

## Chapter 1 : ShieldSquare Block

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O the oont, 6 O the oont, O the commissariat oont! O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary oont! O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken oont! Chorus With the loot., Chorus Ow the loot! The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen: Ow, poor beggars in red! There was a row in Silver Street â€” begod, I wonder why! Serve, serve, serve as a soldier, Serve, serve, serve as a soldier, Serve, serve, serve as a soldier, So-oldier of the Queen! Fit, fit, fit for a soldier. Bad, bad, bad for the soldier. Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier. Fool, fool, fool of a soldier. Beer, beer, beer for the soldier. Curse, curse, curse of a soldier. Front, front, front like a soldier. Fight, fight, fight for the soldier. Start-, start-, startles the soldier. So take open order, lie down, and sit tight, And wait for supports like a soldier. Wait, wait, wait like a soldier. Go, go, go like a soldier, Go, go, go like a soldier, Go, go, go like a soldier, So-oldier of the Queen! On the road to Mandalay. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.

### Chapter 2 : German addresses are blocked - theinnatdunvilla.com

*Palm Room Ballads (Classic Reprint) [Ernestine Ernestine] on theinnatdunvilla.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Excerpt from Palm Room Ballads Sweet brunette, coy coquette, Shun me, dear, I get you yet; Charming eyes.*

For you all love the screw-guns--the screw-guns they all love you! For you all love the screw-guns. For "drunk and resisting the Guard! For "drunk and resisting the Guard. You put some juldee in it [Be quick. When the cartridges ran out, You could hear the front-files shout, "Hi! Chorus With the loot,. Chorus Ow the loot! The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen: Ow, poor beggars in red! Serve, serve, serve as a soldier, Serve, serve, serve as a soldier, Serve, serve, serve as a soldier, So-oldier OF the Queen! Fit, fit, fit for a soldier. Bad, bad, bad for the soldier. Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier. Fool, fool, fool of a soldier. Beer, beer, beer for the soldier. Curse, curse, curse of a soldier. Front, front, front like a soldier. Fight, fight, fight for the soldier. Start-, start-, startles the soldier. So take open order, lie down, and sit tight, And wait for supports like a soldier. Wait, wait, wait like a soldier. Go, go, go like a soldier, Go, go, go like a soldier, Go, go, go like a soldier, So-oldier of the Queen!

**Chapter 3 : Palm Court Light Orchestra**

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He did not wear his scarlet coat, For blood and wine are red, And blood and wine were on his hands When they found him with the dead, The poor dead woman whom he loved, And murdered in her bed. I never saw a man who looked With such a wistful eye Upon that little tent of blue Which prisoners call the sky, And at every drifting cloud that went With sails of silver by. I only knew what hunted thought Quickened his step, and why He looked upon the garish day With such a wistful eye; The man had killed the thing he loved And so he had to die. Yet each man kills the thing he loves By each let this be heard, Some do it with a bitter look, Some with a flattering word, The coward does it with a kiss, The brave man with a sword! The kindest use a knife, because The dead so soon grow cold. Some love too little, some too long, Some sell, and others buy; Some do the deed with many tears, And some without a sigh: For each man kills the thing he loves, Yet each man does not die. He does not die a death of shame On a day of dark disgrace, Nor have a noose about his neck, Nor a cloth upon his face, Nor drop feet foremost through the floor Into an empty place He does not sit with silent men Who watch him night and day; Who watch him when he tries to weep, And when he tries to pray; Who watch him lest himself should rob The prison of its prey. He does not wake at dawn to see Dread figures throng his room, The shivering Chaplain robed in white, The Sheriff stern with gloom, And the Governor all in shiny black, With the yellow face of Doom. He does not bend his head to hear The Burial Office read, Nor, while the terror of his soul Tells him he is not dead, Cross his own coffin, as he moves Into the hideous shed. He does not stare upon the air Through a little roof of glass; He does not pray with lips of clay For his agony to pass; Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek The kiss of Caiaphas. Six weeks our guardsman walked the yard, In a suit of shabby grey: I never saw a man who looked With such a wistful eye Upon that little tent of blue Which prisoners call the sky, And at every wandering cloud that trailed Its raveled fleeces by. He did not wring his hands, as do Those witless men who dare To try to rear the changeling Hope In the cave of black Despair: He only looked upon the sun, And drank the morning air. He did not wring his hands nor weep, Nor did he peek or pine, But he drank the air as though it held Some healthful anodyne; With open mouth he drank the sun As though it had been wine! And I and all the souls in pain, Who tramped the other ring, Forgot if we ourselves had done A great or little thing, And watched with gaze of dull amaze The man who had to swing. For oak and elm have pleasant leaves That in the spring-time shoot: But grim to see is the gallows-tree, With its adder-bitten root, And, green or dry, a man must die Before it bears its fruit! The loftiest place is that seat of grace For which all worldlings try: It is sweet to dance to violins When Love and Life are fair: To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes Is delicate and rare: But it is not sweet with nimble feet To dance upon the air! But we made no sign, we said no word, We had no word to say; For we did not meet in the holy night, But in the shameful day. A prison wall was round us both, Two outcast men were we: And the iron gin that waits for Sin Had caught us in its snare. Or else he sat with those who watched His anguish night and day; Who watched him when he rose to weep, And when he crouched to pray; Who watched him lest himself should rob Their scaffold of its prey. The Governor was strong upon The Regulations Act: The Doctor said that Death was but A scientific fact: And twice a day the Chaplain called And left a little tract. And twice a day he smoked his pipe, And drank his quart of beer: But why he said so strange a thing No Warder dared to ask: Or else he might be moved, and try To comfort or console: We did not care: And shaven head and feet of lead Make a merry masquerade. We tore the tarry rope to shreds With blunt and bleeding nails; We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors, And cleaned the shining rails: And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank, And clattered with the pails. We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones, We turned the dusty drill: We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns, And sweated on the mill: But in the heart of every man Terror was lying still. And we forgot the bitter lot That waits for fool and knave, Till once, as we tramped in from work, We passed an open grave. With yawning mouth the yellow hole Gaped for a living thing; The very mud cried out for blood To the thirsty asphalte ring: And we knew that ere one dawn grew fair Some prisoner had to swing. Right in

