

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender--

it's worse if you fights or you runs:

You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your graves,

but you can't get away from the guns!

Cells

I've a head like a concertina: I've a tongue like a button-stick:

I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than a little sick,

But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard: I've made the cinders fly,

And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink

and blacking the Corporal's eye.

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,

And a beautiful view of the yard,

O it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For "drunk and resisting the Guard!"

Mad drunk and resisting the Guard--

'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!

So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For "drunk and resisting the Guard."

I started o' canteen porter, I finished o' canteen beer,

But a dose o' gin that a mate slipped in, it was that that brought me here.

'Twas that and an extry double Guard that rubbed my nose in the dirt;
But I fell away with the Corp'ral's stock
and the best of the Corp'ral's shirt.

I left my cap in a public-house, my boots in the public road,
And Lord knows where, and I don't care, my belt and my tunic goed;
They'll stop my pay, they'll cut away the stripes I used to wear,
But I left my mark on the Corp'ral's face, and I think he'll keep it there!

My wife she cries on the barrack-gate, my kid in the barrack-yard,
It ain't that I mind the Ord'ly room--it's that that cuts so hard.
I'll take my oath before them both that I will sure abstain,
But as soon as I'm in with a mate and gin, I know I'll do it again!

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,

Yes, it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For "drunk and resisting the Guard!"

Mad drunk and resisting the Guard--

'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!

So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For "drunk and resisting the Guard."