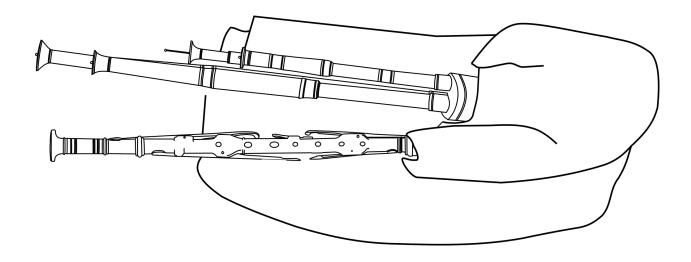
Tims TuneBook

Tim Pillinger

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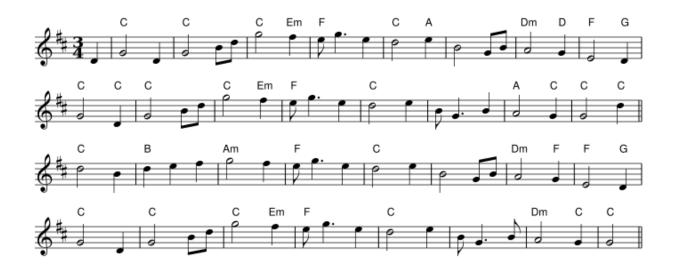
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CHAPTER

FOUR

SONGBOOK

4.1 Arthur McBride



Oh, me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride As we went a-walking down by the seaside Now, mark what followed and what did betide For it being on Christmas morning...

Out for recreation, we went on a tramp And we met Sergeant Napper and Corporal Vamp And a little wee drummer, intending to camp For the day being pleasant and charming

[&]quot;Good morning!" the sergeant did cry

[&]quot;And the same to you gentlemen!" we did reply

Intending no harm but meant to pass by For it being on Christmas morning

But says he, "My fine fellows if you will enlist It's ten guineas in gold I will slip in your fist And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust And drink the King's health in the morning

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

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

"But", 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, for you know If you do you'll be flogged in the morning

And although that we are single and free We take great delight in our own company And we have no desire strange faces to see Although that your offers are charming

And we have no desire to take your advance All hazards and dangers we barter on chance For you would have no scruples for to send us to France Where we would get shot without warning"

"Oh now!", says the sergeant "I'll have no such chat And I neither will take it from spalpeen or brat For if you insult me with one other word I'll cut off your heads in the morning"

And then Arthur and I we soon drew our hods

And we scarce gave them time for to draw their own blades

When a trusty shillelagh came over their heads

And bade them take that as fair warning

And their old rusty rapiers that hung by their side We flung them as far as we could in the tide "Now take them out, Divils!", cried Arthur McBride "And temper their edge in the morning"

And the little wee drummer we flattened his pow And we made a football of his rowdeydowdow Threw it in the tide for to rock and to row And bade it a tedious returning

And we having no money, paid them off in cracks And we paid no respect to their two bloody backs For we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks And left them for dead in the morning

And so to conclude and to finish disputes
We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits
For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts
And bid them look sharp in the morning

Oh me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride As we went a walkin' down by the seaside Now mark what followed and what did betide For it being on Christmas morning

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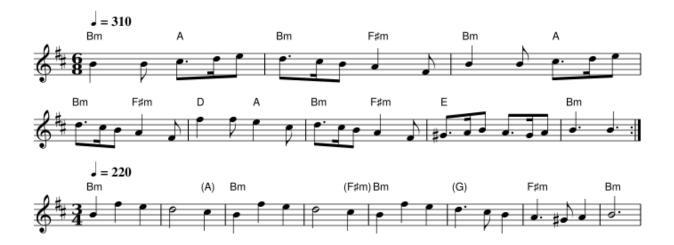
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