

**Barrack-Room Ballads**

**By**

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Dedication: To T. A.

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## Dedication

To T. A.

I have made for you a song,  
And it may be right or wrong,  
But only you can tell me if it's true;  
I have tried for to explain  
Both your pleasure and your pain,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

O there'll surely come a day  
When they'll give you all your pay,  
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;  
So, until that day comes round,  
Heaven keep you safe and sound,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

R. K.

## Danny Deever

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out", the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch", the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,  
The regiment's in 'ollow square--they're hangin' him to-day;  
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,  
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold", the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun", the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,  
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;  
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound--  
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine", said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night", the Colour-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times", said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone", the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,  
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'--you must look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,  
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin' the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life", the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now", the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,  
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;  
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,  
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

## Tommy

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,  
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."  
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,  
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:  
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";  
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play,  
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,  
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play.