

The Young Recruit - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

See these ribbons gaily streaming,
I'm soldier now, Lisette;
Yes, of battles I am dreaming,
And the honor I shall get;
With a sabre by my side,
And a helmet on my brow.
And a proud steed to ride,
I shall rush on the foe-
Yes. I flatter me, Lisette,
Tis a life that well will suit,
The gay life is a young recruit.

We shall march away to morrow
At the breaking of the day;
And the trumpets will be sounding.
And the merry tymbals play;
Yet before I say good-bye,
And the last sad parting take,
As a proof of your love,
Wear this gift for my sake-
Then cheer up, my own Lisette,
Let not grief your beauty stain.
Soon you'll see the recruit again.

Shame. Lisette, to still be weeping.
While there's fame in store for me;
Think when home I am returning
What a joyful day 'twill lie;
When to church you're smartly led
Like some lady, fondly drest,
And a hero you shall wed,
With a medal on his breast-
Ha! there's not a maiden fair,
But with welcome will salute
The gay bride of a young recruit.