

## THE BLACK DUDEEN

*Humping it here in the dug-out,  
Sucking me black dudeen,  
I'd like to say, in a general way,  
There's nothing like Nickyteen;  
There's nothing like Nickyteen, my boys,  
Be it pipes or snipes or cigars;  
So be sure that a bloke  
Has plenty to smoke,  
If you wants him to fight your wars.*

When I've eat my fill and my belt is snug,  
I begin to think of my baccy plug;  
I whittle a fill in my horny palm,  
And the bowl of me old clay pipe I cram.  
I trim the edges, I tamp it down,  
I nurse a light with an anxious frown;  
I begin to draw, and my cheeks tuck in,  
And all my face is a blissful grin:  
And up in a cloud the good smoke goes,  
And the good pipe glimmers and fades and glows;