

The ASC To War Have Gone
Sung To The Tune The Minstrel Boy

The ASC to the war have gone,
At the base at Havre you will find them,
Their shining spurs they have girded on;
But they have left their bayonets behind them.
"What's the sense" cried the ASC,
"Of taking to France the damn things?
Their only use, it seems to me;
Is to open the Tommy's jam tins."

But thank the Lord for ASC,
The pride and joy of the nation,
Who bring our bully and jam and tea,
And our Maconochie ration.
Here's good luck to the ASC,
Though if they'd never come, boys,
I bet we'd get all the srawberry,
Instead of apple and plum, boys