

The Retired Soldier - song lyrics

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THE RETIRED SOLDIER.

The retired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his weary feet,
And in the shelter or the grave,
Mas found a sale retreat;
To him the trumpet's piercing breath,
To arms, they call in vain;
For quartered in the arms of death,
He'll never, never march again.

Chorus.

March, march again, march, march again,
March, march again, march, march again,
For quartered in the arms of death
He'll never, never march again.

A day when he left his father's home,
The charms of war to try.
O'er regions hath he had to roam,
No friend or mother nigh,
But still he marched contented on,
Met danger, death and pain,
And now at rest, all dangers o'er,
He'll never, never march again.-Cho.

The sweets of spring by beauteous hand,
Lay scattered on his bier.
Whilst listening round his comrades stand,
Gave honest Ned a tear.
Whilst lovely Kate, for Ned's delight,
Chief mourner of the train,
Cried, as she view'd the solemn sight,
He'll never, never march again.-Cho.