

Now the captain wot you think a fuss, the left, you say is fresh,
'Ave 'ad their hloomin' eye-teeth cut, they knows you in the
flesh.

The college wot they comes from is a milingtary mill,
Wot grinds them'ard in sciences and keeps them to their drill.
They've done all your nasty work, and much you'll never do
Before they comes to learn you to be soldiers good and true.
And I'm the hoy wot knows it, I've lately come from there,
I was purfessor of the goose-step, and 'ow to cut the air.
And it only goes to show they've lots of pride.
Your only Tommy Atkins, 'e never puts on side.

For three long years they works and slaves and drills like little
men,
They keep their kits, and hacks their boots, and studies until
ten.

At peep o' day they're up and out, with classes every hour
In everythin wot goes to make a soldier a right hower.
The pipe clay regulations wot you' ate they learns to know is right,
That discipline is wot you wants before you're fit to fight.
Then they leads you into battle, and your country says with pride,
"There's none like Tommy Atkins tho' 'e never puts on side."
And it only goes to show if you 'ave a little pride
Though you're only Tommy Atkins you may yet put on side.

AN ANGLER'S LAMENT

DEDICATED TO I. EMERSON PALMER, ESQ.

Dam' me ! that I should other fish to fry
When *trout* like magnet, draw me to the North,
And in my dreams I'm ever casting fly
On limpid lake, then waking I am wroth
To find that in some meshes I hut *flounder*
As helpless as a hird to a limed *perch*
Instead of having landed a four pounder.
For *sucker* from my fate I vainly search,