

The Kerry Recruit  
The Dubliners  
Written By Seamus O' Farrelly.

[D]About four years ago I was[A7] digging the land  
With me[A] brogues on me feet and me[G] spade in[D] me hand  
Says[D] I to meself what a[A7] pity to[A] see  
Such a[A7] fine strapping lad footin'[G] turf in Tra[D]lee

So I buttered me brogues and shook hands with me spade  
I went off to the fair like a dashing young blade  
I met with a sergeant who asked me to 'list  
Arra sergeant a'gragh stuck the bob in me fist

And the first thing they gave me it was a red coat  
With a wide strap of leather to tie round me throat  
Then they gave me a queer thing, I asked what was that  
They told me it was a cockade for me hat

And the next thing they gave me they called it a gun  
With powder and shot and a place for me thumb  
First she spat fire and then she spat smoke  
She gave a great leap and me shoulder near broke

And the first place they sent me was down to the sea  
On board of a warship bound for the Crimea  
Three sticks in the middle all rolled round with sheet  
Faith she walked through the water without any feet

When at Balaclava we landed quite sound  
All cold wet and hungry we lay on the ground  
Next morning for action the bugle did call  
And we got a hot breakfast of powder and ball

We fought at the Alma likewise Inkerman  
But the Russians they whaled us at the Redan  
While scaling the walls there meself lost an eye  
And a big Russian bullet ran off with me thigh

It was there I lay bleeding all on the cold ground  
Heads legs and arms lay scattered all round  
Says I, If me mam and me claveens were nigh  
They'd bury me dacent and raise a loud cry

But they called a doctor who soon staunched me blood  
They gave me an elegant leg made of wood  
They gave me a medal and ten pence a day  
So contented with Sheila I'll live on half pa