

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