

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.

Sez the Junior Orderly Sergeant

To the Senior Orderly Man:

"Our Orderly Orf'cer's hokee-mut,

You 'elp 'im all you can.

For the wine was old and the night is cold,

An' the best we may go wrong,

So, 'fore 'e gits to the sentry-box,

You pass the word along."

Then it was "Rounds! What rounds?" at two of a frosty night,

'E's 'oldin' on by the sergeant's sash, but, sentry, shut your eye.

An' it's "Pass! All's well!" Oh, ain't 'e rockin' tight!

'E'll need an affidavit pretty badly by-an'-bye.

The moon was white on the barricks,

The road was white an' wide,

An' the Orderly Orf'cer took it all,

An' the ten-foot ditch beside.

An' the corporal pulled an' the sergeant pushed,

An' the three they wagged along,

But I'd shut my eyes in the sentry-box,

So I didn't see nothin' wrong.

Though it was "Rounds! What rounds?" O corporal, 'old 'im up!

'E's usin' 'is cap as it shouldn't be used, but, sentry, shut your

eye.

An' it's "Pass! All's well!" Ho, shun the foamin' cup!

'E'll need, etc.

'Twas after four in the mornin';

We 'ad to stop the fun,

An' we sent 'im 'ome on a bullock-cart,

With 'is belt an' stock undone;

But we sluiced 'im down an' we washed 'im out,

An' a first-class job we made,

When we saved 'im smart as a bombardier

For six o'clock parade.

It 'ad been "Rounds! What rounds?" Oh, shove 'im straight again!

'E's usin' 'is sword for a bicycle, but, sentry, shut your eye.

An' it was "Pass! All's well!" 'E's called me "darlin' Jane"!

'E'll need, etc.

The drill was 'ard an' 'eavy,

The sky was 'ot an' blue,

An' 'is eye was wild an' 'is 'air was wet,

But 'is sergeant pulled 'im through.

Our men was good old trusties--

They'd done it on their 'ead;

But you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em markin' time

To 'ide the things 'e said!

For it was "Right flank--wheel!" for "'Alt, an' stand at ease!"
An' "Left extend!" for "Centre close!" O marker, shut your eye!
An' it was, "'Ere, sir, 'ere! before the colonel sees!"
So he needed affidavits pretty badly by-an'-bye.

There was two-an'-thirty sergeants,
There was corp'ral's forty-one,
There was just nine 'undred rank an' file
To swear to a touch o' sun.
There was me 'e'd kissed in the sentry-box
(As I 'ave not told in my song),
But I took my oath, which were Bible truth,
I 'adn't seen nothin' wrong.

There's them that's 'ot an' 'aughty,
There's them that's cold an' 'ard,
But there comes a night when the best gets tight,
An' then turns out the Guard.
I've seen them 'ide their liquor
In every kind o' way,
But most depends on makin' friends
With Privit Thomas A.

When it is "Rounds! What rounds?" 'E's breathin' through 'is nose.
'E's reelin', rollin', roarin' ripe, but, sentry, shut your eye.
An' it's "Pass! All's well!" An' that's the way it goes.

We'll 'elp 'im for 'is mother, an' 'e'll 'elp us by-an'-bye.

"MARY, PITY WOMEN!"

You call yourself a man,
For all you used to swear,
An' leave me, as you can,
My certain shame to bear?
I 'ear! You do not care--
You done the worst you know.
I 'ate you, grinnin' there....
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

Nice while it lasted, an' now it is over--
Tear out your 'eart an' good-bye to your lover!
What's the use o' grievin', when the mother that bore you
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?

It aren't no false alarm,
The finish to your fun;
You--you 'ave brung the 'arm,
An' I'm the ruined one;