

When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is meltin' eye is dim,
The tribes is up be'ind us, and the tribes is out in front--
It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites an' crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the roads is blind,
An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the shots be'ind,
Ho! then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes is past:
'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets revenge at last.
O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin', bloatin' oont!
The late lamented camel in the water-cut 'e lies;
We keeps a mile be'ind 'im an' we keeps a mile in front,
But 'e gets into the drinkin'-casks, and then o' course we dies.

Loot

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's back,
If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,
You will understand this little song o' mine.
But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we are debarred,
For the same with English morals does not suit.

(Cornet: Toot! toot!)

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin' clobber

With the--

(Chorus) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo! Loot! loot! loot!

Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys git up an' shoot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot!

(ff) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;

An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.

Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;

So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain an' clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime.

(Chorus) With the loot,...

Now remember when you're 'acking round a gilded Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;

An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-rod

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.

When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot

(Cornet: Toot! toot!)--

When the ground begins to sink, shove your baynick down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the--

(Chorus) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Ow the loot!...

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'unting, you must always work in pairs--

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find--

For a single man gets bottled on them twisty-wisty stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobb 'im from be'ind.

When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute

(Cornet: Toot! toot!)--

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ousetops take a look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.

(Chorus) Ow the loot!...

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quartermaster too,

If you only take the proper way to go;

I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned you all I knew--

An' don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I'll bid good-bye, for I'm gettin' rather dry,

An' I see another tunin' up to toot

(Cornet: Toot! toot!)--

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the Widow's clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!

(Chorus) Yes, the loot,

Bloomin' loot!

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

(fff) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

'Snarleyow'

This 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps
Which is first among the women an' amazin' first in war;
An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't remember now,
But Two's off-lead 'e answered to the name o' Snarleyow.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;

Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;

But down in the lead with the wheel at the flog

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped dog!

They was movin' into action, they was needed very sore,
To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps,
They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was tuckin' down the brow,
When a tricky, trundlin' roundshot give the knock to Snarleyow.