we went, with soul intent On Death and Dread and Doom: The hangman, with his little bag, Went shuffling through the gloom And each man trembled as he crept Into his numbered tomb. That night the empty corridors Were full of forms of Fear, And up and down the iron town Stole feet we could not hear, And through the bars that hide the stars White faces seemed to peer. He lay as one who lies and dreams In a pleasant meadow-land, The watcher watched him as he slept, And could not understand How one could sleep so sweet a sleep With a hangman close at hand? But there is no sleep when men must weep Who never yet have wept: For, right within, the sword of Sin Pierced to its poisoned hilt, And as molten lead were the tears we shed For the blood we had not spilt. The Warders with their shoes of felt Crept by each padlocked door, And peeped and saw, with eyes of awe, Grey figures on the floor, And wondered why men knelt to pray Who never prayed before. All through the night we knelt and prayed, Mad mourners of a corpse! The troubled plumes of midnight were The plumes upon a hearse: And bitter wine upon a sponge Was the savior of Remorse. And crooked shape of Terror crouched, In the corners where we lay: And each evil sprite that walks by night Before us seemed to play. They glided past, they glided fast, Like travelers through a mist: They mocked the moon in a rigadon Of delicate turn and twist, And with formal pace and loathsome grace The phantoms kept their tryst. With mop and mow, we saw them go, Slim shadows hand in hand: About, about, in ghostly rout They trod a saraband: With the pirouettes of marionettes, They tripped on pointed tread: But with flutes of Fear they filled the ear, As their grisly masque they led, And loud they sang, and long they sang, For they sang to wake the dead. And once, or twice, to throw the dice Is a gentlemanly game, But he does not win who plays with Sin In the secret House of Shame. To men whose lives were held in gyves, And whose feet might not go free, Ah! Around, around, they waltzed and wound; Some wheeled in smirking pairs: With the mincing step of demirep Some sidled up the stairs: And with subtle sneer, and fawning leer, Each helped us at our prayers. The morning wind began to moan, But still the night went on: Through its giant loom the web of gloom Crept till each thread was spun: And, as we prayed, we grew afraid Of the Justice of the Sun. The moaning wind went wandering round The weeping prison-wall: Till like a wheel of turning-steel We felt the minutes crawl: He did not pass in purple pomp, Nor ride a moon-white steed. So with rope of shame the Herald came To do the secret deed. We did not dare to breathe a prayer, Or give our anguish scope: Something was dead in each of us, And what was dead was Hope. It slays the weak, it slays the strong, It has a deadly stride: With iron heel it slays the strong, The monstrous parricide! Each tongue was thick with thirst: We had no other thing to do, Save to wait for the sign to come: So, like things of stone in a valley lone, Quiet we sat and dumb: For he who lives more lives than one More deaths than one must die. IV There is no chapel on the day On which they hang a man: I never saw sad men who looked With such a wistful eye Upon that little tent of blue We prisoners called the sky, And at every careless cloud that passed In happy freedom by. But there were those amongst us all Who walked with downcast head, And knew that, had each got his due, They should have died instead: He had but killed a thing that lived Whilst they had killed the dead. For he who sins a second time Wakes a dead soul to pain, And draws it from its spotted shroud, And makes it bleed again, And makes it bleed great gouts of blood And makes it bleed in vain! Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb With crooked arrows starred, Silently we went round and round The slippery asphalt yard; Silently we went round and round, And no man spoke a word. Silently we went round and round, And through each hollow mind The memory of dreadful things Rushed like a dreadful wind, And Horror stalked before each man, And terror crept behind. For where a grave had opened wide, There was no grave at all: Only a stretch of mud and sand By the hideous prison-wall, And a little heap of burning lime, That the man should have his pall. For he has a pall, this wretched man, Such as few men can claim: And all the while the burning lime Eats flesh and bone away, It eats the brittle bone by night, And the soft flesh by the day, It eats the flesh and bones by turns, But it eats the heart away. For three long years they will not sow Or root or seedling there: For three long years the unblest spot Will sterile be and bare, And look upon the wondering sky With unrepentant stare. It is not true! Out of his mouth a red, red rose! Out of his heart a white! But neither milk-white rose nor red May bloom in prison air; The shard, the pebble, and the flint, Are what they give us there: Yet though the hideous prison-wall Still hems him round and round, And a spirit man not walk by night That is with fetters bound, And a spirit may not weep that lies In such unholy ground, He is at peace—“this wretched man—” At peace,

