

Percy Chisnall's Notebook

1/25th London Battalion



Percy as the Terrible Black-haired Bert in 'Stage Struck'.

Percy Chisnall was one the Battalion entertainers.

His grand-daughter, Amanda Stacey, has numerous photos and documents of Percy. Amongst them was this notebook, which would appear to be connected with his role as an entertainer.

Percy's photo albums are available on the 25th London website.

[Percy's home page.](#)

[Percy's India photo album.](#)

[Percy's photo album of the entertainers.](#)

My thanks to Amanda for providing the notebook.

Cyclist P. Chisnall

. 2716 No 3 Coy. (Band)

1/25th C. of L. Cyclist Battalion
London Regt.

"Tommy's Pass." (Anne Page)

'Tain't so much the gartin'
When the regiment's startin'
Sets you chokin' like a smellin' pup
Kissin' you can stand,
And the way she 'olds your 'and,
'Tisn't that -

It's somethin' in 'er smile as ^{up} breaks you

'Tain't the rain a-droppin'
Ceaseless, without stoppin',
Gives a feller queer internal pains
Though it's mighty dampin',
This French soil we're trampin',
'Tisn't that -

It's thinkin' o' them muddy English lanes.

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THE CONVERSATION BOOK.

I 'AVE a conversation book; I brought it out from 'ome,
It tells the French for knife an' fork an' likewise brush an'
comb;

It learns you 'ow to ast the time, the names of all the
stars,

An' 'ow to order hoysters an' 'ow to buy cigars.

But there ain't no shops to shop in, there ain't no grand
hotels,

When you spend your days in dugouts doin' 'olesale trade
in shells;

It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres an' such—

But when it comes to talkin', why, it doesn't 'elp you
much.

There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally
say

When you meet a feller casual-like an' pass the time o'
day—

Them little things as breaks the ice an' kind o' clears the
air,

Which, when you turn the phrase book up, why, them
things isn't there!

I met a chap the other day a-roostin' in a trench,

'E didn't know a word of ours nor me a word o' French;

An' 'ow it was we managed, well, I cannot understand;

But I never used the phrase book, though I 'ad it in my
'and.

I winked at 'im to start with; 'e grinned from ear to ear;

An' 'e says "Tipperary" an' I says "Sooveneer";

'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin cigar,

Which set the ball a-rollin', an' so—well, there you are!

(Tommy's Mass - Contd.)

Tain't the shells a flyin'

Makes you scared o' dyin'—

Guess you ain't that crawlin' kind o' cur!

Tisn't that you're fuckin'

Foreign soil to bunk in—

Tisn't that—

It's lyin' there so long, so far from 'Er.

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e up an' showed me 'is,
Them little funny Frenchy kids with 'air all in a frizz;

"Annette," 'e says, "Louise," 'e says, an' 'is tears begun
to fall;

We was comrades when we parted, but we'd 'ardly spoke
at all.

'E'd 'ave kissed me if I'd let 'im, we 'ad never met before,
An' I've never seen the beggar since, for that's the way o'
war;

An', though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the
same

If 'e'll ever see them kids of 'is . . . I never ast 'is name!

MY COMRADE.

Sure my name is Dan O'Donnell, an' I come from Donegal.

Where the colleens set ye dhramin', an' the boys are straight and tall;

Where the flyin' clouds are shtramin' over mountain, bog, an' say.

Till the crimson sunset, flamin', flushes all Gweebarra Bay.

Oh, I love the hills of Ireland, an' I love ould Donegal—

An' I love a little wooden cross that stands far from them all.

Says the Sergeant, wan fine mornin', "Dan, my boy, you've got to go:

For the country ye were born in ye must make a dacent show:

Dressed in khaki ye'll luk clinkin', wid yer chest an' six fut wan.

An' the girls will smile, I'm thinkin', from Bundoran to Strabane."

"Thin," says I, "them schemin' Jarmins mane to hould the worl' in thrall—

But they don't know Dan O'Donnell, an' they don't know Donegal!"

So I went to Inniskillen wid a trusty pal av mine.

An' we tuk King George's shillin'—or perhaps 'twas two an' nine.

An' we fought an' won at Wipers, where we made the blaggards reel.

Where, in spite av shells an' snipers, we destroyed thim wid the steel.

But my comrade lies in Flanders, where he'll never feel the call

Of the soft west wind in springtime blowin' over Donegal!

J. S.

J. Milton Payne

"The Green Eye of the Yellow God"

Sir Robert Clarke

There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Whatmandu,
There's a little mable cross below the town;
There's a broken-hearted woman bends the grave of Mad Casew,
And the yellow god for ever gazes down.

He was known as "Mad Casew" by the "subs" at Whatmandu,
He was hotter than they felt inclined to tell.
But for all his foolish pranks, he was worshipped in the ranks,
And the Colonel's daughter smiled on him as well.

He had loved her all along with the passion of the strong;
The fact that she loved him was plain to all.
She was nearly twenty-one, arrangements had begun
To celebrate her birth-day with a ball.

6 THE GUNNER'S HORSES.

Three years I'd driven the horses,
My two gees,

And though I've known good comrades,
None were better than these.

They understood me talking, every word as plain,
And I knew as well what they said, answering again.
They knew, knew the way the dumb beasts do,
When I sat astride of one what thought was in my head,
With never a word said, without the touch of a hand,
They would understand.

Three years I'd driven the horses,
My two gees,

And though I've known good comrades,
None were better than these.

In the red-hot days of August, the days of the Retreat—
I'd ha' been glad to get to Hell out of the heat—
The Boches burst a shell on us, wrecked us man and gun,
Smashed up every one but my two gees and me.
Down we went together, but I fell free.

"If you're dead," says an officer, "lie there; if you're alive,
Get up, for here's a gun to save and a team to drive."
So I mounted as I must, left my horses in the dust,
Saw them lie a-kicking in a mess of blood and dust,
Struggling like flies in a web and couldn't rise.
Then up rode a Chasseur—how he came to us God knows—
Cut them loose, and they rose, looking pitcous-like at me,
Astride of a stranger horse, ahead, where they could see.
How a thing like that can grieve a man you'd never believe.

Three years I'd driven the horses,
My two gees,

And though I've known good comrades,
None were better than these.

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He wrote, & asked her what present she would like from
they met next day as he dismissed a squad ^{and Chew?}
and jestingly she told him then that nothing else would do
But the little green eye of the God
The night before the dance, and Camo seemed in a trance
and they chuffed him as they puffed at their cigars
But for once he failed to smile, he sat alone a while
then went out into the night beneath the stars.
He returned before the dawn with his shirt & tunic torn,
And a gash across his temples, dripping red:
He was qatched up right away, & he slept all thro' the day
and the Colonel's daughter watched beside his bed.

38
Four days they followed after, four separate hells of days,
Kept the line like God soldiers under the parching blaze
Of the infernal sun, though they'd neither man nor gun,
Their poor eyes turning on me in a sort of sad surprise.
Sometimes I saw the whites shine as they turned their lovely eyes.

When word ran down the column to halt I'd raise my hand.
They'd see it and would stand like soldiers at command.
I never could get back to them: If they got a sup of drink
Or a bit of food I wondered, I wondered what they'd think
Of me for deserting them, so faithless and unkind:
But they followed still behind in that march that never stopped.
With the soldiers who were marching and marching till they dropped,
Till they dropped out dead from their places in the rank,
And my horses' eyes grew dimmer, they grew hollow in the flank,
Their coats hung thick upon them in a muck o' sweat and dirt.
To see them so, poor fellows, it hurt me, ay, it hurt.

Three years I'd driven the horses,

My two gees,

And though I've known good comrades,

None were better than these.

39
The ankle at last & asked if they would send his knife this—
She brought it, & he thanked her with a nod:
He bade her search the pockets, saying—That's from mad Carew!
And she found the green eye of the little yellow god!

