

“There was an ould man, an’ he had a wooden leg,  
An’ he had no terbacky, nor terbacky could he beg ;  
There was another ould man, as keen as a fox,  
An’ he always had terbacky in his ould terbacky box.

“Sez one ould man, ‘Will yez give me a chew?’  
Sez the other ould man, ‘I’ll be dommed ef I do.  
Kape away from them gin-mills, an’ save up yure rocks,  
An’ ye’ll always have terbacky in yer ould terbacky box.’”

What with the singing and the far-away thoughts that accompanied the song, Private O’Halloran failed to hear footsteps approaching until they sounded quite near.

“Halt!” he cried, seizing his rifle and springing to his feet. The newcomer wore the insignia of a Federal captain, seeing which, O’Halloran lowered his weapon and saluted. “Sure, sor, you’re not to mind me capers. I thought the inimy had me completely surrounded — I did, upon me sowl.”

“And I,” said the captain, laughing, “thought the Johnnies had caught me. It is a pleasant surprise. You are O’Halloran of the Sharpshooters; I have heard of you — a gay singer and a great fighter.”

“Sure it’s not for me to say that same. I sings a little bechwane times for to kape up me sperits, and takes me chances, right and lift. You’re takin’ a good many yourself,