

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,

They called us "Delhi Rebels", an' we answered "Threes about!"
That drew them like a hornet's nest--we met them good an' large,
The English at the double an' the Irish at the charge.

Then it was:--"Belts..."

There was a row in Silver Street--an' I was in it too;
We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went whirraru!
I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the storm
A Freeman's Journal Supplement was all my uniform.

O it was:--"Belts..."

There was a row in Silver Street--they sent the Polis there,
The English were too drunk to know, the Irish didn't care;
But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous rose,
Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was tattered clo'es.

For it was:--"Belts..."

There was a row in Silver Street--it might ha' raged till now,
But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' nobody knew how;
'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we saw the red blood run:
An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun.

While it was:--"Belts..."

There was a row in Silver Street--but that put down the shine,
Wid each man whisperin' to his next: "'Twas never work o' mine!"
We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street we bore him,

The poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the bhoys were sorry for him.

When it was:--"Belts...

There was a row in Silver Street--it isn't over yet,

For half of us are under guard wid punishments to get;

'Tis all a merricle to me as in the Clink I lie:

There was a row in Silver Street--begod, I wonder why!

But 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!

The Young British Soldier

When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East

'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,

An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased

Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

So-oldier of the Queen!