She upbraided poor Carew in the way that women do—
But both her eyes were strangely wet & wet:
But she wouldn't take the stone, & Carew was left alone
With the jewel that he'd chanced his life to get.

When the bell was at its height on that stilly tropic night,
She thought of him & hastened to his room—
As she crossed the barracks square, she could hear the dreamy air
Of a waltz tune stealing softly through the loom.

Four days they followed after, the fifth day and the last
Of that retreat I missed them, when the worst was overpast,
When if one day more they, who had followed four,
Could have struggled on behind me, why there'd have been an end
Of their troubles and the pains they were wanting back again.

I wonder if they fell exhausted with the pain

And weariness of marching without a bite or sup,

Fell down in the white highway and never could get up?

I hope to God they didn't die that way. All I know

Is I looked for them in vain, when the early sun shone low

Along the dusty plain—never saw those two again.

I trust they didn't die so. There's men who'd rather see

Their sweetheart dead than happy with another chap. Not me!

I'm sore for my horses, I miss them every day,

But I hope some fellow found them who'll lose them in his way.

And they're working for the King still somewhere here in France.

But however it may chance and wherever they may be,

As I think of my horses I know they think of me,

Three years I'd driven the horses,

My two gees,

And though I've known good comrades,

None were better than these.

This door was open wide, with silver moonlight shining through—
The place was wet & crimson where she trod!
An ugly knife lay leered in the heart of mad Caraw!
Twas the vengeance of the little yellow god!

There's a one-eyed yellow-aid to the north of Khatmandu—
There's a little marble cross below the tomb;
There's a broken-hearted woman bends the gaze of Mad Caraw—
And the yellow god forever eyes down!

17
Kissing Cup's Race.

You've never seen Kissing Cup—have you?
Stroll round to the paddock, my lord;
Just cast your eye over the mare, sir,—
You'll say that, upon your word,
You ne'er saw a grander-shaped 'un
In all the whole course of your life.
Have you heard the strange story about her,
How she won Lord Hillboxton his wife?
No? Well, if you've got a few minutes,
I'll tell you why Kissing Cup, here,
Has lived in this lazy grandeur
Since the first time they let her appear
On a racecourse—to run for a wife, sir,
The loveliest girl in the land.
By Gad, 'twas a heart-thrilling moment
For them as stood on the stand.
And knew the high stakes that were pending
On Kissing Cup's winning the race—
She ran for a woman's heart, sir,—
To save an old name from disgrace.
Here she is, sir;—now look her well over—
There isn't a fault to be found;
See her going—magnificent action!
You're right, sir; the mare is as sound
As she was on the day I rode her,
Just ten years ago last June:
I'll never forget how they cheered us,
The mare, and her jock, Bob Doon.
He was always a reckless youngster,
My master, Hillboxton, you know;
And when the old marquis died, sir,
He seemed—somehow or other—to go
Right fair clean away to the devil;
And, being a fresh 'un,—you see?—
The "bookies" just fleeced him a good 'un—
I knew, sir, quite well how 'twould be;
I saw he would go down a mucker—
Be ruined, sir, sure as fate.
In his careless boyish folly
I saw that the fine old estate
Would be gambled away—the title
Be sullied, perchance, with shame.
I said to myself, "Bob Doon, boy!
You must save your old master's name."
He'd loved a quiet bit o' racing—
I'd been his head jock for years.
I remember the night he died, sir:
His bright eyes filling with tears,
He told me to mind the youngster,
To see that he didn't begin
To gamble—and always remembered
The Hillboxtons rode to win.

"Gunga Din" (Audyard Kipling)

^{man}
You can talk o' gin an' beer
When you've quartered safe out 'ere,
Where you've sent to penny fights an' dleshot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You'll do yer work on water—
An' you'll ~~lick~~ ^{that's} the bloomin' boots of 'im who's ^{got it.}
Now in Injia's sunny chine
Where I used to spend my time
As savin' o' er Majesty the Queen—
Of all that black-faced crew
The finest man I knew who's out regimental—
It was Din! Din! Din! ^{Whisti—Gunga Din}
You limpin' lump o' brickdust, Gunga Din!
Hi! Slippery; hikeras!—Water—git it! Lance! Leo!
You squidgy nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

He told me, above all, to see, sir,
That no scandal e'er touched the stud,
To be sure that our stables harbour'd,
Naught but the purest blood.
He took my rough hand as he finished,
In the same old well-known grip,
As hundreds of times I'd seen him
A-grasping the ribbons and whip.

He didn't last very much longer—
I stood by the bed as he died,
And watched my old master's spirit
Start on its last long ride.

One night—I remember it well, sir,—
It must have been just nigh four years
After the old marquis left us—
Very heavy at heart with fears,
I was sitting in one of the stables,
Not dreaming as no one was near,
A-thinking of how things were looking
A mighty sight, too deuced queer.
I had turned round my head for a moment,
To see as the nags were all right,
When I saw the young master a-standing
Behind me. I started! The sight
Of his face, pale and haggard,
Sent a rush of cold blood to my heart.
I knew, sir, that something had happened.
"Doon, Doon, my boy! why do you start?
Don't you know me?" he said. "Have I altered?
Have I changed so since yesterday?
No wonder, good God! I am ruined!
I've gambled the old home away.
But the worst—the poor girl, Lady Constance,—
You know how she loves me, old friend,—
What will she think of me now, Bob?
For pity's sake, Heaven defend
And keep her," he cried, "true as ever!
But no, no! I never can wed
You now. God bless you, my darling!
Forget me as if I were dead."
He wept like a child in his sorrow.
"Be a man! Be a man, sir!" said I;
"Trust to me, I can yet pull you through, sir,—
There's a mare in your stud that can fly.
I've kept her—I knew you were playing
Too fast, far too reckless, a game;
But there's Kissing Cup ready to run for
And save a Hillhoxtou's name."
When I saw that the lad was collected,
I asked him to turn and look
At the very first bet he had entered
On the very first page of his book.
He look'd at me—eyes full of wonder—
"That's three years! What d'ye mean?"
"My lord, you'll forgive me," I answered;
"Forgive me, I know you have been

The uniform's wore - it wasn't much before
An' rather less than 'alf o' that be'ind -
For a bit o' tashy rag, an' is goat skin water bag
Wore all the field equipment 'e could find!
When the sweating troop train lay
In a sidin' through the day
Where the 'cat, it made yer blinkin' eyebrows
We shook "Nany B'y" till our throats were
Then we whopped 'im, cos 'e couldn't serve us all
It was "Din! Din! Din!" -

"You 'eathen - where the mischief 'ere yer been?
You put some jiddee in it - or I'll manow yer
If you dait fill up my 'elmet - Gunga Din!"

Too hot—ay, too heedless by far, sir,
 In your youthful and reckless career;
 You've forgotten—just read for a moment
 The words that you see written here."
 I showed him the entry—five hundred
 To one, clearly betted in "thous."
 Against the foal out of Sweet Violat,
 By Loving Cup, out of Carouse.
 "The foal—Kissing Cup—here is ready
 And fit, sir, to run for a life;
 In the big race next week she will save you,
 Will win you a fortune—and wife."
 The boy couldn't speak for a moment,
 His pallid lips moved in a groan;
 Then he rallied, and grasping my hand, sir,
 Held it just like a vice with his own.

The day of the race was a grand one,
 But few knew the issue at stake;
 We'd tried hard to keep it a secret
 For the splendid old marquis's sake.
 As we entered away past the stand, sir,
 To give the "big swells" all a view,
 Hardly one of 'em dreamt what 'twould mean, sir,
 If the Hillboxton "chocolate-and-blue"
 Were beaten—none guessed that the girl there,
 With her beautiful face, worn and thin,
 Was murmuring a low prayer to Heaven
 That her young lover's colours might win.

