

# Niles

## R. Henry Combs

Have you seen Niles?\* I asked the top, as he stood there alone  
    “I have not” he answered back, “as usual he’s gone”  
    That’s why I came around, I said, to see where he did go  
    “I’m tired of him” the top replied, “just running his own show”  
Yes he’s tired of Niles and his own show, his ways are so absurd  
    He doesn’t follow orders or that is what I’ve heard  
    Now he’s out there in the jungle, of guts he has no lack  
    If he persists I have no doubt one day he won’t come back  
    I saw the sergeant by his tent, puffing on his smoke  
    I asked him what was going on he looked at me and spoke  
    “I’m sick of Niles just hustling off and patrolling by himself”  
    One day he won’t be coming back; you can put it on the shelf”  
Yes he’s tired of Niles and his own show, his ways are so absurd  
    He doesn’t follow orders or that is what I’ve heard  
    Now he’s sick of him just taking off and patrolling by himself  
    One day he won’t be coming back; you can put it on the shelf  
    Niles goes in the jungle, he’s out there all alone  
    He doesn’t seem to have a fear of all the things unknown  
    He kills the Cong and takes their hair, the old man is really mad  
    He says he’ll lock him up this time, and that will be too bad  
Yes he’s tired of Niles and his own show his ways are so absurd  
    He doesn’t follow orders or that is what I’ve heard  
    He kills the Cong and takes their hair, the old man is really mad  
    He says he’ll lock him up this time, and that will be too bad  
Now we’re on patrol and we’ve been told what Charlie’s all about  
    The man in front points to a pit and then he moves on out  
    As I pass by I see Niles on wooden stakes impaled  
    He won’t be coming back today his luck has finally failed  
    No he won’t be coming back today, on stakes he was impaled  
    He doesn’t follow orders and his luck has finally failed  
    Now he’s out there in the jungle, of guts he has no lack  
    He’ll be no problem anymore; he won’t be coming back.

\* Modeled after Kipling’s “They’re Hanging Danny Devers in the Morning.”