or will be soon:

### Chapter 4 : Paroom - Wikipedia

*Mandalay. By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to 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.*

This article does not cite any sources. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. September Learn how and when to remove this template message Paroom is a Tehsil in Panjgur District in Balochistan , Pakistan , the historical area of Paroom was divided by the Goldsmith line thus a small part of it falls in Iranian territory. According to the local legend, it was also known as Gulshan meaning "rose garden". The word Paroom means "growth" in the Balochi language and is attributed to Paroom due to its mild Mediterranean climate. The population numbers about 50, people. Paroom has very pleasant summer months and it is noted for its mild weather in the Makran region. Most of the people of Paroom are farmers. They mainly grow palm orchards, among the dates of Paroom muzati is famous worldwide. History from ballads presents Paroom as a fertile land where outside forces often invaded to snatch grain, live stock and other wealth. The people of Paroom under the ruler of the main fort, always defended their territory. From the ballads we get information that one of the rulers, Khoda Murad was killed by the invading Damani tribes from Sistan. Again when the Nosharwanis attacked Paroom to make it as a subordinate, Khoda Kamaaln defended the territory and killed the Sardar of Nosharwani, Sardar Abdullah at a battle in Sorcheel. After the arrival of the British, the ruling family of Paroom did not offer any resistance and maintained some sovereignty by negotiation. The ruling family was made as an agent to the British. After the occupation of Balochistan, Paroom came under the governance of Pakistan. The people of Paroom compromised with the new Pakistani occupation until , when with renewed political awareness and a new insurgency in Makran people of Paroom showed their dissatisfaction and now are resisting the Pakistani army. Tribes[ edit ] There are several different tribes and clans in Paroom. Some of these tribes or Zai Shambezai they are also present in Turbat , Zamuran , Iran , Bulaida and other places of Balochistan Sanjarzai now known as Sanjarani they are also present in many areas of Balochistan, Panjab, Sindh, and Afghanistan Raisi they also present in Turbat, Bulaida, Zamuran and Iran Moradzai are present in district Panjgur and district kech, dasht buleda, kharan, mashkel and iran. In Iran they are known as meer muradzai and reside in different parts of Iran specially in Sarawan.

### Chapter 5 : Palm room ballads [microform] : Ernestine : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet A

*From, Barrack-Room Ballads Gunga Din You may talk o' gin and beer When you're quartered safe out 'ere, An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it; But when it comes to slaughter You will do your work on water, An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.*

### Chapter 6 : Mandalay (poem) - Wikipedia

*By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to 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.*

### Chapter 7 : Mandalay by Kipling

*Description: 32 oz. Solution dyed nylon commercial cut and loop carpet. 5 Colors Available. Ballad - Toast Å—.*

### Chapter 8 : 'Ballad' poems - Hello Poetry

*A Palm Court Valentine This concert presents Sidney tenor Sunny Shams and Vancouver soprano Shadan Saul Guerrero in a concert of operetta, opera and drawing room ballads. The orchestra presents a typical palm court concert*

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*with a selection of waltzes, intermezzos and marches plus music by Jerome Kern and Cole Porter.*

### Chapter 9 : Poetry and Barracks Ballads Rudyard Kipling George S. Patton Historical Society Library

*A Palm Court Valentine. Shadan Saul Guerrero soprano Sunny Shams tenor. February 10, - pm Sidney February 14, - pm Oak Bay. This concert presents Sidney tenor Sunny Shams and Vancouver soprano Shadan Saul Guerrero in a concert of operetta, opera and drawing room ballads.*