


Arthur McBride

Irish Folksong

Text und Melodie: traditionell



I had a first cou- sin called Ar- thurMc-Bride, he and I took a stroll down
by the sea- side; A- seek- ing good for- tune and what might be- tide, it was
just as the day was a'dawn- in'. Then af- ter rest- in' we
both took a tramp, we met Serge- ant Har- per and Cor- po- ral Cramp, be-
sides the weedrumner, who beat up the camp, with his row dee- dow- dow in the morn- ing.

2. He says "my young fellows if you will enlist,
A guinea you quickly will have in your fist.
Besides a crown for to kick up the dust,
And drink the King's health in the morning.

For a soldier he leads a very fine life,
He always is blessed with a charming young wife,
And he pays all his debts without sorrow or strife,
And always lives happy and charming.

3. And a soldier he always is decent and clean,
In the finest of garments he's constantly seen,
While other poor fellows go dirty and mean,
And sup on thin gruel in the morning."

Says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of your clothes,
For you've only the lend of them, as I suppose,
And you dare not change them one night or you know
If you do you'll be flogged in the morning.

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4. And although we are single and free,
We take great delight in our own company,
And we have no desire strange countries to see,
Although that your offer is charming.

And we have no desire to take your advance,
All hazards and danger, we barter on chance,
and you'd have no scruples to send us to France,
Where we would be shot without warning."

5. And now says the sergeant, "If I hear but one word,
I instantly now will out with my sword,
And into your bodies as strength will afford,
So now my gay devils take warning."

But Arthur and I we took the odds,
We gave them no chance to launch out their swords,
Whacking shillelaghs came over their heads,
And paid them right smart in the morning.

6. As for the wee drummer, we rifled his pow,
And made a football of his row-dee-dow-dow,
Into the ocean to rock and to roll,
And bade it a tedious returnin'.

As for the old rapier that hung by his side,
We flung it as far as we could in the tide,
"To the Devil I pitch you", says Arthur McBride,
"To temper your steel in the morning."