

Route Marchin'

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind the Rains;
Ho! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road;
 With its best foot first
 And the road a-sliding past,
 An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the last;
 While the Big Drum says,
 With 'is "rowdy-dowdy-dow!"--
 "Kiko kissywarsti don't you hamsher argy jow?"
Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you see,
There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey up the tree,
An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the wind,
An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling be'ind.
 While it's best foot first,...

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down must come,
Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick 'em up at 'ome.
But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,
While the women and the kiddies sit an' shiver in the carts.
 An' it's best foot first,...

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an' sings,
An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other things,
An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonders what they're at,
An' 'ow they would admire for to hear us sling the bat.

An' it's best foot first,...

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at your ease,
To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-'eaded trees,
For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no barrick-yards,
So the orficers goes shootin' an' the men they plays at cards.

Till it's best foot first,...

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always grumblin' sore,
There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to Cawnpore;
An' if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to 'urt like 'ell,
You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will make 'em well.

For it's best foot first,...

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand,
Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel, and the Band;
Ho! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road;

With its best foot first

And the road a-sliding past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the last;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is "rowdy-dowdy-dow!"--

"Kiko kissywarsti don't you hamsher argy jow?"

Shillin' a Day

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly

From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,

Hong-Kong and Peshawur,

Lucknow and Etawah,

And fifty-five more all endin' in "pore".

Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the thickness,

Of sorrow and sickness I've known on my way,

But I'm old and I'm nervis,

I'm cast from the Service,

And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

(Chorus) Shillin' a day,

Bloomin' good pay--

Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I

Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,

When we rode Hell-for-leather

Both squadrons together,