

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The King's Shilling

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Oh my love has left me wi' bairnies twa  
And that's the last o' him I ever saw  
He's joined the army and he marched awa'  
He took the shillin'  
He took the shillin' and he marched awa'

Come laddies come, hear the cannons roar  
Tak' the King's shilling an' we're off tae war

Oh he looked sae prood and sae gallant then  
Wi' his kilt and sporran an' his musket gun  
And the ladies kissed them as they marched awa'  
And they sailed awa' boys  
They sailed awa', boys, by the Broomielaw

The pipes they played as they marched along  
And the men they sang oot a battle song  
"March on, march on," cried our Captain gay  
And for King and country  
For King and country we will fight this day

The battle echoed tae the sound o' guns  
And bayonets flashed in the morning sun  
The drums did beat and the cannons roared  
And the shillin' didn't seem  
The shillin' didn't seem much worth no more

Some lost the battle their bodies fell  
Cut doon by bayonets and musket ball  
And many o' these brave young men  
Would never fight for  
Would never fight for their King again

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sung by Jean Redpath  
SOF