

The Other Fellow

I.

That's "the other fellow's widow" in the corner over there
And around her little toddling children three
God bless her little body, what a Briton to be sure
The likes of her 'tis seldom that ye'll see—
I remember when her man went how she cheered him on his way
Said "I'll keep the pot a' boilin' Bill, at home,"
'Tis proud I am you've answered to your King
and Country's call
Do your duty, dear, I'll never fret or moan."

II.

That's "The Other Fellow's" sweetheart, she's sortin' mail just now
They say that she's had lovers by the score.
But Charlie was the lucky dog as knocked the others out
The marriage day was settled to be sure.
They together saw the poster when the call went forth for men
And Charlie said, my dear "I'll have to go"—
"Why, of course you will," she answered, or
"I'll never be your wife,"
So he died for King and country as you know.

III.

That's "The Other Fellow's" mother, she's a cripple, as you see,
Her boys her pride and joy and her support—
And dearly as she loved them, do ye think she held them back
To all advice—just list to her retort.