

Take 'im away, with the limber an' the drum.

For it's "Three rounds blank" an' follow me,

An' it's "Thirteen rank" an' follow me;

Oh, passin' the love o' women,

Follow me--follow me 'ome!

THE SERGEANT'S WEDDIN'.

'E was warned agin' 'er--

That's what made 'im look;

She was warned agin' 'im--

That is why she took.

Wouldn't 'ear no reason,

Went an' done it blind;

We know all about 'em,

They've got all to find!

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'--

Give 'em one cheer more!

Gray gun-'orses in the lando,

An' a rogue is married to, etc.

What's the use o' tellin'
 'Arf the lot she's been?
'E's a bloomin' robber,
 An' 'e keeps canteen.
'Ow did 'e get 'is buggy?
 Gawd, you needn't ask!
Made 'is forty gallon
 Out of every cask!

Watch 'im, with 'is 'air cut,
 Count us filin' by--
Won't the Colonel praise 'is
 Pop--u--lar--i--ty!
We 'ave scores to settle--
 Scores for more than beer;
She's the girl to pay 'em--
 That is why we're 'ere!

See the chaplain thinkin'?
 See the women smile?
Twig the married winkin'
 As they take the aisle?
Keep your side-arms quiet,
 Dressin' by the Band.
Ho! You 'oly beggars,

Cough be'ind your 'and!

Now it's done an' over,

'Ear the organ squeak,

"Voice that breathed o'er Eden"--

Ain't she got the cheek!

White an' laylock ribbons,

Think yourself so fine!

I'd pray Gawd to take yer

'Fore I made yer mine!

Escort to the kerridge,

Wish 'im luck, the brute!

Chuck the slippers after--

[Pity 'taint a boot!]

Bowin' like a lady,

Blushin' like a lad--

'Oo would say to see 'em--

Both are rotten bad!

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'--

Give 'em one cheer more!

Gray gun-'orses in the lando,

An' a rogue is married to, etc.