

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Arthur McBride and the Sergeant

Arthur McBride and the Sergeant

I once had a brother called Arthur McBride  
And he and I wandered adown the seaside;  
Our pleasure and pastime a-watchin' the tide,  
And the weather was pleasant & charmin'.  
So gaily and gallant we went on a tramp,  
We met Sergeant Napier & Corp'ral Demant,  
'And the neat little drummer that roused all the camp  
And beat row-de-dow-dow in the mornin'.

"Good morning, young fellows," the sergeant did cry  
"The same to you, sergeant," we made a reply.  
Was nothing more spoken, we made to pass by  
It was all on a Christmas Day mornin'.  
"Come, come, my fine fellows, I pray you enlist  
Ten guineas in gold I will slap in your fist  
And a crown in the bargain to kick up the dust  
For to drink the king's health in the morning

"Oh no, Mister Sergeant, we are not for sale  
We make no such bargain, your bribe won't avail.  
We're fond of our country, & care not to sail  
Tho' your offers look pleasant & charmin'."  
"Ha, if you insult me without other words  
I swear by the devil we'll draw out our swords  
And thrust thro' your bodies as strength us affords  
And leave you to die without warnin'."

We beat the bold drummer as flat as his shoe  
We made a football of his row-de-dow-do;  
And the sergeant and corporal we knocked down the two  
O, we were the boys in that mornin'.  
The two little weapons that hung at their side  
As we trotted away, we threw into the tide,  
"And the devil be with you," said Arthur McBride  
"For delayin' our walk in the mornin'."

Note: Same story; different words. From Singing Englishmen, A.L.

Lloyd.

MS