



Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
They ate their whack and they drank their fill,  
And I think the rations has made them ill,                   30  
For half my comp'ny's lying still  
                  Where the Widow give the party.

“How did you get away — away,  
                  Johnnie, Johnnie?”  
On the broad o' my back at the end o' the day,                   35  
                  Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
I comed away like a bleedin' toff,  
For I got four niggers to carry me off,  
As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,  
                  When the Widow give the party.                   40

“What was the end of all the show,  
                  Johnnie, Johnnie?”  
Ask my Colonel, for I don't know,  
                  Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
We broke a King and we built a road —                   45  
A court-house stands where the Reg'ment goed.  
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed  
                  When the Widow give the party.  
                  (*Bugle: Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara!*)

1890

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