

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,

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

New love! True love!

Best go look for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry your eyes,

An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

What did you see o' my true love?"

"I seed 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle-green,

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

Did ye see no more o' my true love?"

"I seed 'im runnin' by when the shots begun to fly--

But you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"

"I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so white--

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

I'll up an' tend to my true love!"

"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is 'ead,

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I'll down an' die with my true love!"
"The pit we dug'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty men beside 'im--
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"
"I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to wear,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
O then I know it's true I've lost my true love!"
"An' I tell you truth again--when you've lost the feel o' pain
You'd best take me for your true love."

True love! New love!
Best take 'im for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry your eyes,
An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.

Screw-Guns

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule,