



What matter if, without another's claim,  
He wastes his wages on a breathless game ;  
Without a care of future, nor a doubt,  
He burns his substance in a futile flame ?

For man is only man, and clay is clay,  
And barrack duties change not day by day.

Three themes hath he to talk of : women, food,  
And what he's going to do with next week's pay.

Oh, come then from the world's commercial  
churn,

To comradeship and yarning let us turn :

Come, blow life's bubbling cares to nothing-  
ness,

As blows the froth from off the brimming urn.

Come, listen to the tales of other lands,  
Where lap the lazy waves on silver sands ;

Where dusky maids and black attendants  
crowd ;

Where Tom is king, and deep respects commands.

Come, feel the luring stir within your blood  
Of foreign service, far across the flood ;

Come, feel imagined heat of tropic sun,  
And scent the laden oriental bud.

On sweet imagined feast he, starving, feeds ;  
The thrilling tales of regimental deeds ;

The death by valour and the life of strife  
Forever be the chief of Tommy's creeds.

Within the peaceful precincts of these walls,  
Resounding with the haunting bugle calls,

Come, dream that in the dusk of future years  
A deed of valour to your lot befalls.