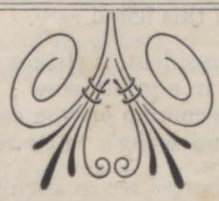


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Price, 3d.

British & Boer.

Satirical and Patriotic
Verses.



BY
W. B. YALDWYN.

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1900

A Grave Interview.

Alles zal recht Komen.

Dramatis personæ ... } REV. P. KRUGER.
 ... } ADVOCATE STEYN.

Scene—On the Stoep, Presidential Residency, Pretoria.

KRUGER.—Ah! My friend Steyn, I think that we
 Can't drive the Rooineks to the sea,
 I'll seek a Psalm which fits the case
 To get rid of this hated race.

STEYN.—Dear President, it strikes me too,
 That we are in a pretty stew ;
 The winter's coming on you see,
 And commandeering's " up a tree."

KRUGER.—Our horses are so angular
 The saddles on their back bones jar ;
 Yea friend, their hips do so protrude
 That hats can—

STEYN.—Say no more, it's food
 Our horses want, they were not made
 To use as—

KRUGER.—Wardrobes—since our raid
 On Natal and the Cape, I mourn
 To think we've quite forgotten corn.

STEYN.—You really must make some amends,
 Not joke on our dumb equine friends.

KRUGER.—Except, dear Steyn, the corn and oil
 Which Scripture tells us we must spoil
 In righteous war on Rooinekites.

STEYN.—Ahem, I doubt now that the fights
We started on so merrily,

KRUGER.—Which have not gone on steadily,

STEYN.—Although we did fight sturdily,

KRUGER.—And I say, Steyn, my homily,

STEYN (aside).—I did not hear it luckily.
And thank my stars that I was out
On each occasion when you “spout.”

KRUGER.—Yea, my dear Steyn, I feel that we
Will have to cut our smoke—coffee!
And many other luxury.
My † soapjie too, I'll have to dock,

STEYN.—And Veldschoens I find out of stock,

KRUGER.—Our ammunition is so short,

STEYN.—And what is worse, more can't be bought.
Yes, we're in a pretty mess,
It couldn't well be worse, unless—

KRUGER.—I went to heaven in this dress;
A rifle and a bandolier
Is hardly fit for Heaven I fear,
When conscience tells me I offend
And shoot my brother, Rooinek friend;
By Gad, I beg your pardon Steyn!

STEYN (aside).—I thought you walked the narrow lane,
If those poor simple *Tak-haars knew—

KRUGER.—How can they? between me and you
We've used them well to suit our end:
The idiots thought they should defend
Their country, and get farms and cash,

STEYN.—And now it's ended in a smash.
Almachtig! Teufel! Donner! Dash!
Sacré! Himmel!—it's a hash—

KRUGER (piously).—Oh stop, you shock me, so profane,
Unparliamentary, dear Steyn,
You chided me for my small mote,
But, lo! I find you in my boat.
Your beam is like a great toll bar,
Or axle of a railway car;
Though your expressions much beat me
In scope and in variety.

* Unkempt Boer represented by our yokel.

† Anglicé—Tot. Scotchee—Drappie. Irishee—The Crather.

STEYN.—We'll hang our conscience on a tree,
Remember Boer posterity.
We'll give them law—we'll inward drum
Ar-gu-men-tum ad hom-i-nem,
Translated in the vulgar tongue ;
Physically force, and bung,
Or bang, or kill, or crush, no less
The Rooineks in Khaki dress.
I'll give them law—

KRUGER.—Now, say no more—
I'll give them prophets, Mauser one's,
You're not much good at shooting guns ;
You infinitely much prefer

STEYN.—Lex talionis, my dear Sir,
Which means in our plain conversation,
The old law of re-tal-i-a-tion.
We've suffered so from—

KRUGER.—What ? dear friend.

STEYN.—Oh, never mind, I don't intend
To reason on the point ; but see
We must be baas, we must be free.
Yes, we must collar all the tin—

KRUGER.—And grind them down, it is no sin.

STEYN.—A sin, be hanged, how can they be
Novitiates of Sanctity.
In fact, dear friend, like *you* and *me*
More likely that the're training for
The other road, but that's not law.

KRUGER.—I'm thinking in a week or two
Of taking passage—

STEYN.—Now, were you ?
It's strange, I had the same idea
(Not that I feel the slightest fear),
But if our Burghers took the thought
Of " potting " me, I'll not be caught.

