

## The 'Eathen

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;  
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;  
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful: 'e leaves 'em all about,  
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,  
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,  
All along of abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho,  
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

The young recruit is 'aughty--'e draf's from Gawd knows where;  
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattress square;  
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense--'e doesn't know no more--  
An' then up comes 'is Company an' kicks 'im round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered--'e takes it very 'ard;  
'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters--'e sulks about the yard;  
'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by-an'-by,  
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly--'e thinks o' suicide;  
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't got 'is pride;

But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,  
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,  
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;  
Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho,  
Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'isself jus' so!

The young recruit is 'appy--'e throws a chest to suit;  
You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot;  
'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word 'e slings,  
An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

The cruel-tyrant-sergeants they watch 'im 'arf a year;  
They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im with 'is beer;  
They watch 'im with the women at the regimental dance,  
And the cruel-tyrant-sergeants send 'is name along for "Lance".

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet,  
'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will get;  
They rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick they can,  
But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper an' 'e learns to sweat 'is man.

An', last, a Colour-Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,  
'E schools 'is men at cricket, 'e tells 'em on parade;  
They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart,

An' so 'e talks to ofricers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain;

'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight again;

'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk;

An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin' he'll see their socks are right,

An' when it comes to action 'e shows 'em 'ow to sight;

'E knows their ways of thinkin' and just what's in their mind;

'E knows when they are takin' on an' when they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corpril that leads a squad astray;

'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way;

'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,

An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust,

An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;

So, like a man in irons which isn't glad to go,

They moves 'em off by companies uncommon stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much

Excep' the not retreatin', the step an' keepin' touch.

It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op,

But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em they'd be all about the shop!

An' now it's "'Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "'Oo comes on?"  
And now it's "Get the doolies," an' now the captain's gone;  
An' now it's bloody murder, but all the while they 'ear  
'Is voice, the same as barrick drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,  
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em till he feels 'em take the bit;  
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,  
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day!

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;  
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;  
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,  
But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man!

Keep away from dirtiness--keep away from mess.  
Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less!  
Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho;  
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

The Shut-Eye Sentry

Sez the Junior Orderly Sergeant

To the Senior Orderly Man:

"Our Orderly Orf'cer's hokee-mut,

You 'elp 'im all you can.

For the wine was old and the night is cold,  
An' the best we may go wrong,  
So, 'fore 'e gits to the sentry-box,  
You pass the word along."

So it was "Rounds! What Rounds?" at two of a frosty night,  
'E's 'oldin' on by the sergeant's sash, but, sentry, shut your eye.  
An' it was "Pass! All's well!" Oh, ain't 'e drippin' tight!  
'E'll need an affidavit pretty badly by-an'-by.

The moon was white on the barricks,  
The road was white an' wide,  
An' the Orderly Orf'cer took it all,  
An' the ten-foot ditch beside.  
An' the corporal pulled an' the sergeant pushed,  
An' the three they danced along,  
But I'd shut my eyes in the sentry-box,  
So I didn't see nothin' wrong.

Though it was "Rounds! What Rounds?" O corporal, 'old 'im up!  
'E's usin' 'is cap as it shouldn't be used, but, sentry, shut your eye.  
An' it was "Pass! All's well!" Ho, shun the foamin' cup!  
'E'll need, etc.

'Twas after four in the mornin';  
We 'ad to stop the fun,

An' we sent 'im 'ome on a bullock-cart,  
With 'is belt an' stock undone;  
But we sluiced 'im down an' we washed 'im out,  
An' a first-class job we made,  
When we saved 'im, smart as a bombardier,  
For six-o'clock parade.

It 'ad been "Rounds! What Rounds?" Oh, shove 'im straight again!  
'E's usin' 'is sword for a bicycle, but, sentry, shut your eye.  
An' it was "Pass! All's well!" 'E's called me "Darlin' Jane!"  
'E'll need, etc.

The drill was long an' 'eavy,  
The sky was 'ot an' blue,  
An' 'is eye was wild an' 'is 'air was wet,  
But 'is sergeant pulled 'im through.  
Our men was good old trusties--  
They'd done it on their 'ead;  
But you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em markin' time  
To 'ide the things 'e said!

For it was "Right flank--wheel!" for "'Alt, an' stand at ease!"  
An' "Left extend!" for "Centre close!" O marker, shut your eye!  
An' it was, "'Ere, sir, 'ere! before the Colonel sees!"  
So he needed affidavits pretty badly by-an'-by.

There was two-an'-thirty sergeants,  
There was corp' rals forty-one,  
There was just nine 'undred rank an' file  
To swear to a touch o' sun.  
There was me 'e'd kissed in the sentry-box,  
As I 'ave not told in my song,  
But I took my oath, which were Bible truth,  
I 'adn't seen nothin' wrong.

There's them that's 'ot an' 'aughty,  
There's them that's cold an' 'ard,  
But there comes a night when the best gets tight,  
And then turns out the Guard.  
I've seen them 'ide their liquor  
In every kind o' way,  
But most depends on makin' friends  
With Privit Thomas A.!

When it is "Rounds! What Rounds?" 'E's breathin' through 'is nose.  
'E's reelin', rollin', roarin' tight, but, sentry, shut your eye.  
An' it is "Pass! All's well!" An' that's the way it goes:  
We'll 'elp 'im for 'is mother, an' 'e'll 'elp us by-an'-by!