

Soldier's Farewell

It was one Monday morning
As I walked o'er the moss,
I never thought of 'listing,
Till the soldiers did me cross;
They kindly did invite me to pledge the ale so brown,
They advanced me some money, They advanced me some money,
They advanced me some money,
Ten guineas and a crown.

Then, as I wore the white cockade
I marched into the town
To bid farewell to all my friends
Before I did go down,
Beneath a shady willow I saw my sweetheart lay
Upon a mossy pillow, Upon a mossy pillow, Upon a mossy pillow
And heard her, sighing, say:

'Tis true my love is 'listed
And he wears a white cockade.
He is a handsome young man
Besides a roving blade;
He is a handsome young man, he is gone to serve the king
My very heart is breaking, My very heart is breaking, My very heart is breaking
All for the love of him.

Oh, may he never prosper
Oh, may he never thrive,
Nor anything he takes in hand
As long as he's alive;
May the ground he treads fall under him, the grass he bends ne'er grow
Since he has gone and left me, Since he has gone and left me,
Since he has gone and left me
In sorrow, grief and woe.

I pulled out my handkerchief
And wiped her flowing tears.
O, take this in remembrance
And calm your groundless fears,
And keep you in good company while I march o'er the plain,
Then I'll be married to my love, Then I'll be married to my love,
Then I'll be married to my love
When I return again.