever went out to war,
Put him where he's wanted,
Point him out a hill,
Give him ammunition,
Give him leave to kill;
Put him in the thick of it, and
Leave him to his star;
And you can trust the Rifleman -
K.R.R.*

He's natty, he's nippy, his run is a streak,
He honestly thinks that his corps is unique;
That all other Reg'ments are horribly weak,
Is the text of his barrack-room sermons,
From Winchester town, in Hampshire he came,
Where they taught him to march and they taught him to aim,
And the ends of the Empire have taught him the same,
Now he's passing it on to the Germans.

You may wonder why he's such an arrogant chap,
But examine the badge that he wears in his cap,
It looks like a Cross, but it reads like a map,
That badge with its sixty-three trifles.
"Louisberg"-that's where the honours begin,
"Delhi" - "Goojerat" - "Nive" - and "Pekin,"
In all parts of the Empire they've battled to win,
Those gallant old Sixtieth Rifles.