"All ready?"—a beautiful start, sir;
 The line was as straight as could be;
 "They're off!" the shout rang for a moment
 Around us, and then seemed to me
 As dying away in the distance.

While we scudded along the course
 At a pace that was far too killing
 To last: so I kept my horse
 Well back in the rear to "the Corner."
 Then I let the reins loose on her mane,
 She passed through them all but just one, sir,
 Lord Rattlington's colt, Sugar Cane.
 Then I saw there would be a struggle:
 I had known it for months long back,
 That all as I need be afraid of
 Was the old Baron's fast-flying "crack."
 'Twas a terrible moment for me, sir:
 The colt was three good lengths ahead.
 I whispered a word to the mare, sir;
 'Twas enough—she knew what I said.
 Sweeping on down the hill like a rocket,
 She got to the girths of the colt:

't would 'dot an' carry me "till the longest day was done
 he 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear—
 If we charged, or broke, or cut
 you could bet yer bloomin' nut
 't'd be waitin' fifty paces, right flank, rear.
 With 'is musick on 'is back
 't would skip with our attack
 An' watch us till the hules made "Retire";
 an' for all 'is dirty 'ide, 'e was white, clean white,
 when he went to tend the wounded under fire!
 It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 with the bullets kickin' dustspots on the green
 an' when the cartridges ran out
 you could 'ear the front files ~~at~~ shout
 "Hi! ammunition mules—An' Gunga Din!"

My heart gave a great throb of pleasure;
 I made sure that he'd "shot his bolt."
 But no! his jock hustled him up, sir;
 His whip swishes fell like rain;
 And the cry ran like fire up the course, sir.
 "It's thousands on Sugar Cane!"
 The stand was reached, Sugar Cane leading.
 Two seconds, and all would be o'er.
 "Lord Rattlington wins!" No, not yet, though
 We're neck, sir, to neck—two strides more.
 I saw in the great sea of faces
 A girl's—pale, white as the dead—
 I cried, "For God's sake, Kissing Cup, now!"
 'Twas over—we'd won by a head!

'IS PIPE.

Music by CUTHBERT CLARK. Words by CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

You're not as 'andsome as you was, old pipe, if truth be told,
 But we ain't parting just becuz you're black, and worn, and old;
 I'm not in many, many ways, the cove I used to be,
 And ain't a-flattering when I says you're stronger now than me.
 You cost a bob at first, may be, You ain't no fancy touch;
 But there, you're worth as much as me, and that, Gawd knows, ain't much.
 We draw'd together from the fust, we knows each other's ways,
 And you're a pal as I can trust—that's somethink nowadays;
 She give yer to me, my old gal—my gal wot used to be;
 Wot 'appy times we 'ad, old pal, eh? 'er and you and me!

(Junga Din - Contd.)

I shan't forget the night I fell behind the fight
 With a bullet where my beltplate should have ^{been}
 I was chokin' mad with thirst,
 But the man who spied me first
 Was our good old Jimmie', groutin' Junga Din!
 'E lifted up my 'ead, an' 'e plugged me where I bled,
 An' 'e giv me 'alf a pint o' water—green!
 It was crawlin', an' it stunk,
 But of all the drinks I've drunk
 I'm thankfullest to one from Junga Din!
 It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 'E was a feller with a bullet through 'is spleen!
 'E's a kickin' up the ground—
 'E's a-chairin' all around—
 Fer fawt's sake—git the water! Junga Din!

THE ROUTE MARCH.

(In Training.)

We've got our foreign-service boots—
we've 'ad 'em 'alf a day;

If it wasn't for the Adjutant I'd sling
the brutes away;

If I could 'ave my old ones back I'd
give a fortnight's pay,

And chuck 'em in the pair I got
this morning!

We've marched a 'undred miles to-day,
we've 'undreds more to go,

An' if you don't believe me, why, I'll
tell you 'ow I know—

I've measured out the distance by the
blister on my toe,

For I got my foreign-service
boots this morning!

We've got our foreign-service boots—
I wish that I was dead;

I wish I'd got the Colonel's 'orse an'
'im my feet instead;

I wish I was a macrobat, I'd walk
upon my 'ead,

For I got my foreign-service
boots this morning!

We're 'oppin' and we're 'obblin' to a
cock-eyed ragtime tune,

Not a soul what isn't limpin' in the
bloomin' 'ole balloon . . .

But buck you up, my com-e-rades,
we're off to Flanders soon,

For we got our foreign-service
boots this morning!

'E carried me away to where a dhobie lay
But a bullet come, an' killed the bigger clean!

But 'e laid me safe inside

An' just afore 'e died —

"I 'oped you liked yer drink!" says Junga Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on

At the place where 'e 'as gone

Where it's always double drill an' no canteen

'E'll be squattin' on the coals

Jim! drink to poor damned souls —

An' I'll git a swing in Hell, from Junga Din!

Yes — Din! Din! Din!

You lay a mshian leather Junga Din!

Tho' I've belted yer, an' flayed yer

By the himin' 'owd not made yer —

You're a better man than I am — Junga Din!

IF—

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same;

"Lasca" — Frank Desprey

It's all very well to write reviews,
To carry umbrellas & keep dry shoes,
And say what everyone's ^{saying} ~~has~~ ~~says~~ had,
And wear what every one else must wear—
But I want freedom & I want fresh air!
I sigh for the counter after the cattle
For the crack of the whip like shots in a battle
For the melée of hoofs & horns, & heads
That wars, & wrangles & scatters & spreads—
For the green beneath & the blue above—
For the ^{dash} danger & dangle of life & love
— and Lasca!

If you can bear to hear the truth you've
spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for
fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life
to broken,

And stoop and build 'em up with worn-
out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your
winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-
toss,

And lose, and start again at your be-
ginnings

And never breathe a word about your
loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve
and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are
gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in
you

Except the Will which says to them:
"Hold on!"

("hasca" - cont'd.)

- hasca Sab

On a mouse-grey mustang close ^{to} my side
With blue serape & high belled spur -
And I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of looks or of creeds -
An "Ave Maria" sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be by my side -
To ride with me, & ever to ride
From San Salva's shore to Levaca's hide,
She was ^{bold} mild as the billows that beat -
She was ^{mild} proud as the breezes that blow -
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to & fro
By each gust of passion. A sapling pine
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff

If you can talk with crowds and keep
 your virtue,
 Or walk with Kings—nor lose the
 common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can
 hurt you,
 If all men count with you, but none too
 much;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance
 run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's
 in it,
 And—which is more—you'll be a Man,
 my son!

And was with the wind when the weather is rough
 Was like this Chasca - this love of mine!

The air was heavy - the night was hot -
 I sat by her side and quite forgot:
 Forgot the herd that was taking its rest -
 Forgot that the air was close oppress'd -
 That the "Texas Mother" comes sudden & soon
 In the dead of night or the blaze of noon:
 That, once let herd at its breath take flight
 Nothing on earth can stop their flight!
 Then was to ride & was to stand
 Who fall in front of their mad stampede!

SIDELIGHTS O' LONDON.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

By F. W. THOMAS.

He was old and he was shaggy, and his bags were very baggy; and a tear-drop hung upon his nose. His skull was nearly bare, for he hadn't got much hair on the place where it usually grows. Poetry!

He was, indeed, a pathetic sight, and he had a still more pathetic tale to tell, several pathetic tales in fact.

I heard his boots slopping along behind me and turned round.

"Scuse me, mister," he said, "but could you lend us tuppence for the time being? I bin out all day looking for work, and once I nearly found some. Gave me such a shock.

"I've tramped it from Shorncliffe," he said. "Got my discharge from the Navy last night. Not a doss or a slice. And me with two Victoria Crosses. It's a 'ard world, ain't it?"

