

What's the good o' pleadin', when the mother that bore you  
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?  
Sleep on 'is promises an' wake to your sorrow  
(Mary, pity women!), for we sail to-morrow!

For to Admire

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles  
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;  
There aren't a wave for miles an' miles  
Excep' the jiggle from the screw.  
The ship is swep', the day is done,  
The bugle's gone for smoke and play;  
An' black agin' the settin' sun  
The Lascar sings, "Hum deckty hai!"

For to admire an' for to see,  
For to be'old this world so wide--  
It never done no good to me,  
But I can't drop it if I tried!

I see the sergeants pitchin' quoits,

I 'ear the women laugh an' talk,  
I spy upon the quarter-deck  
The orficers an' lydies walk.  
I thinks about the things that was,  
An' leans an' looks acrost the sea,  
Till spite of all the crowded ship  
There's no one lef' alive but me.

The things that was which I 'ave seen,  
In barrick, camp, an' action too,  
I tells them over by myself,  
An' sometimes wonders if they're true;  
For they was odd--most awful odd--  
But all the same now they are o'er,  
There must be 'eaps o' plenty such,  
An' if I wait I'll see some more.

Oh, I 'ave come upon the books,  
An' frequent broke a barrick rule,  
An' stood beside an' watched myself  
Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool.  
I paid my price for findin' out,  
Nor never grutched the price I paid,  
But sat in Clink without my boots,  
Admirin' 'ow the world was made.

Be'old a crowd upon the beam,  
An' 'umped above the sea appears  
Old Aden, like a barrick-stove  
That no one's lit for years an' years!  
I passed by that when I began,  
An' I go 'ome the road I came,  
A time-expired soldier-man  
With six years' service to 'is name.

My girl she said, "Oh, stay with me!"  
My mother 'eld me to 'er breast.  
They've never written none, an' so  
They must 'ave gone with all the rest--  
With all the rest which I 'ave seen  
An' found an' known an' met along.  
I cannot say the things I feel,  
And so I sing my evenin' song:

For to admire an' for to see,  
For to be'old this world so wide--  
It never done no good to me,  
But I can't drop it if I tried!

