

MY PRISONER

We was in a crump-'ole, 'im and me;
Fightin' wiv our bayonets was we;
Fightin' 'ard as 'ell we was,
Fightin' fierce as fire because
 It was 'im or me as must be downed;
'E was twice as big as me;
I was 'arf the weight of 'e;
 We was like a terryer and a 'ound.

'Struth! But 'e was sich a 'andsome bloke.
Me, I'm 'andsome as a chunk o' coke.
Did I give it 'im? Not 'arf!
Why, it fairly made me laugh,
 'Cos 'is bloomin' bellows wasn't sound.
Couldn't fight for monkey-nuts,
Soon I gets 'im in the guts,
 There 'e lies a-floppin' on the ground.