I said it was. I had fallen on it once and got a nasty bump, so I knew.

"Only tuppence for the time being," whined the man. "I was through the Battle of Mons, and got me leg shot off there. Got it at 'ome to prove it. In the Marines, I was. The Royal Horse Marines, that fought at Ladysmith."

"Really, how interesting!" I said. "And were you at the Battle of Inkermann?"

"Not 'arf, I wasn't," said the pathetic old man. "That's where I got me leg shot off. Only tuppence for the time being, gov'nor! Tuppence won't break you. And I've shanked it all the way from Devonport since this morning.

"Got me discharge last night from the 'Orse Guards, and not a penny in the world. Only tuppence for the time being, gov'nor."

("hasca" - cont'd)

Was that thunder? No! by the hoord!

I sprang to my saddle without a word -
One foot on mine & she clung behind!
Away! on a wild chase down the wind!

But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{so} ~~so~~ lightly spared,
For we rode for our lives!

you shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, & we urged him on!
There was no chance left, & you have but over
Half-jump to ground! shoot your horse!
Crouch under his carcase & take your chance
And if the steers in their frantic course

"And what have you done with your horse?" I asked. "When they discharge you from the Horse Guards they always make you a present of your mount. Where's yours?"

"My 'orse, gov'nor?" said the tramp. "I've ate it. Starving, I was. So I borrows two bits of bread and some mustard, and I puts my poor old

gee-gee between 'em — Only tuppence for the time being, gov'nor. Tuppence won't break you."

"And now what is the real story, you old fraud?" I asked him.

"Real story?" he said. "You're wide, gov'nor, you are. You know a thing or two. Well, it was like this, mister. I was really in the Scottish Highlanders, sergeant, I was, and one day, after I'd saved our general's life, he took a fancy to me, and brought me up as his own son. Then I run away from home 'cause I couldn't stand the grub, and here I am. — Straightaway, gov'nor! And I've walked all the way from Cornwall since breakfast without bite or sup — Only tuppence for the time being, gov'nor, so's I can take a bus to see my solicitors.

"I've walked over a 'undred miles since breakfast, mister, and I've wore my feet right off, and had to turn the bottoms of my legs up to make new ones. That's why I ain't as tall as I used to be.

"Come on, boss, only tu pence for the time being, so's I can get a drink — I mean a shave. Then I'm going to join the Army — Salvation, for pref. Only tuppence, gov'nor. What a country to fight for, eh? What people! This is 'ow you treat your pore old 'eroes. Why, when I was out at the Front, General French he says to me, he says, 'William,' he says, 'you've saved me life,' he says. 'Here's a shilling,' he says; 'but whatever you do, keep sober, 'cos we want men like you.'

"There was me, shot and shell flying all round me, 'cups of dead as far as the eye could reach, a-waving me sword and crying out, 'Go it, my brave boys, Hengland for ever!' And now you won't give me tuppence, not even for the time being. It's crool 'ard, that's what it is."

I gave him two pennies, because if he had done all these things I really think he had earned them. But sometimes, when I think over it, I have an idea that he was not confining himself strictly to the truth.

However, one of the pennies had got a hole in it and the other was French.

("hasca - Court")

Woul better you look to pieces at once
You may thank your stars! If not - goodbye
To the open air & the open sky
In Texas, down by Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us & just as I felt
To my old six shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the Mustang, & down came we
Clinging together - & what was the next?
- A body that spread itself on my breast
Two arms that shielded my diggy head
Two lips that close on my lips were prest.
Then came thunder in my ears
As over us swept the sea of steers, -
Blows that beat blood into my eyes! -
And when I could rise - hasca was dead!

THE CONVALESCENT.

We've billards, bowls, an' tennis-courts; we've teas an'
motor-rides;

We've concerts nearly every night, an' 'eaps o' things
besides;

We've all the best of everything, as much as we can eat—
But my 'eart—my 'eart's at 'ome in 'Enry Street.

I'm askin' Sister every day when I'll be fit to go;
"We must 'ave used you bad," she says, "you want to
leave us so;"

I says, "I beg your pardon, Nurse; the place is bad to beat,
But my 'eart—my 'eart's at 'ome in 'Enry Street."

The sheffoneer we saved to buy, the cleck upon the wall,
The pictures an' the almanack, the china dogs an' all—
I've thought about it many a time, my little 'ome complete,
When in Flanders, far away from 'Enry Street.

It's 'elped me through the toughest times (an' some was
middlin' tough);

The 'ardest march was not so 'ard, the roughest not so
rough;

It's 'elped me keep my pecker up in victory an' defeat,
Just to think about my 'ome in 'Enry Street.

There's several things I sometimes want which 'ere I
never see;

I'd like some chipped potatoes an' a kipper to my tea;

But most of all I'd like to feel the stones beneath my feet
Of the road that takes me 'ome to 'Enry Street.

They'll 'ave a little flag 'ung out, they'll 'ave the parlour gay
With crinkled paper round about, the same as Christmas

Day;
An' out of all the neighbours' doors the 'eads'll pop to
greet

Me comin' wounded 'ome to 'Enry Street.

My missis—well, she'll cry a bit an' laugh a bit between;
My kids'll climb upon my knees—there's one I've never
seen;

An' of all the days which I 'ave known there won't be one
so sweet

As the day when I go 'ome to 'Enry Street!

(Lessa - contd)

33 and

I hollowed a grave a few feet deep,
And here in earth's bosom I laid her to sleep,

And there she is lying, no one knows—

And the summer comes & the winter goes—

For many a ^{day} year the flowers have spread
A path of petals over her head;

And I wonder why I do not care

For the things that are like the thing that was—

Does half my heart lie buried there

In Texas, down by Rio Grande?

35. and

Summer Thoughts.

It's June in England now —
Just think of it — a cricket!
Do you wonder that I'm hating
This dug-out that I'm in?
At times I wonder how
I'm ever going to stick it —
This waiting, waiting, waiting
For something to begin

The Sun is in my blood,
I hear the millers calling,
I want to get my eye in
And hit for all I'm worth:

To hear 'em landing "thud!"
 Beyond the ropes - it's galling
 To have to sit & sigh
 In this corner of the earth.

But kicking up a row
 Can't possibly reverse it,
 They've turned us into fighters
 And nothing seems the same.
 It's June in England now -
 Just think of it - oh! curse it!
 Let's go & bomb the blighters!
 Who've robbed us of our game!

- Desmond Carter.

"Tommy" - Rudyard Kipling.

I went into a public-house to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sey - "We serve no redcoats 'ere"
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,

I out into the street again an' to myself sey I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, go away!

Out it's "Thank you, Mr. Atkins", when the band begins to play
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play

O it's "Thank you, Mr. Atkins", when the band - etc.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls
But when 'it comes to fightin', hark! they'll show me
in the stalls!

and

Tummy - cont'd

For it's Tummy this, an' Tummy that, an' Tummy, wait outside
 Out it's "Special Train for Atkins" when he trooships on the tide
 The trooships on the tide, my boys. The trooships on the tide
 O it's "Special train for Atkins" when he - etc

Yes, makin' mook o' uniforms that guard you while you ^{sleep}
 Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' hejze starvation cheap
 An' hejzlin' drunker soldiers when hejze goin' large a bit
 Is five times better business than operadin' in full kit.
 Then it's Tummy this, an' Tummy that an' Tummy, ows yer soul
 But it's thin red line of 'esses' when the drum begins to roll
 The drums begin to roll, my boys. The drums begin to roll,
 O it's "thin red line of 'esses" when... etc

"Tommy" - cont.

