

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Ladies

The Ladies  
(Rudyard Kipling)

I've taken my fun where I've found it;  
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time,  
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweetwarts,  
An' four o' the lot was prime,  
One was an 'arf-caste widow  
One was a woman at Prome  
One was the wife of a jemadar-sais [1]  
An' one is a girl at home.

Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies  
For, takin' them all along  
You never can say till you've tried 'em  
And then you are like to be wrong;  
There's times that you think that you mightn't  
There's times that you know that you might,  
But the things you will learn from the Yellow and Brown  
They'll 'elp you a lot with the white!

I was a young un at 'Oogli,  
Shy as a girl to begin;  
Aggie de Castrer she made me,  
An' Aggie was clever as sin;  
Older than me, but my first un,  
More like a mother she were--  
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,  
An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then I was ordered to Burma,  
Actin' in charge o' Bazar,  
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen  
Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.  
Funny an' yellow an' faithful-  
Doll in a teacup she were-  
But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,  
An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then we was shifted to Neemuch  
(Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),  
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,  
The wife of a nigger at Mhow;  
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' bolee, [2]

Kind o' volcano she were,  
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she was white,  
And I learned about women from 'er!

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,  
'Long of a kid o' sixteen-  
'Girl from a convent at Meerut  
The straightest I ever 'ave seen.  
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,  
S@e didn't know what it were;  
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,  
But I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,  
An' now I must pay for my fun,  
For the more you 'ave known o' the others  
The less will you settle to one;  
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',  
An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;  
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),  
And learn about women from me!

What did the Colonel's Lady think?  
Nobody ever knew.  
Somebody asked the Sergeant's Wife  
An' she told 'em true;  
When you get to a man in the case  
They're as like as a row of pins  
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady  
Are sisters under their skins!

[1] Head-groom.

[2] Slang

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