

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

21 *Loot*

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's back,
If you've ever snigg'd the washin' from the line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,
You will understand this little song o' mine.
But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we are debarred, 5
For the same with English morals does not suit.
(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)

Why, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin' clobber
With the —
(*Chorus*) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo! Loot! loot! loot ! 10
Ow, the loot!
Bloomin' loot!
That's the thing to make the boys git up an' shoot!
It's the same with dogs an' men,
If you'd make 'em come again 15
Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot!
(*ff*) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's thrustin' for your life,
You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't feel 'is knife 20
That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade the beggars under
Why lootin' should be entered as a crime.
So, if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain an' clear
'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime. 25
(*Chorus*) With the loot, . . .

Now remember when you're 'acking round a gilded Burma god
That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-rod
'E's like to show you everything 'e owns. 30
When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot
 (*Cornet*: Toot! toot!) —
 When the ground begins to sink, shove your baynick down the chink,
 An' you're sure to touch the — 35
 (*Chorus*) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!
 Ow, the loot! . . .

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'unting, you must always work in pairs —
 It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find —
 For a single man gets bottled on them twisty-wisty stairs, 40
 An' a woman comes and clob's 'im from be'ind.
 When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems beyond a doubt
 As if there weren't enough to dust a flute
 (*Cornet*: Toot! toot!) —
 Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ousetops take a look, 45
 For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.
 (*Chorus*) Ow, the loot! . . .

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quartermaster too,
 If you only take the proper way to go.
 I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned you all I knew — 50
 But don't you never say I told you so.
 An' now I'll bid good-bye, for I'm gettin' rather dry,
 An' I see another tunin' up to toot
 (*Cornet*: Toot! toot!) —
 So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the Widow's clo'es, 55
 An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!
 (*Chorus*) Yes, the loot,
 Bloomin' loot!
 In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!
 It's the same with dogs an' men, 60
 If you'd make 'em come again
 (*fff*) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!
 Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

1890

(From *Rudyard Kipling's Verse*. Definitive edition. London, 1940)