We aint no thin red 'erses, nor we aint no black
 guards too,
 But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;
 An if sometimes our conduct isint all your fancy paints
 Why, single men in barracks do't go into plaster saints;
 While its Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, ^{fall} ~~back~~ behind
 But its "Please to walk in front, sir" when there's trouble in
 There's trouble in the wind, my boys. There's trouble in the wind
 O its "Please to walk in front Sir," etc
 You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
 Well wait for eatin' rations if ya treat us rational.
 Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
 The widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
 For its Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Chuck him out, he brags
 But its "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to
 An' its Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you ^{shoot,}
 an' Tommy aint a bloomin' fool - ya bet that! ^{you} Please;
 Tommy sees!

"CELLS" - Rudyard Kipling.

I've a head like a concertina - I've a tongue like a
 I've a mouth like an old potato, & I'm more ^{bottom stick}
 than a little sick,
 But I've had my fun o' the Corporal's Guard: I've
 made the cinders fly,
 And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering
 drink, & blacking the Corporal's eye.

With a second-hand overcoat under my head
 And a beautiful view of the yard,
 O it's packbill for me & a fortnight's C.B.
 For "drunk & resisting the Guard!"
 mad drunk & resisting the Guard -
 'Stewth, but I socked 'em hard!

"Cells" (Contd)

So its pack-drill for me & a fortnight's C.B.
 For "drunk & resisting the Guard."

I started o' Canteen (pater), I finished o' canteen beer
 But a dose o' gin that a mate slipped in, it was
 that that brought me here.

'Twas that & an extra double frack that milled
 my nose in the dirt;
 But I fell away with the Corporal's stock & the
 best of the Corporal's shirt.

I left my cap in a publichouse, my boots in the public
 And had know's where, & I don't care, my
 belt & my tunic good;
 They'll stop my pay, they'll cut away the stripes
 I used to wear,

(over) cells:

"Cells," (cont.).

But I left my mark on the Captain's face, &
I think he'll keep it there!

My wife she cries on the barracks gate, my
kid in the barracks yard,
It ain't that I mind the Ordly room - it's that
that cuts so hard.

I'll take my oath before them both that I
will sure abstain,

But as soon as I'm in with a mate & gin, I
know I'll do it again!

With a second-hand overcoat under
my head - etc.

(The) alle

"ROUTE MARCHIN" - Kipling

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains;
 A little front o' Xmas-time an' just be'ind the rains;
 He! get away you hullook-man, you've 'eard the hyle-blows,
 There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road;
 With its best foot first
 And the road a-didin' past,
 An' every bloomin' campin' ground exactly like the last;
 While the Big Drum says,
 "Wich is 'rudy-durdy-doo!" -
 "Kiko Kissywarsti dont you hamsher arzy jaw?"
 #

Why don't you get on?

"Route Marchin" (Cont.)

Oh! There's them Dignjan Temples to admire when you see,
 There's the peacock round the corner an' he monkey up the tree,
 An' there's that rummy silver grass awavin' in the wind,
 An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle sling
 while it's best foot first... etc. ^{be ind}

At half past five's usually, an' our tents they down must come,
 like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick 'em up at home.
 But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,
 While the women or the Kiddies sit an' shiner in the carts.
 An' it's best foot first....

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an' sings,
 An' we talk about our nations an' a lot of other things,
 An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonder what
 they're at
 An' how they would admire for to hear us sling the best
 an' it's best foot first.... ^{it language.}

Plonk Marchin' (Cont?)

It's now so late o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at your ease
 To watch the Kikes a wheelin' round them feather'ed trees
 For altho' there aint no women, yet here aint no banick yards
 So the officers goes shootin', an' the men they plays at cards.
 Till it's best foot first

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always gumbelin' some
 There's worse things than marchin' from Umballa to Cawnpore;
 An' if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to 'ut like 'ell,
 You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will make 'em
 well
 For it's best foot first

We're marchin' on relief over India's coral strand,
 Eight hundred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel & the Band:
 Ho, get away

Plonk Marchin' (Cont?)

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 well
 For it's best foot first

We're marchin' on relief over India's coral strand,
 Eight hundred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel & the Band:
 Ho, get away

"SNARLEYOW." Rudyard Kipling

This 'appened in a battle to a batt'ing of the corps
 Which is first among the women, an amazin' first in wars;
 As what the bloomin' battle was I don't remember now,

But Two's off-lead 'e answered to the name o' "Snarleyow";

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;

Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;

But down in the lead with the wheel at the flog -

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped dog'.

They was movin' into action, they was needed very sore,

To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps,

They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was tuckin' down the ^{know}

When a trickety, kumblin' roundshot give the knock

to "Snarleyow"

"Smalleyow" (Cont'd)

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im - 'e was almost 'Kore in 'Kus -
 But 'e tried to follow after as a well-trained 'orse should do.
 'E went an' forked the limber, an' the Driver's Brother squeals:
 "Pull up, pull up for 'Smalleyow" - 'is 'ead's between 'is 'eels!"

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels was goin' round
 an' there aint no "Stop, Conductor!" when a battin' ^{ground} changin'
 'Says 'e: "I broke the buggy in, an' very sad I feels,
 'But I couldn't pull up, not for you - your 'ead between your 'eels!"

'E 'adn't 'andy spoke the word, before a droppin' shell
 'd little right the battin', an' between the sections fell;
 'n' when the smoke 'ad cleared away, before the limber wheels,
 There lay the Driver's Brother with 'is 'ead between 'is 'eels.

(The) Incident

"Smalleyou" (Contd.)

Then say the Diver's Brother, an' 'is words was very plain,
"For Gawd's own sake get over me, an' put me out o' pain."

They saw 'is wounded was mortal, an' they judged that 'it was
So they took an' drove the limber straight across 'is back ^{best,} an' _{best}

The Diver 'e give whin' 'cept a little coughin' grunt,

But 'e swung 'is 'orses' and some when it came to 'Action
Front!

An' if one wheel was juicy you may lay your Monday head

'Twas juicier for the miggers when the case begun to spread.

The moral of this story, it is plainly to be seen:

You aint got no families when seadin' o' the green -

You aint got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives or sons -

if you want to win your battles take an' work your bloomin'
Guns.

Down in the Infantry etc. -

"Troopin'" (Our Army in the East) R.K.
Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea:

Bro's September come again - the six year men are free
O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away
To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome today

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-tan,

For I'll mang you yit on a fourpiny bit
As a time-expired man.

"Troopin'" (Contd.)

The Amalbars in 'arbout with the Junner at'er
 An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail,
 Ho! the weany waitin' when a khyber 'ills we lay,
 But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome today.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an' wet
 an' rain,
 All weanin' Dujian cotton kit, but we will not complain;
 They'll kill us of pneumonia - for that's their little way -
 But damn the chills & fever, now, we've join' 'ome today!

'Troopin', 'Troopin', winter's round again!
 See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign;
 Ho, you poor recruits, but you've got to earn your pay -
 What's the last for humnon, lads? We've join' there
 today.

"Troopin'" (Contd.)

Troopin', Troopin', give another cheer -
 'Ere's to English women, an' a quart of English beer.
 The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got to stay,
 Gawds many strike 'em gentle - Whoop! we're goin' ^{home} _{Today}
 We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
 Our ships is at the shore,
 An' you must pack your 'aversack,
 For we won't come back no more.
 Ho, don't you grieve for me,
 My lovely Mary Ann,
 For I'll marry you yet an' a prup'ing lot
 As a time-expired man.

(Nov) "Export"

- make matters easy, urgent, urgent
 and budget, keep a line, narrow budget it also
 gate it by order, the one budget it is double.
 an way now (part) - stay and what's your chief
 what
 - can't say now, and long with
 - with out to be a equal, with
 - the amount says keep them up
 - now or that was how we got
 - say of using my bank, all
 - and, guess, I loved just
 - let just say it is top way guess. It's not
 - make things - and a it

("Banack from Ballade")

"Danny Deever" Kipling.

