THE LOYAL LEGIONIER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY M. O. L. L. U. S.

Air—Son of a Gambolier.

Lively.

Hol soldiers, sailors, and marines, I sing a jolly blade, Who

nobly "fit into the war," And never was dismayed; Who

never was dismayed, brave boys, Nor walked off on his ear; A......
gal·lant U·nion sa·ver was The gal·lant Le·gion·ier.

Chorus.

The loy·al, loy·al, loy·al Loy·al Le·gion·ier, The

loy·al, loy·al, loy·al Loy·al Le·gion·ier; He
takes a drink when he is asked, Of whiskey, wine, or beer: A...

gay and festive "so-jer" Is the Loyal Legion-ier; A

gay and festive "so-jer" Is the Loyal Legion-ier.
When this cruel war was over he laid down his canteen,
And soon upon Fifth Avenue was daily to be seen,
Arrayed in Devlin’s stunning suits, he gaily did appear,
And “mashed” the girls both left and right—this Loyal Legionier.

*Chorus.*

He drives a dog-cart in the Park, he borrows from a friend—
Though always on the borrow, he nothing has to lend—
And when the ladies see him pass, they cry out, What a dear!
Quite fond of admiration is the Loyal Legionier.

*Chorus.*

He is deep in Fred De Bary’s books, and Park & Tilford’s too:
He eats soft clams at Parker’s ranche, at Dorlon’s takes a stew;
His checks are in the Gilsey till, his notes are far and near;
He pays like Ancient Pistol, does the Loyal Legionier.

*Chorus.*

So piously he goes to church, and always enters late—
He slides in after the Deacon has passed around the plate;
A pilgrim at the Brunswick shrine, he seeks the café rear,
To “find a man” to worship with the Loyal Legionier.

*Chorus.*

When all his plants have run to seed, and cheek is found no go,
He seeks a situation with great Barnum’s moral show;
Or deep in Colorado’s mines he ends his bright career,
Then all at last with him is *ore*, the Loyal Legionier.

*Chorus.*