

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool--you bet that Tommy sees!

### Fuzzy-Wuzzy

(Soudan Expeditionary Force)

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,

An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:

The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;

But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.

We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:

'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,

'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,

An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;  
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed  
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Khyber 'ills,  
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,  
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,  
An' a Zulu impi dished us up in style:  
But all we ever got from such as they  
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;  
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,  
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.  
Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid;  
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.  
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;  
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,  
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,  
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown  
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:  
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush  
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,  
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush  
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more,  
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;  
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,  
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.  
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!  
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,  
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn  
For a Regiment o' British Infantee!

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;  
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air--  
You big black boundin' beggar--for you broke a British square!

Soldier, Soldier

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Why don't you march with my true love?"  
"We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe give the slip,