"What are the angles blain' for?" said Files-on-Parade

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Col. Sert. said
"What makes you look so white," said Files on Parade.

"I'm dreading what I've got to watch," the Col. Sert. said

"Or he's hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead
march play."

The regiment's in "dross square - he's hangin' him today"

They've taken of his buttons off an cut his stripes away

"He's hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'"

"What makes the rear-rank breath so hard?" said Files
on-Parade

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Col. Sert. said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Col. Sert. said.

"Danny Deever" (Contd.)

They're hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' d'ing
 They are 'altd' Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground ^{rofund}
 An' 'e'll swing in half a minute for sneakin', shokin'
 O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'S cot was right - and cot to mine," said Files on keds
 'B's sleepin' out an' far tonight," the Colour Serj! said.

"The drunk 'is beer a score o' kins," ~~he~~ said F. 7 P.

"'B's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Col. Serj! said

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark in to
 for 'e shot a comrade sleepin' - you must look ^{in his place}
 Nine hundred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace
 while they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

(faint handwriting)

(faint handwriting)

"Danny Deever" (Contd.)

"What's that so black agin the sun?" - said Files on parade
 "It's Danny fightin' and for life," the Col. Searl said.
 "What's that that whimpers over 'ead?" said Files 'n' Paul
 "It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Col. Searl said.
 For they've done with Danny Deever, you can see the
 The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away ^{quickstep play}
 Ht. the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their
 After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin' ^{beer today}

"Fuzzzy-Wuzzzy" (Kipling)
 (Sardan Expeditionary Force)

We've fought with many men across the seas,
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:

The Paythan an' the Tulu an' Burmese;
 But the Fuzzzy was the finest of the lot.

We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:

'e squatted in the scrub an' 'ooted our 'orses,

'e cut our sentries up at Suakim,

An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzzy Wuzzzy, at your 'ome in the Sarden:

You're a pore brighted 'eather but a first class

we gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed

We'll come an' 'ave a romp with 'you whenever
 you're inclined.

- Fuzzy Wuzzy (Contd.)

We took our chance among the Nyber'ills,
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
 The Burman give us Dinkwaddy chills,
 But a Lulu impi dished us up in style;
 But all we ever got from such as they
 Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
 We 'ild our bloomin' arm, the papers say,
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'dler.
 Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy, an' the missis an' ^{the kid}
 An' orders was to break you, an' of course we ^{went an' did}
 We doxed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't
 But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy Wuzzy, you ^{andly} fair;
 Broke the square.

"Fuzzy Wuzzy" (Cont'd)

I ain't got no papers of 'is own,
 I ain't got no medals nor rewards,
 Se we must certify the skill 'is shown
 In usin' of 'is long two-ended sword:
 When 'is 'oppr' in an' art among the bush
 With 'is coffin-headed shield an' shovel spear
 An' 'appy day with Fuzzy on the mesh
 Will last an' healthy Tommy for a year.
 So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy an' your friends, whil'
 as no more,
 If we ain't lost some messmates, we would 'elp
 you to deplore;
 But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the
 bargain fair,
 For if you live lost more than us, you cumbered
 up the square.

"Funggy Whiggy" (Call.)

'E smokes at the smoke when we let drive,
 An', before we know, 'e's 'actin' at our 'ead;
 'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
 'E's a injia-mulder idiot on the spree,
 'E's the only thing that doesn't give a damn
 For a regiment of British Infantry!

So 'ere's to you, Funggy-Whiggy, you're one in the
 You're a pore benighted 'eather but a ^{Soudan} first class
 An' 'ere's to you, Funggy-Whiggy, with you'd a ^{fighting} 'ard
 You big, black boundin' beggar - for you
 Broke a British 'square!

(Milk Chandler)

The Workhouse Man

There's a refuge for all as is broke to the world
 where one looks like another, perhaps, at first sight
 where the dresses aint smart, an' the hair isint curled,
 where the heart's mostly heavy, an' diet is light
 It's the workhouse I mean, as me an' the wife
 'ad to face in old age, but she sez to me - "Joe,
 We're seeking a refuge from sorrow and strife,
 An' we mustnt forget, it's together we go.
 They're kind as they can be to paupers like us,
 So long as we makes neither bother nor fuss,
 We dont put on flesh - 'taint good form to grow fat
 But we do see each other! there's something
 in that!

The Workhouse man (Contd.)

When you're used to the life, it ain't a bad sort of
 of you look at it just as a bit of a change,
 for there's lodging an' food for yourself & the wife,
 tho' when nearing the end, to be parted, seems strange
 You're close upon eighty, the missus won't own
 to shall never see seventy seven again.

The children is gone, & we're 'ere all alone,
 But they let us talk over the part now & then,
 At times there's singing, the singers is fine.
 But there's sure to be one as sings 'ould lang syne'
 - The missus she cries, an' I looks for my' at,
 But we listen together, there's something in that!

(The) workhouse man

The Workhouse man (Contd.)

Then on Sundays we all goes to church for a while.
 When we ears the old story told our ~~again~~ again,
 and sometimes the missus looks up with a smile
 to she ears of a crown that the patient may win.
 But it strange they should part us in church -
 where when life was before us, we two was made one
 in the place
 - It's the thought of that time brings a smile to'er face
 for the dream aint' forgot, tho' the dreamin' is done.
 When we meet, it's outside, & there's tears in her eyes,
 But I know 'tain't for sorrow the old woman cries,
 Says she, when we've finished our bit of a chat
 It's onward together, dear, something in that.

"Mandalay" (Rudyard Kipling)

By the old Mahmein Pagodas, lookin' eastward to the sea
 There's a Burma gal a-settin', an' I know she dreams o' me
 - For the ~~sun~~^{wind} is on the palm-trees, an' the temple bells, they say
 "Come you back, you British Soldier, come you back to Mandalay"
 Come you back to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play
 Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Man?
 Or the road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play -
 And the dawn comes up like thunder, arter China coast
 the Bay:

'Er petticoat was yaller, an' 'er little cap was green:
 An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat, jes the same as Theobald's
 An' I seed 'er first, a-smokin' of a whackin' white chow^{green}-root,
 An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on a 'eathen idol's foot.

- Blossim' idol made o' mind

Wot they called the great Gawd Budd -

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed'er when
On the road to Mandalay ^{she stud -}

When the mist was on the ricefields, an' the sun was droppin'
Shed git'er little banjo, an' sing "Kul-loka-lo" ^{slow}

With'er arm upon my shoulder, an' er cheek agin my ^{cheek-}
We used ter watch the steamers an' the hawk's pilin' ^{teak}

Elephants a-pilin' teak in the sludgy squidy creeks

When the silence 'ung that' easy, you was 'alf afraid ter ^{speak}

On the road to Mandalay

But that's all shove be'ind me, long ago an' fur aw ay
 And there aint no lusses namin' from the Bank to
 An' I'm leavin' 'ere in London wot the 10 year ^{mandalay-}soldier bells,
 If you 'eard the East a callin', then you wot 'ead
 noshink else

No, you wot 'ead noshink else

But them spicy garlic smells

An' the sunshine, an' the palm trees,

An' the Kintley Temple bells - On the road to Mandalay.

I'm sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pain' stones;
 An' the blasted English dingle wakens fever in my bones
 Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outas Chelsea to
 the Strand.
 An' they talks a lot o' 'lovin', but wot do they
 understand?

Beefy face an' gully' and -
 hor'! what do they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden, in a cleaner, greener land
 On the road to Mandalay!

Ship me somewhere's East o' Suez, where the best is like
 the worst.
 An' there aint no '10 Commandments', an' a man can raise
 a mist -
 For the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be
 - By the old Moulmein Pagodas, lookin' lazy at the sea!

