

For I got four niggers to carry me off,
As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,
When the Widow give the party.

"What was the end of all the show,
Johnnie, Johnnie?"

Ask my Colonel, for I don't know,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

We broke a King and we built a road--
A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed.
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed
When the Widow give the party.

(Bugle: Ta--rara--ra-ra-rara!)

Ford o' Kabul River

Kabul town's by Kabul river--

Blow the bugle, draw the sword--

There I lef' my mate for ever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river up and brimmin', an' there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place--

Blow the bugle, draw the sword--

'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face

Wet an' drippin' by the ford!

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they will surely guide you

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust--

Blow the bugle, draw the sword--

I'd ha' sooner drowneded fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can 'ear the men a-splashin',

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take--

Blow the bugle, draw the sword--

I'd ha' left it for 'is sake--

'Im that left me by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you never comin' nigh there,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell--

Blow the bugle, draw the sword--

'Fore I see him 'live an' well--

'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their boots'll pull 'em under,

By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town--

Blow the bugle, draw the sword--

'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,

Down an' drowned by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no use o' callin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Gentlemen-Rankers