

1

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say: "Come you
back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay! 2

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat -jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen, An' I seed
her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!

On the road to Mandalay...

3

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow, She'd git
'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!

On the road to Mandalay...

4

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;

On the road to Mandalay...

5

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in my bones; Tho' I walks with
fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand, An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but
wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and -

Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!

On the road to Mandalay...

6

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst, Where
there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst; For the
temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!

O the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!