

### SOUVENIR SONG

Dedicated to Capt. R. H. Pratt, by Carlisle Devotees.

(Tune, The Old Oaken Bucket.)

How dear to my heart are the scenes of Carlisle School,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view;  
 The Guard-house, the Band-stand, the trees and parade ground,  
 And every Oneida, Comanche and Sioux.  
 The office and orderlies standing beside it,  
 The tricky old side-walk, where Miss Ely fell,  
 The desk in my office, the book-case so nigh it,  
 And e'en the old banner we all knew so well.  
 The star-spangled banner, the wind-tattered banner,  
 The old Carlisle banner we all loved so well.

The brown leathern mail bag, we hailed as a treasure,  
 For often at noon when the dinner was spent  
 We found it the source of exquisite pleasure,  
 The fullest or leanest that ever was sent.  
 And there was the tin shop, where just before Christmas  
 I made the tin dippers they all liked so well,  
 And there was my residence close to the Chapel,  
 The first little Chapel, where swung the old bell,  
 The neat little Chapel, the steam-heated Chapel,  
 The deserted old Chapel, where swung the old bell.

How sweet, when I've been far away, to behold it,  
 As clear and imposing it came into view!  
 Not a palace in Japan could tempt me to leave it  
 Or bid the old Station a final adieu.  
 And if far removed from the loved situation,  
 The tear of regret would intrusively swell;  
 My fancy would turn to the Garrison yonder,  
 And sigh for the Barracks we all knew so well.  
 The old Army Barracks, the made-over Barracks,  
 The old Carlisle Barracks we all loved so well.