

That didn't care whether we lived or we died.  
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'  
An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better,  
So if me you be'old  
In the wet and the cold,  
By the Grand Metropold, won't you give me a letter?

(Full chorus) Give 'im a letter--

'Can't do no better,  
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'--runs with a letter!  
Think what 'e's been,  
Think what 'e's seen,  
Think of his pension an'----

Gawd save the Queen

Second Series (1896)

'Bobs'

There's a little red-faced man,  
Which is Bobs,  
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can-  
Our Bobs,  
If it bucks or kicks or rears,  
'E can sit for twenty years  
With a smile round both 'is ears-  
Can't yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur-  
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
'E's or pukka Kandaharder-  
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
'E's the Dook of Aggy Chel;  
'E's the man that done us well,  
An' we'll follow 'im to 'ell-  
Won't we Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace,  
'Ook on Bobs.  
If a marker's lost 'is place,  
Dress by Bobs.  
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,  
An' a bugle in 'is throat,  
An' you will not play the goat  
Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,  
Chaplain Bobs;  
But it keeps us outer Clink-  
Don't it Bobs?  
So we will not complain  
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,  
If 'e leads us straight again-  
Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is head  
Father Bobs,  
You could spill a quart o' lead  
Outer Bobs.

'E's been at it thirty years,  
An' amassin souveneers  
In the way o' slugs an' spears-  
Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not Know o' war,  
Gen'ral Bobs,  
You can arst the shop next door-  
Can't they, Bobs?

Oh, 'e's little, but he's wise;  
'E's a terror for 'is size,  
An'-'e-does-not-advertise-

Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' Lord

Outer Bobs,

Which was but 'is fair reward-

Weren't it Bobs?

So 'e'll wear a coronet

Where 'is 'elmet used to set;

But we know you won't forget-

Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur--

Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!

Pocket-Wellin'ton an' arder--

Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!

This ain't no bloomin' ode,

But you've 'elped the soldier's load,

An' for benefits bestowed,

Bless yer, Bobs!

'Back to the Army Again'

I'm 'ere in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,