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Forfar Soldier

Forfar Soldier

In Forfar I was born and bred
In faith I do think shame, sir.
The sober life afore I gaed.
Afore I come be-hame, sir.

Hurrah. hurrah
Wi' my diddy-fan-ai-an-i-do.

My father was a weaver poor.
That ever wove the spool, sir.
There wasna beef within the door.
But just a pound of gruel. sir.

At twelve they sent me to the school
To count the rule of three, sir.
A noble thought came in my head.
And a sodger I would be, sir.
I went in to Forfar Toon
And in the Forfar County.
Enlisted there wi Sairgeant Broon
For fifty pounds o' bounty.

They gave me white mittens to my hands.
And plates to hap my back, sir,
And they swore that I was the bravest man
In a' the toon o' Forfar

Through all the markets in the toon.
They marched me up and doon, sir.
Wi' strip-ed stockings on my legs
And feathers on my croon, sir.

They werna long they changed ma tune.
They sent me o'er to Spain, sir.
There was forty regiments in a raw.
Come a-marching o'er the plain, sir.
Twa long years we fought withain
But o it was in vain, sir.
Until a ball gaed through my leg.
And I up and fired again, sir.

When the doctor came to view my wounds.
He swore that I'd be lame, sir.
But I got a twa oxter staffs.
And I come limping hame, sir.

Through a' the hardships I came through.
It would hardly do to mention.
But I've come back to Forfar Toon
To live upon my pension.

Recorded by Jimmy McBeath on A Soldier's Life for Me

(Folksongs of Britain, Volume 8

Written by David Shaw in 1800s, according to Gavin Grieg

"It was sung to many different tunes, such as "Johnny Lad,"

"Merrily Danced the Quaker's Wife," and "Robin Tamson's Smiddy""

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