

An' them that can not stand it they can jump it;
We've got to die somewhere--some way--some'ow--
We might as well begin to do it now!
Then, Number One, let down the tent-pole slow,
Knock out the pegs an' 'old the corners--so!
Fold in the flies, furl up the ropes, an' stow!
Oh, strike--oh, strike your camp an' go!
(Gawd 'elp us!)

THE LADIES.

I've taken my fun where I've found it;
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earts,
An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was an 'arf-caste widow,
One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a jemadar-sais,[1]
An' one is a girl at 'ome.

Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,
For, takin' 'em all along,

You never can say till you've tried 'em,
An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,
There's times when you'll know that you might;
But the things you will learn from the Yellow an' Brown,
They'll 'elp you an 'eap with the White!

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first un--
More like a mother she were--
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then I was ordered to Burma,
Actin' in charge o' Bazar,
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen
Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful--
Doll in a teacup she were,
But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then we was shifted to Neemuch

(Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
Taught me the gipsy-folks' bolee;[2]
Kind o' volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she was white,
And I learned about women from 'er.

Then I come 'ome in the trooper,
'Long of a kid o' sixteen--
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,
But--I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
The less will you settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',
An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
An' learn about women from me!

What did the colonel's lady think?
Nobody never knew.
Somebody asked the sergeant's wife,
An' she told 'em true.
When you get to a man in the case,
They're like as a row of pins--
For the colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins!

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Head-groom.

[2] Slang.

BILL 'AWKINS.

"As anybody seen Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now 'ow in the devil would I know?"

"E's taken my girl out walkin',

An' I've got to tell 'im so--

Gawd--bless--'im!

I've got to tell 'im so."

"D'yer know what 'e's like, Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now what in the devil would I care?"

"'E's the livin', breathin' image of an organ-grinder's monkey,

With a pound of grease in 'is 'air--

Gawd--bless--'im!

An' a pound o' grease in 'is 'air."

"An' s'pose you met Bill 'Awkins,

Now what in the devil 'ud ye do?"

"I'd open 'is cheek to 'is chin-strap buckle,

An' bung up 'is both eyes, too--

Gawd--bless--'im!

An' bung up 'is both eyes, too!"

"Look 'ere, where 'e comes, Bill 'Awkins!

Now what in the devil will you say?"

"It isn't fit an' proper to be fightin' on a Sunday,

So I'll pass 'im the time o' day--

Gawd--bless--'im!

I'll pass 'im the time o' day!"