

## SONG OF THE SHODDY

I.

I, Lieutenant-Colonel GRAHAM,  
Of the Twelfth, depose and say,  
That the coats contractors gave us,  
Were of shoddy-cloth of gray ;  
Badly made, and badly fashioned,  
Much too large or small for men ;  
Only for a day we wore them,  
And they came to pieces then,  
And the buttons—but the breeches,  
Brushes only fit for mending—  
O the ripping! O the darning!  
O the tailoring mending!

II.

I am WALKER, Quarter-master,  
And, in telling of our clothes,  
Of the general lack of buttons,  
Specially I do depose.  
Here were buttons badly broken ;  
There were buttons half sewed on ;  
There were coats and trousers wholly  
Without buttons—no, not one!

III.

I am RICHARDSON, once tailor,  
All these tricks are known to me ;  
And I swear the jackets finished,  
Worth apiece but dollars three!  
And the toggery altogether,  
Ragged, rotten, wretched, rifty,  
Was not worth a sum exceeding  
Dollars nine and pennies fifty.

IV.

Close the record! O my country!  
Could it be you did intend,  
Wretches drapal in shameful shoddy,  
To the battle-field to send?  
Shoddy ripping, shoddy bursting,  
Shoddy rotting in a day ;  
Coats with holes without the buttons,  
Half of blue, and half of gray ;  
Coats too large and coats too little,—  
Coats not fitting any body ;  
Jackets, overcoats and trousers,  
Made of cheap and shameful Shoddy?  
Regiments of gallant fellows,  
In a pauper garb bedecked ;  
Ripping seams and jackets ripping,  
Pantaloons completely wrecked?  
Who then blunder'd? Who then swaddled?  
Let us print his blasted name!  
Let us hang the suit of Shoddy  
On his own dishonour'd frame!  
Let us make him then retake him,  
In his own contractor-clothes,  
Where his service will be something,  
Scaring from the corn the crows!