I was walk - in' long o' Li - zer, Thought it wis - er 'Cos they eyes 'er, I'd

took 'er for an out - in', Sez she - pout - in' - "Wot's that shout - in? A
cove - 're starts a - 'ol. ler.in! Crowds a - fol. ler.in' (Flags a - col.lar.in') A

rall. March time.

cheerin' all the way."Baden-Powell! Bobs! oo-ray! An' "Brav - vol! Dublin Fu. sil. iers!"
rall. molto rall. ff

cres - cen do. f ff March time.
Wot oh! we cried On Maffee kin' night, on Maffee kin' night! Wot oh! Outside! On Maffee kin' night, on Maffee kin' night! We all behaved, Altho' we raved, An' the old flag waved, The smoke on 'is back wore a Union Jack, An' Par'ad'is whiskers shaved! Wot
Then someone started pitchin’er
Yarns of Kitchener,
Quite bewitchin’er.
The moke begins a-rearin’
Makes a clearin’
Through the cheerin’
’E takes us in ‘is silly way,
Piccadilly way,
’Taint a ‘illy way!
We makes in the dark,
For a mansion near the park,
With a cheer for “Good old Baden-Powell.”

We turns the donkey’s noddle ‘ome,
Sayin’ “Toddle ‘ome.”
’E would waddle ‘ome!
It weren’t no good a-tryin’ force,
’E’d ’ave cheered, of course,
But the moke was ’oarse.
Then as ’e nears the Lambeth Road,
With a ’eavy load,
’E distinctly showed
If ’e could only speak,
’E’d be shoutin’ all the week,
For B.P.—Bobs—and Fusiliers!