

**1892**

**DANNY DEEVER (From Barrack-Room Ballads)**

**Rudyard Kipling**

**Kipling, Rudyard (1865-1936) - An English novelist, short-story writer, and poet who spent most of his youth in India and is best known for his children's classics. In 1907, Kipling was the first English writer ever to be awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. Danny Deever (1892) - From "Barrack-Room Ballads," a collection of poems celebrating British army life and the soldier.**

**Opening line: "What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade. ...**

## DANNY DEEVER

“What are the bugles blowin’ for?” said Files-on-Parade.

“To turn you out, to turn you out,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

“What makes you look so white, so white?” said Files-on-Parade.

“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,  
The regiment’s in ‘ollow square- they’re hangin’ him to-day;  
They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut his stripes away, An’  
they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’.

“What makes the rear-rank breathe so ‘ard?” said Files-on-Parade.

“It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

“What makes that front-rank man fall down?” says Files-on-Parade.

“A touch o’ sun, a touch o’ sun,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deever, they are marchin’ of ‘im round,  
They ‘ave ‘altd Danny Deever by ‘is coffin on the ground; An’ ‘e’ll  
swing in ‘arf a minute for a sneakin’ shootin’ hound-

O they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’!

“‘Is cot was right-‘and cot to mine,” said Files-on-Parade.

“‘E’s sleepin’ out an’ far to-night,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

“I’ve drunk ‘is beer a score o’ times,” said Files-on-Parade.

“‘E’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deever, you must mark ‘im to ‘is place,  
For ‘e shot a comrade sleepin’- you must look ‘im in the face; Nine  
‘undred of ‘is county an’ the regiment’s disgrace, While they’re  
hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’.

“What’s that so black agin the sun?” said Files-on-Parade.

“It’s Danny fightin’ ‘ard for life,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

“What’s that that whimpers over‘ead?” said Files-on-Parade.

“It’s Danny’s soul that’s passin’ now,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they’re done with Danny Deever, you can ‘ear the quickstep  
play, The regiment’s in column, an’ they’re marchin’ us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin’, an’ they’ll want their beer to-  
day, After hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’.

**THE END**