



THE GROUCH.

"THIS world's made up of critters,"
—Said a Private from the ranks—
"Of cantaloupes and quitters
And most unlordly swanks.
Just take our Colour-Sergeant,
He's a bird when on the shout ;
I wish I was the Colonel,—
I'd hang the blighter out.

"There ain't no use in talking,"
—He continued, warming up—
"That half-cut Corporal Smithers is
A dirty-dealing pup.
He took me up before the beak ;
You bet your life he did,
With evidence to hang me, sure
For bluff he takes the lid.

"The Captain hands me out a snort
With his ookey-boozley nose ;
And when he'd looked me up and down
And stared clean thro' my clo'es,
He up and says, 'What makes you think
You're living in a cup ?
What have you got to say ? But wait,
Before you start, shut up !'

"Now, say, that is some justice
For a Briton born to get.
The Captain and the Corporal
And the Sergeant have me set.