

The young recruit

William Lemon, labourer, Mills Farm, Terwick

Roud no. 191

'Twas on last Monday's morning
As I tripped over the plain
I had no thought of enlisting
Oh, no, not I indeed
Good company enticed me
To drink their healths all round
When the recruiting sergeant gave me
Ten guineas and a crown
Good company enticed me
To drink their healths all round
When the recruiting sergeant gave me
Ten guineas and a crown

'Twas on last Friday's morning
Just by the break of day
Our captain he gave orders, boys
For all to march away
We marched up our ranks and we fired, boys
All on our native shore
Fare well my dearest Polly love
I never shall see you more
We marched up our ranks and we fired, boys
All on our native shore
Fare well my dearest Polly love
I never shall see you more

Then he pulled out his handkerchief
To wipe her weeping eye
Leave off this dismal mourning
Likewise these dismal cries
My head's been filled with liquor, love
I've a little thought of you
But now I'm bound to join
With the orange and the blue
My head's been filled with liquor, love
I've a little thought of you
But now I'm bound to join
With the orange and the blue

O, it's true my love is enlisted
And wears the blue cockade
He's one of the cleverest young men
That ever your eyes did see
He's one of the cleverest young men
Now bound to serve the king
While my poor heart is breaking
All for the love of him
He's one of the cleverest young men
Now bound to serve the king
While my poor heart is breaking