

"SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO."

The following Rudyard Kipling's latest poem, published in *McClure's Magazine* for April. The Arm of the Service which the poet designs to compliment is the Royal Marines :

As I was spittin' into the Ditch aboard o' the "Crocodile."
I seed a man on a man-o'-war got up in the Reg'lars' style.
'E was scrapin' the paint from off 'er plates, an' I sez to 'im : "Oo are you ?"
Sez 'e ; "I'm a Jolly—'er Majesty's Jolly—soldier an' sailor too !"

Now 'is work begins by Gawd known when, and 'is work is never through—

'E isn't one of the Reg'lar line, nor 'e isn't one of the crew—

'E's a kind of a giddy herumfrodite—soldier an' sailor too !

An' after I met 'im all over the world, a-doin' all kinds o' things,
Like landin' 'isself with a Gatling-gun to talk to them 'eathen kings ;
'E sleeps in an 'ammick instead of a cot, an' 'e drills with the deck on a slue,
An' 'e sweats like a Jolly—'er Majesty's Jolly—soldier an' sailor too !

For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the beggar don't know—nor do !

You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead to paddle 'is own canoe ;

'E's a sort of a bloomin' cosmopolot—soldier an' sailor too.

We've fought 'em on trooper, we've fought 'em in dock, an' drunk with 'em in
betweens,

When they called us the sea-sick scull'ry maids, an' we called 'm the Ass
Marines ;

But when we was down for a double fatigue, from Woolwich to Bernardmyo,

We sent for the Jollies—'er Majesty's Jollies—soldier an' sailor too !

They think for 'emselves, an' they steal for 'emselves, an' they never ask
what's to do,

But they're camped and fed an' they're up an' fed before our bugle's blew.

Ho ! they ain't no limpin' procrastitutes—soldier an' sailor too !

You may say we are fond of an 'arness cut or 'ootin' in barrick-yards,

Or startin' a Board School mutiny along o' the Onion Guards ;

But once in a while we can finish in style for the ends of the earth to view,

The same as the Jollies—'er Majesty's Jollies—soldier an' sailor too.

They come of our lot, they was brothers to us, they was beggars we'd met and
knew ;

Yes, barrin' an inch in the chest an' the arms, they was doubles o' me and you,

For they weren't no special chrysanthemums—soldier an' sailor too.

To take your choice in the thick of a rush with firing all about

Is nothing so bad when you've cover to 'and, and leave an' likin' to shout :

But to stand an' be still to the "Birken'ead" drill is a damn tough bullet to
chew,

And they done it, the Jollies—'er Majesty's Jollies—soldier an' sailor too.

Their work was done when it 'adn't begun, they was younger nor me an' you ;

Their choice it was plain between drownin' in 'eaps an' bein' mashed by the
screw,

An' they stood an' was still to the "Birken'ead" drill, soldier an' sailor too !