On the road to Mandalay -

Where the old Shwella lay
 With our sick beneath the awnings, when we went to
 Mandalay -

On the road to Mandalay

Where the flyin' fishes play -

An' the dawn comes up like thunder over China
 East the Bay!

"CHRISTMAS IN INDIA" - (Rudyard Kipling)

Dim dawn behind the Kamanisks - the sky is saffron yellow
 - As the women in the village grind the corn,
 And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling to his fellow
 That the Day, the staring Eastern Day, is born.

O the white dust on the highway! O the
 stenches in the byway!

O the clammy fog that hovers over earth!
 And at home they're making merry 'neath the
 white & scarlet berry -

What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the Kamanisks - the sky is blue
 and staring -

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,

And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is past
all hope or caring,

To the ghat beneath the curling wreaths of smoke,
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a brother
Call on Rama, - he may hear, perhaps, your voice!
With our hymnbooks & our psalters, we appeal to
And today we bid "good Christian men rejoice!"
other altars.

High noon behind the tamarisks - the sun is hot
above us -
As at Home the Xmas Day is breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner - those
who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!
O the toil that knows no breaking! O the
heimneh, ceaseless, aching!

O the black dividing Sea - alien Plain!
 Youth was cheap - wherefore we sold it. Gold
 was good - we hoped to hold it,
 And today we know the fulness of our gain.

Grey dusk behind the tamarisks - the parrots fly together
 - As the Sun is slowly sinking over Stone;
 And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in
 a life long tether
 That drags us back however so far we roam
 Hard her service, poor her payment - she in ancient,
 tattered raiment -
 India, she the grim Stepmother of our Kind.
 If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine we
 The door is shut - we may not look behind.
 enter

Black night behind the Vamanisks - the owls begin
their chorus -

As she conches from the temple scream & wail
With the fruitless years behind us & the hopeless
years before us,

let us honour, O my Brothers, Christmas Day!

Call a truce, then, to our labours - let us
feast with friends & neighbours,

And be merry as the custom of our caste;

