

DEDICATED TO THE "KNIGHTS OF THE GRIP" OF AMERICA
BY "ONE OF THE BOYS."

THE PILGRIM ARMY



Yours truly
A M Bruner

• CINCINNATI, O. •

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THE PILGRIM ARMY.

A. M. BRUNER.

We're an ar-my of pil-grims we're mer-chan-dise sel-ling, Our
 Some-times af-ter buz-zing all day with-out sel-ling, When
 None knows of the tri-als which dai-ly sur-round us But
 Some too of our num-ber have loved ones who wait-ing Will

mot-to is on-ward, our business to tell If luck-ly we're jol-ly and
sad-ly we pil-low our tired ach-ing head We long to be boys a-gain
one who has paddled far out from the shore Just think of the mer-chant who
eag-er-ly list for our step at the door They are dear to our heart's and

if we get lone-ly We then have a cir-cus and play our part well.
home with our moth-er To lay on the shin-gle and put us to bed.
says not to-day Sir And smiling-ly waves his white hand at the door.
for them we will baffle Each wave we en-coun-ter and pull for the shore.

But look on us kind-ly dont censure us blindly We all have our trials the great and the small There's

no one will doubt it the world ought to shout it With-out per-se-verance we're no men at all.