

'O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !  
 For all your jeering speeches,  
 At duty's call I left my legs  
 In Badajos's *breaches* !'

'When then,' said she, 'you've lost the feet  
 Of legs in war's alarms,  
 And now you cannot wear your shoes  
 Upon your *feats* of arms !'

'O false and fickle Nelly Gray !  
 I know why you refuse :  
 Though I've no feet, some other man  
 Is standing in my shoes !

I wish I ne'er had seen your face :  
 But now a long farewell !  
 For you will be my death—alas !  
 You will not be my *Nell* !'

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
 His heart so heavy got,  
 And life was such a burden grown,  
 It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck  
 A rope he did entwine,  
 And, for his second time in life,  
 Enlisted in the Line !

One end he tied around a beam,  
 And then removed his pegs,—  
 And, as his legs were off, of course  
 He soon was off his legs !

And there he hung till he was dead  
 As any nail in town ;  
 For though distress had cut him up,  
 It could not cut him down !

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
 To find out why he died ;  
 And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
 With a *stake* in his inside !'

