

He was known as Mad Carew by the subs at Katmandu,
He was hotter than they felt inclined to tell;
Despite his foolish pranks, he was worshipped in the
ranks,
And the colonel's daughter smiled on him as well.

He loved her from the start, p'raps she knew it in her
heart,
The fact that she loved him was plain to tell;
She was nearly twenty-one and arrangements had
begun
To celebrate her birthday with a ball.

He wrote to ask what present she would like from Mad
Carew;
They met next day as he dismissed his squad,
And jestingly she told him nothing else on earth would
do
But the green eye of the little yellow god.

On the night before the dance Mad Carew seemed in
a trance,
And they chaffed him as they puffed at their cigars,
But for once he failed to smile and sat alone awhile,
Then went out into the night beneath the stars.

He returned next day at dawn with his shirt and trousers
torn
And a gash across his temple dripping red;
He was patched up right away, and slept all through
the day,
And the colonel's daughter watched beside his bed.

When he awoke he asked her to send his tunic through
She did so and he thanked her with a nod,
And feeling in his pocket said: "There; that's from
Mad Carew,"
And he handed her the green eye of the god.

She reproached poor Carew in the way that women do,
Though both her eyes were strangely hot and wet;
She handed back the stone and poor Carew was left
alone
With the jewel he had risked his life to get.