

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Drummer Boy

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Early one morning, one bright summers' day  
Twenty-four ladies were making their way  
A regiment of soldiers were marching nearby  
The drummer on one of them cast a rude eye  
And it's so hard fortune.

He went to his comrade and this he did say:  
'Twenty-four ladies I saw yesterday,  
And one of them has my poor heart won,  
And if I can't have her I'm surely undone'  
etc.

Early next morning the drummer arose  
And dressed himself up in a suit of fine clothes.  
A watch in each pocket, a sword in his hand  
He went to the lady, she stepped on the strand.  
etc.

'Oh say, little drummer, pray what do you mean?  
My father's a man of great honor and means  
I'm his own duly daughter that ever can be!  
Don't you think, little drummer, you're making too  
free?'  
etc.

The drummer got up for to bid her farewell  
'I'll soon send my soul to Heaven or Hell!  
You've wounded my heart and you've left me no cure  
Inside of five minutes I'll die at your door!'  
etc.

'Oh, we'll go to the stable and saddle a horse  
To London we'll ride, and married we'll be!  
And what will we say when the deed it is done?  
I'll tell them that you won me with a roll of your drum .'  
etc.

Recorded by Stekert, Songs of a New York Lumberjack, Folkways  
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