KRUGER.—Nor me, I'll be like Bonaparte,
And cut and run with all my heart.

Overheard,

By " LITTLE BIRD."

In commemoration of the Relief of Kimberley.

The Khaki going North

(From Cape Colony).

FORWARD boys, where brothers utter,
Distant wails of life opprest ;
Onward, Forward, without mutter,
Do your duty khaki-dressed.
A belt of nations, kindred all,
In every clime, to every call ;
Most eager, bold, to fly, defend
Their rights, their honour, to the end.
A guarding angel, sword in hand,
Is seated on a silver shield ;
Britannia is her name, her land
All round the world, a boundless strand.
A cry comes far, from Afric's shore,
Oh brothers come, relieve our sore ;
Injustice stamps its iron heel
To crush, come brothers you can feel.
Feel for you boys, ah that we can,
We'll come, no fear, and every man
Well knows the justice you so parch,
Shall quick be done—forward, quick march.
Left-right-double quick,
Shot and shell is falling thick ;
Now, cold steel, boys the order runs,
Hooray, they're off—We've got the guns.
Forward Lancers and Dragoons,
Sweep them off as fell typhoons ;
Use your lances, smite with sword,
Lay them level with the sward.
And that night in the camp they tell,
Of how our fellows fought and fell ;
The dead are reverently laid
With glory round them not to fade.
The wounded, they with tender hands,
Relieve and wrap up wounds with bands ;
The nurses quick try every plan,
To care for each and every man.

They sleep in fitful dreams and start,
Thinking the foe is near, and dart
To squadron, company and file,
Or sink again to sleep awhile.

* * * * *

Ah War, you make us men indeed,
And though your fee is blood, your creed
Has points of honour, for you lead
To noble men, though oft they bleed.

Soldiers, we honour you, and such
Who stake your lives and eager clutch
To right the wrong without a fear ;
To stamp out those who domineer.

We are not born to be the slave
Of Boers and others who behave
Good or bad ; we well can grip
Their throats, and smite them on the hip.

* * * * *

Next day when the General thanks
His gallant men, who in the ranks
Are thirsting for his views expressed,
And more—a V.C. on their breast.

How proud our British soldiers feel
Their country's honour, for the zeal
Displayed to serve their Sovereign Queen ;
Nothing to daunt, nothing between.

Our Sailors, too, the jolly tars,
They are the true-born sons of Mars ;
With naval guns, these boys of pith
Just came in time to Ladysmith.

This day we heard the glorious news
Of Kimberley's relief by French ;
The joy this caused did all infuse,
The country, town, the veldt and trench.

Our forces swept the Orange State,
That's lost its freedom on this date ;
It now becomes Her Majesty's,
To some a not too pleasant phase.

Our troops have captured Jacobsdal,
And Kelly-Kenny (General)
Is on the track of open plain,
Where Cronje bolts to Bloemfontein.

As bolting is their game to-day,
They'll just oblige our men well bladed ;

Although, of course, we'll hear them say
**One killed and two are slightly wounded.*

* * * * *

A despot filled with mad conceit,
Invades the Empire to defeat
The hated sons of Albion free,
And drive her subjects to the sea.
For while the rifle's murderous ball
Fulfills its mission, yet they call
Aloud on High most strenuously,
To bless their deeds of infamy.
Great *One* who rules in majesty,
Directing all immensity,
We cry to Thee for justice, aid,
And may our hearts on Thee be stayed.
May moral force be given us,
To stop this wicked, barbarous
And braggart foe ; may they soon know
That Thou art with their hated foe.
May all their mercenary band
Be put to flight, and understand
That blasphemy will but recoil
Upon their heads—their actions foil.
God save our Gracious Queen, we sing,
And He will save, give everything
That justice prompts, will hear our cry—
God save Her Gracious Majesty.

*This is now contradicted by the Boers, who maintain that they arrived at their destination more numerous than they started—and yet no one joined them! Wonderful! Especially so early in the century—In fact this beats the harmless lyddite shell we hear so much about from the Boers. If they can stand them smiling—that's all right.

Port Elizabeth, S.A.,
February 15th, 1900.

“ SJAMBOK.”

CARNEGIE BIBLIOTEK