

FLEA HYMN

(SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE MARINES' HYMN)

From the head of the Chief Devil Dog,
To the tail of the newest pup,
We fleas keep hopping up and down,
And we never do give up.

We 're the ones who dare to bother him,
And to make his life a scene,
And we're proud to claim that we can light,
On the back of a Marine.

No flit for us, the Devil Dog Fleas,
Our dogs do love us well,
Through all their hides we love to glide,
And skip around pell mell.

And if a devil dog should find
His days are filled with unease,
You will find his hide all covered with,
The bites of devil dog fleas.