

# Litfiba, Cannon Song

John was all present and Jim was all there and Georgie was up for promotion  
Not that the Army gave a bugger who they were when confronting some heathen commotion  
The troops live under the cannon's thunder from Sind to Cooch Behar  
when they come face to face  
moving from place to place  
With a different breed of fellow whose skins are black or yellow  
They quick as winking chop him into beefsteak tartar  
Johnny found his whiskey too warm and Jimmy found the weather too balmy  
But Georgie took them both by the arm and said "Don't ever disappoint the army"  
The troops live under the cannon's thunder from Sind to Cooch Behar  
when they come face to face  
moving from place to place  
With a different breed of fellow whose skins are black or yellow  
They quick as winking chop him into beefsteak tartar  
John is a write-off and Jimmy is dead and Georgie was shot for looting  
And young men's blood goes on being red and the army still goes on ahead recruiting  
The troops live under the cannon's thunder from Sind to Cooch Behar  
when they come face to face  
moving from place to place  
With a different breed of fellow whose skins are black or yellow  
They quick as winking chop him into beefsteak tartar