

('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,

All along of abby-nay,[6] kul,[7] and hazar-ho,[8]

Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

The young recruit is 'aughty--'e draf's from Gawd knows where;

They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattress square;

'E calls it bloomin' nonsense--'e doesn't know, no more--

An' then up comes 'is company an' kicks 'em round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered--'e takes it very 'ard;

'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters--'e sulks about the yard;

'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by-an'-bye,

An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly--'e thinks o' suicide;

'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't got 'is pride;

But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,

Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,

Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;

Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho,

Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'isself jus' so!

The young recruit is 'appy--'e throws a chest to suit;

You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot;

'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word he slings,

An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

The cruel tyrant sergeants they watch 'im 'arf a year;
They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im with 'is beer;
They watch 'im with the women, at the regimental dance,
And the cruel tyrant sergeants send 'is name along for "Lance."

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet,
'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will get;
They rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick they can,
But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper an' 'e learns to know 'is man.

An', last, a Colour-Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,
'E leads 'is men at cricket, 'e leads 'em on parade;
They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart,
An' so 'e talks to orficers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain;
'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight again;
'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk;
An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin' he'll see their socks are right,
An' when it comes to action 'e shows 'em 'ow to sight;
'E knows their ways of thinkin' and just what's in their mind;
'E feels when they are comin' on an' when they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corpril that leads a squad astray;
'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way;
'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,
An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust,
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;
So, like a man in irons which isn't glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies uncommon stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much
Excep' the not retreatin', the step an' keepin' touch.
It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op,
But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em they'd be all about the shop!

An' now it's "'Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "'Oo comes on?"
An' now it's "Get the doolies," an' now the captain's gone;
An' now it's bloody murder, but all the while they 'ear
'Is voice, the same as barrick drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em till 'e feels 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins
the day!

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the Army is the noncommissioned man!

Keep away from dirtiness--keep away from mess.
Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less!
Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho;
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

FOOTNOTES:

[6] Not now.

[7] To-morrow.

[8] Wait a bit.

THE SHUT-EYE SENTRY.