

## Muddy Old Engineers (Salute to the Engineers)

Now a Lord of the realm has glorified  
the charge of the Light Brigade,  
and the thin red line of the infantry,  
when will its glory fade?  
There are robust rhymes on the British tar  
and classics on Musketeers,  
but I shall sing till your ear-drums ring  
of the MUDDY OLD ENGINEERS.

Now it's all very fair to fly through the air  
or to humour a heavy gun, or to ride in tanks,  
through the ranks of the crushed and battered Hun,  
And it's nice to think when the U-Boats sink  
of the glory that outlives years.  
But who ever heard one vaunting word  
for the MUDDY OLD ENGINEERS.

Now you mustn't feel when you read this spiel  
that the Sapper's a jealous knave  
that he joined the ranks for a vote of thanks  
in search of a hero's grave.  
No! Your mechanised cavalry is quite alright  
and your Tommy has darned few peers,  
but where in hell would the lot of them be  
if it weren't for the ENGINEERS.

Oh, they look like tramps and build your camps  
and they sometimes lead the advance  
and they sweat red blood to bridge the flood  
to give you a fighting chance.  
Who stays behind when it gets too hot  
to blow up the roads in your rear,  
just tell your wife that she owes your life  
to some MUDDY OLD ENGINNERS.

No fancy crest is pinned on his chest!  
If you read what his hat-badge says,  
why 'Honi soit qui nal y pense' is a gruesome sort of phrase.  
But their modest claim to immortal fame  
has probably reached your ears,  
the first to arrive and the last to leave  
are the MUDDY OLD ENGINEERS

By Rudyard Kipling