

'The Men that fought at Minden'

A Song of Instruction

The men that fought at Minden, they was rookies in their time--

So was them that fought at Waterloo!

All the 'ole command, yuss, from Minden to Maiwand,

They was once dam' sweeps like you!

Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper,

We'll learn you not to forget;

An' you mustn't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch it worse,

For we'll make you soldiers yet!

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad stocks beneath their chins,

Six inch 'igh an' more;

But fatigue it was their pride, and they would not be denied

To clean the cook-'ouse floor.

The men that fought at Minden, they had anarchistic bombs

Served to 'em by name of 'and-grenades;

But they got it in the eye (same as you will by-an'-by)

When they clubbed their field-parades.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad buttons up an' down,
Two-an'-twenty dozen of 'em told;
But they didn't grouse an' shirk at an hour's extry work,
They kept 'em bright as gold.

The men that fought at Minden, they was armed with musketoons,
Also, they was drilled by 'alberdiers;
I don't know what they were, but the sergeants took good care
They washed be'ind their ears.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad ever cash in 'and
Which they did not bank nor save,
But spent it gay an' free on their betters--such as me--
For the good advice I gave.

The men that fought at Minden, they was civil--yuss, they was--
Never didn't talk o' rights an' wrongs,
But they got it with the toe (same as you will get it--so!)--
For interrupting songs.

The men that fought at Minden, they was several other things
Which I don't remember clear;
But that's the reason why, now the six-year men are dry,
The rooks will stand the beer!

Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper,

We'll learn you not to forget;
An' you mustn't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch it worse,
For we'll make you soldiers yet!

Soldiers yet, if you've got it in you--
All for the sake of the Core;
Soldiers yet, if we 'ave to skin you--
Run an' get the beer, Johnny Raw--Johnny Raw!
Ho! run an' get the beer, Johnny Raw!

Cholera Camp

We've got the cholerer in camp--it's worse than forty fights;
We're dyin' in the wilderness the same as Isrulites;
It's before us, an' be'ind us, an' we cannot get away,
An' the doctor's just reported we've ten more to-day!

Oh, strike your camp an' go, the Bugle's callin',
The Rains are fallin'--
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below;
The Band's a-doin' all she knows to cheer us;
The Chaplain's gone and prayed to Gawd to 'ear us--
To 'ear us--