

THE BATTALION.

But the hurdles looked too good.
 One, three, four is what we got
 O'er the hurdles as they stood
 Made of wood.

Two twenty yards is next.
 Did we run
 At the firing of the gun?
 Just to keep them all perplexed.
 Third and second place were won,
 Just for fun.

We can throw the discuss some
 Now and then.
 Two places we did win.
 And we ran the mile, by gun,
 And there came second in
 'Mid great din.

Just to keep the thing a-going,
 By the way,
 We slung the hammer 'way.
 And we ran like water flowing
 In the fast four-forty fray,
 O! I say.

We got third and second place
 On the vault.
 We admit that 'twas our fault
 That we won the jump with grace.