

## THE JACKET.

Through the Plagues of Egyp' we was chasin' Arabi,  
Gettin' down an' shovin' in the sun;  
An' you might 'ave called us dirty, an' you might ha' called us dry,  
An' you might 'ave 'eard us talkin' at the gun.  
But the Captain 'ad 'is jacket, an' the jacket it was new--  
(Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!)  
An' the wettin' of the jacket is the proper thing to do,  
Nor we didn't keep 'im waiting very long!

One day they give us orders for to shell a sand redoubt,  
Loadin' down the axle-arms with case;  
But the Captain knew 'is dooty, an' he took the crackers out,  
An' he put some proper liquor in its place.  
An' the Captain saw the shrapnel (which is six-an'-thirty clear).  
(Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!)  
"Will you draw the weight," sez 'e, "or will you draw the beer?"  
An' we didn't keep 'im waitin' very long.

For the Captain, etc.

Then we trotted gentle, not to break the bloomin' glass,

Though the Arabites 'ad all their ranges marked;  
But we dursn't 'ardly gallop, for the most was bottled Bass,  
An' we'd dreamed of it since we was disembarked.  
So we fired economic with the shells we 'ad in 'and,  
(Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!)  
But the beggars under cover 'ad the impidence to stand,  
An' we couldn't keep 'em waitin' very long.

And the Captain, etc.

So we finished 'arf the liquor (an' the Captain took champagne),  
An' the Arabites was shootin' all the while;  
An' we left our wounded 'appy with the empties on the plain,  
An' we used the bloomin' guns for pro-jec-tile!  
We limbered up an' galloped--there were nothin' else to do--  
(Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!)  
An' the Battery come a-boundin' like a boundin' kangaroo,  
But they didn't watch us comin' very long.

As the Captain, etc.

We was goin' most extended--we was drivin' very fine,  
An' the Arabites were loosin' 'igh an' wide,  
Till the Captain took the glassy with a rattlin' right incline,  
An' we dropped upon their 'eads the other side.  
Then we give 'em quarter--such as 'adn't up and cut,

('Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!)

An' the Captain stood a limberful of fizzy--somethin' Brutt,  
But we didn't leave it fizzing very long.

For the Captain, etc.

We might ha' been court-martialled, but it all come out all right  
When they signalled us to join the main command.  
There was every round expended, there was every gunner tight,  
An' the Captain waved a corkscrew in 'is 'and!

But the Captain had 'is jacket, etc.

## THE 'EATHEN.

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;  
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;  
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful: 'e leaves 'em all about,  
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,  
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,