For, if 'faint & forced the laughter', & if sadness
follows after,

We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.

~~~~~

"A CODE OF MORALS" - Rudyard Kipling

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep his house in order,

And hied away to the Himmun Hills above the Afghan border,  
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he left he taught  
His wife the working of the Code that sets the miles at naught.

And love had made him very sage, as Nature made her fair;  
So Cupid & Apollo linked, per heliograph, the pair.

At dawn, across the Himmun Hills, he flashed her counsel wise -  
He & 'em, the dying sunset love her husband's homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet clad & gold,  
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal of the old;  
But kept his gravest warnings for (henceby the ditty hangs)  
That snowy-haired bohemian, lieutenant Gen. Bango.

## (A Code of morals)

"Was Gen. Bangs, with Aide & Staff, that <sup>on the way</sup> kistrippped  
 when they beheld a heliograph tempestuously at play.  
 They thought of Border risings, & of stations sacked & burnt.  
 So stopped to take the message down, & this is what they  
 learnt -

"dash dot dot, dot; dot dash, dot dash dot" twice. The  
 General swoe.

"Was ever Gen. Officer addressed as "dear" before?"

"My hore, i' faith! 'My Duck', Gadzooks! 'My darling  
 popsy-wop!"

"Spirit of great had Wolsey, who is or that mountain  
 top?"

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the gilded Staff  
 As dumb with pent-up mirth, they <sup>were</sup> <sup>still</sup> brooked that message  
 From the hill;  
 For, clear as Summer lightning-flare, the husband's  
 warning ran: -  
 "Don't dance or ride with Gen. Bangs - a most  
 immoral man!"

("A Code of morals" - Contd.)

(He dawn across the Humum Hills, he flashed her counsel  
 But, howsoever how be blind, the world at large hath <sup>wise -</sup> both  
 With damnatory dot & dash he heliographed his wife <sup>eyes</sup>  
 Some interesting details of the Gen's private life.

The antless Aide-de-Camp was mate, the shining Staff  
 And red & ever redder grew the Gen's shaven gill. <sup>were still,</sup>  
 And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter, <sup>not</sup>  
 - "I think we've tapped a private line. Hi! Threes  
 about there! Toot!".

All honour unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter  
 By word or act official who read off that helio. ; <sup>know</sup>  
 But the tale is on the frontier, & from Michini to Mool-  
 They know the worthy Gen. as that most immoral <sup>tan</sup> man



"GIFFEN'S DEBT" - Rudyard Kipling

Imprimis he was 'broke'. Thereafter left  
 His regiment and, later, took to drink;  
 Then, having lost the balance of his friends,  
 'Went Fantee' - joined the people of the land,  
 Turned three parts Mussulman & one Hindu,  
 And lived among the Gauri villagers,  
 Who gave him shelter & a wife or twain,  
 And boasted that a thorough, full-blood sahib  
 Had come among them. Thus he spent his time,  
 Deeply indebted to the village shroff  
 (Who never asked for payment), always drunk,  
 Mulean, abominable, out-at-heels;  
 Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

"Giffen's Debt" - Contd?

You know they dammed the Gauri with a dam,  
 And all the good contractors scamped their work  
 And all the bad material at hand  
 Was used to dam the Gauri - which was cheap  
 And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri burst,  
 And several hundred thousand cubic ~~tons~~ tons  
 Of water dropped into the valley, flop,  
 And drowned some five or twenty villagers,  
 And did a lark or two of detriment  
 To crops & cattle. When the flood went down  
 We found him dead, beneath an old dead horse,  
 Full 6 miles down the valley. So we said  
 He was a victim to the Demon Drink,  
 And moralised upon him for a week,  
 And then forgot him. Which was natural.

(Giffens Delt. - Cont.)

(Giffens Delt. - Cont.)

But, in the valley of the Gauri, man  
 Beneath the shadow of the big new dam,  
 Relate a foolish legend of the flood,  
 Accounting for the little loss of life  
 (Only those five or twenty villagers)  
 In this wise: - On the evening of the flood,  
 They heard the groaning of the rotten dam  
 And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then  
 An incarnation of the local god,  
 Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,  
 And flourishing a flail-like whip, came down,  
 Breathing ambrosia to the villages,  
 And fell upon the simple villagers  
 With yells beyond the power of mortal throat,  
 And blows beyond the power of mortal hand,

(The Old Man)

("Griffin's Debt")

And smote them with the flail-like whip & drove  
 them clamorous with terror up the hill,  
 And scattered with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> monster-neighing steed,  
 Their craggy cottages about their ears,  
 And generally cleared those villages.  
 Then came the water, & the local God,  
 Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,  
 And mounted on his monster-neighing steed,  
 Went down the valley with the flying trees  
 And residue of homesteads, while they watched  
 Safe on the mountain side these wondrous things,  
 And knew that they were much beloved of Heaven.

## (Giffens Distr. Contd.)

Therefore, when the dam was newly built,  
 They raised a temple to the local God,  
 And burnt all manner of unsavoury things  
 Upon his altar, & created priests,  
 And blew into a conch & banged a bell,  
 And told the story of the Gauri flood  
 With circumstance & much embroidery.  
 So he, the whistified Objectionable,  
 Nuclear, abominable, out-at-heals,  
 Became the tutelary Deity  
 Of all the Gauri valley villages .....  
 And may in time become a Solar myth.

(Kipling's "Other Verses")

(Kipling's "Other Verses")

"The Grave of the Hundred Head"

This is a widow in sleepy Chester  
 Who weeps for her only son;  
 There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
 A grave that the Burmans shun,  
 And there's Subadar Prag Tewari  
 Who tells how the work was done.

A Snider squibbed in the jungle -  
 Somebody laughed or fled,  
 And the men of the First Shikaris  
 Picked up their Subaltern dead,  
 With a big blue mark on his forehead  
 And the back blown out of his head.

("The Game of the Hundred Head". Contd.)

Subadar Prag Tewari,

Jemadar Hira Lal,

Took command of the party,

Twenty rifles in all,

Marched them down to the river

As the day was beginning to fall.

They buried the boy by the river,  
A blanket over his face -

They wept for their dead lieutenant,

The men of an alien race -

They made a Samadh in his honour

A mark for his resting-place.

(The Game of the Woodland)

For they swore by the Holy Water,  
 They swore by the salt they ate,  
 That the soul of Lieutenant Eschmitt Sahle  
 Should go to his God in state;  
 With fifty file of Burman  
 To open him Heaven's Gate.

The men of the first Shitaris  
 Marched till the break of day,  
 Till they came to the rebel village,  
 The village of Pahengmay -  
 A jungle covered the clearing,  
 Calthrops hampered the way.



Subadar Prag Tewari,  
 Bidding them load with ball,  
 Halted a dozen rifles  
 Under the village wall;  
 Sent out a flanking party  
 With jemadar Hira Chal.

The men of the first Shikaris  
 Shouted & smoke & slew,  
 Turning the grinning jingal  
 On to the hauling crew.

The jemadar's flanking party  
 Butchered the folk who flew.

(The game of the Hundred Head)

Long was the morn of slaughter,  
 Long was the list of slain,  
 Five score heads were taken,  
 Five score heads & twain;  
 And the men of the First Shikaris  
 Went back to their grave again.

Each man bearing a basket  
 Red as his palms that day,  
 Red as the blaying village -  
 The village of Palengmay,  
 And the 'drip-drip-drip' from the baskets  
 Reddened the grass by the way.

(The game of the Hundred Dead)

They made a pile of their trophies  
 High as a tall man's chin,  
 Head upon head distated,  
 Set in a sightless grin,  
 Anger & Pain & Terror  
 Stamped on the smoke scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewari  
 Put ~~on~~ the head of the Boh  
 On the top of the mound of Triumph,  
 The head of his son below,  
 With the sword & the peacock banner  
 That the world might behold & know.

"(The game of the Diamond Head)"

Thus the Samādāh was perfect

Thus was the lesson plain

Of the wrath of the first Shikaris -

The price of a white man slain;

And the men of the first Shikaris

Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,

A hush fell over the shore,

And Bohs that were brave departed,

And Sniders squibbed no more;

For the Burmans said

That a Kullah's head

Must be paid for with heads five score.

(There's a widow in sleepy Chester Jete)

"The Moon of Other Days." R.K. (Other Days)  
139

Beneath the deep veranda's shade,  
When bats begin to fly,  
I sit me down & watch - alas!

Another evening die.

Blood-red behind the serene feroash

She rises through the haze.

Sainted Diana! can that be

The Moon of Other Days!

Oh! shade of little Kitty Smith,

Sweet Saint of Kensington!

Say, was it ever thus at home

The Moon of August shore,

When arm-in-arm we wandered long

Through Putney's evening haze,  
And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath

The Moon of Other Days?

"The Moon of Other Days" (Contd) 141

But Wandle's stream is Suttley now,

And Putney's evening haze

The dust that half a hundred Kine

Before my window raise.

Unkempt, unclean, athwart the mist

The seething city looms,

In place of Putney's golden gorse

The sickly babul blooms

flame down, old fecate, through the dust,

And bid the pie-dog yell,

Draw from the drain its Typhoid germs,

From each bazaar its smell;

Yea, suck the fever from the tank

And sap my strength therewith:

Thank Heaven, you show a smiling face

To little Kitty Smith!

## (Departmental Ditties)

"The Story of Uria" R.K.

Jack Barnett went to Quetta  
Because they told him to.  
He left his wife at Simla

On three-fourths his monthly screw,  
Jack Barnett died at Quetta  
Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barnett went to Quetta,  
He didn't understand

The reason of his transfer  
From the pleasant mountain land.  
The season was September,  
And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Banett went to Quetta  
 and there gave up the ghost,  
 attempting two men's duty  
 In that very healthy post;  
 And Mrs. Banett mourned for him  
 Five lively months at most

Jack Banett's bones at Quetta  
 Enjoy profound repose;  
 But I shouldn't be astonished  
 If now his spirit knows  
 The reason of his transfer  
 From the Himalayan snows.



And when he last Great Bogle Call  
 A down the Huronai throbs,  
 When the last grim joke is entered  
 In the big black Books of Jobs,  
 And Duetta graveyards give again  
 Their victims to the air,  
 I shouldn't like to be the man  
 Who sent Jack Barnett there.

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P. J. O'Reilly

John Ireland

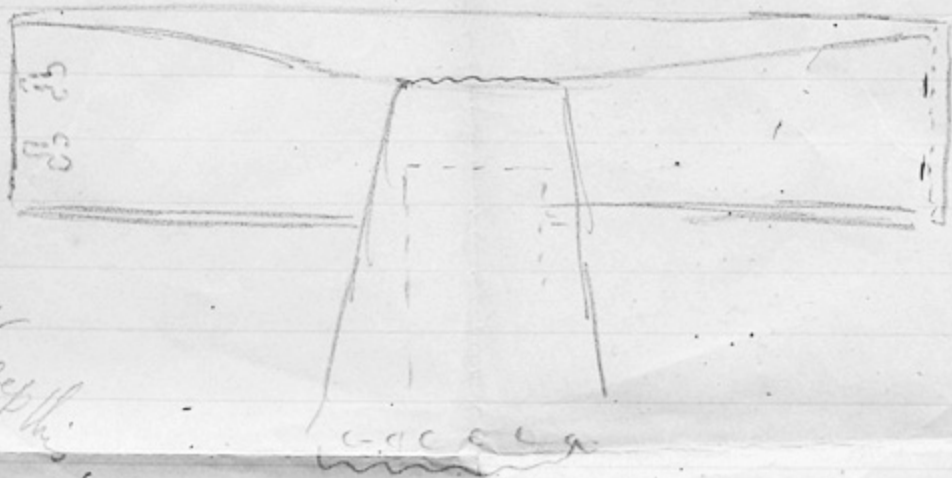
### HERE'S TO THE SHIPS

Here's to the ships, the grey ships,  
The ships that wayward go,  
Proudly to keep our flag afloat  
In lands of sun or snow.

Here's to the ships, the grey ships,  
That know not let nor bar,  
The ships that guard our Motherland -  
Our Kith & Kin afar!

Here's to the guns, the long guns,  
That speak with lips aflame,  
Defiant as the thunderbolt,  
When grim war is the game.  
Here's to the guns the long guns,  
That open the sea-gates wide -  
The guns that fierce dominion hold,  
And will not be denied!

Here's to the men, the best men,  
That e'er a nation boasts,  
The men from vale & tor & town —  
The best & best of foasts!  
Here's to the men, the seamen,  
Who, at their country's call,  
Will man her ships, will fight her guns:  
The men! the best of all!



Keep this: it's a design  
for court costume  
jabot

Pueblo

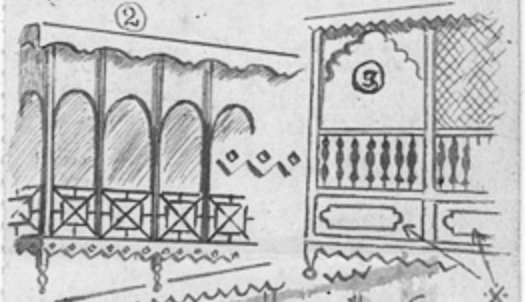


Pueblo.

NATIVE VERANDAS - DAGSHA.  
① light green with Indian Red  
scallops.  
② Dk Red. ③ Wt. with  
wh. Panelling.\*



④  
Sap  
Green





Oak



Elm



Poplar



Pine

Trees.