

'Birds of Prey' March

March! The mud is cakin' good about our trousers.
Front!--eyes front, an' watch the Colour-casin's drip.
Front! The faces of the women in the 'ouses
Ain't the kind o' things to take aboard the ship.

Cheer! An' we'll never march to victory.
Cheer! An' we'll never live to 'ear the cannon roar!
The Large Birds o' Prey
They will carry us away,
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

Wheel! Oh, keep your touch; we're goin' round a corner.
Time!--mark time, an' let the men be'ind us close.
Lord! the transport's full, an' 'alf our lot not on 'er--
Cheer, O cheer! We're going off where no one knows.

March! The Devil's none so black as 'e is painted!
Cheer! We'll 'ave some fun before we're put away.
'Alt, an' 'and 'er out--a woman's gone and fainted!
Cheer! Get on--Gawd 'elp the married men to-day!

Hoi! Come up, you 'ungry beggars, to yer sorrow.

('Ear them say they want their tea, an' want it quick!)

You won't have no mind for slingers, not to-morrow--

No; you'll put the 'tween-decks stove out, bein' sick!

'Alt! The married kit 'as all to go before us!

'Course it's blocked the bloomin' gangway up again!

Cheer, O cheer the 'Orse Guards watchin' tender o'er us,

Keepin' us since eight this mornin' in the rain!

Stuck in 'eavy marchin'-order, sopped and wringin'--

Sick, before our time to watch 'er 'eave an' fall,

'Ere's your 'appy 'ome at last, an' stop your singin'.

'Alt! Fall in along the troop-deck! Silence all!

Cheer! For we'll never live to see no bloomin' victory!

Cheer! An' we'll never live to 'ear the cannon roar! (One cheer more!)

The jackal an' the kite

'Ave an 'ealthy appetite,

An' you'll never see your soldiers any more! ('Ip! Urroar!)

The eagle an' the crow

They are waitin' ever so,

An' you'll never see your soldiers any more! ('Ip! Urroar!)

Yes, the Large Birds o' Prey

They will carry us away,

An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

'Soldier an' Salor Too'

As I was spittin' into the Ditch aboard o' the Crocodile,
I seed a man on a man-o'-war got up in the Reg'lars' style.
'E was scrapin' the paint from off of 'er plates,
an' I sez to 'im, "'Oo are you?"
Sez 'e, "I'm a Jolly--'Er Majesty's Jolly--soldier an' sailor too!"
Now 'is work begins by Gawd knows when, and 'is work is never through;
'E isn't one o' the reg'lar Line, nor 'e isn't one of the crew.
'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite--soldier an' sailor too!

An' after I met 'im all over the world, a-doin' all kinds of things,
Like landin' 'isself with a Gatlin' gun to talk to them 'eathen kings;
'E sleeps in an 'ammick instead of a cot,
an' 'e drills with the deck on a slew,
An' 'e sweats like a Jolly--'Er Majesty's Jolly--soldier an' sailor too!
For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the beggar don't know, nor do--
You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead, to paddle 'is own canoe--
'E's a sort of a bloomin' cosmopolouse--soldier an' sailor too.

We've fought 'em in trooper, we've fought 'em in dock,