

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen:
You 'avn't got no families when servin' of the Queen--
You 'avn't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives, or sons--
If you want to win your battles take an' work your bloomin' guns!
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!

The Widow at Windsor

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam--she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red!)
There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There's 'er mark on the medical stores--
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars!--barbarious wars!)
Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,

The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces

O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars! Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,

For 'alf o' Creation she owns:

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,

An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars!--it's blue with our bones!)

Hands off o' the sons o' the Widow,

Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,

For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown

When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop"!

(Poor beggars!--we're sent to say "Stop"!)

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,

From the Pole to the Tropics it runs--

To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an' the file,

An' open in form with the guns.

(Poor beggars!--it's always they guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,

It's safest to let 'er alone:

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land

Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars!--an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',

An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars!--it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,

Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require

A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars!--they'll never see 'ome!)

Belts

There was a row in Silver Street that's near to Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark:

The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last forninst the Park.

For it was:--"Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!"

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street--the regiments was out,