

# Life In The Army - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

LIFE IN THE ARMY.

Tune- "Paddy's Wadding."

I'm safe once more and landed on shore,  
And sound as a trout and sounder, oh!  
No music so sweet my ears can greet  
As the noise of a fourteen pounder, oh!  
When honor calls for bullets and balls.  
My heart is light and airy, oh!  
My eyes get bright as the stars at night,  
That shine over sweet Tipperary, oh!

Spoken-Oh! boys and girls, I'm just after putting over the devil's campaign, as Mickey Flinn said when he beat the devil! But the devil take the Russians for me, anyhow, for if I haven't had my hearty bellyful of them, the devil a "well-fed man in Turkey has. But, boys, to make a long story short. I'll tell you how I became a soldier. Well, you see, I had an uncle by my mother's side, in the army, and he being over on the recruiting service in our part of the country, he came one fine morning, and says he: "Phelim Devlin, do you know what I'm after thinking?" "How should I know what you would be after thinking, before you tell me?" "Well," says he, "I am just thinking that you are losing your good looking time here when you might list for a soldier, go out to the Crimea and mix among the most respectable of society." "It's a very large society, uncle," says I, "they must have the devil's own mortality to pay, but devil a word ye're speaking about being kilt." "You're only to die once, Phelim, my boy." "By my sticklers, and you are right, and when I'm dead I'll be done buying blutchers, but kilt or not kilt, tip us the bob." "Well, sirs, he struck the left side of the heel of my fist with the shilling, and off we marched to the tune of-

Chorus.

Hurrah! boys, machree, come join with me,  
Those Russians, boys, can't harm you, oh!  
Both night and day we're sure of our pay,  
So, hurrah for a life in the army, oh!

To a shebeen we got, but the day was so hot,  
And myself was tired of lushing, oh!  
"Uncle, ochone, where are we gone?"  
"Och!" says he, "we're gone down to the Russians, oh!"  
"Is it to fight?" says I. Says he: "Aye, or die,"  
When in marched Captain O'Leary, oh!  
Says my uncle: "Don't fear, in a couple of years  
You'll get back to sweet Tipperary, oh!

Spoken-And, sure enough, in walked Captain O'Leary, with a face Upon him for all the world like a fourpenny loaf burnt brown, that a three year old kid had picked the currants out of. "Is your men all ready, sergeant, d'ye mind?" "They are, your honor's glory," says my uncle. "Thanks be to God I'm not one of them, anyway," says I. "I'll tell you what," says my uncle. "you're the Queen's man for ten years, or two, if required." "How the blazes can I be the Queen's man for ten years, or two, if required, when I'm Nelly Brady's at home for life, and we're going to be married the day after to-morrow?" "I'll tell you," says the captain, "you had better not tell your sweetheart anything about it or she might lie in next Winter " "You'll excuse me. Captain," says I, "but if you get the route out to India, you might lie out next Winter. " But, boys, with talking I didn't see where I was walking, so the toe of my boot happened to rub up against the Captain's trousers. He turns round to me, and says he: "Mind where you're going, sir, mind where you're going: do you see what you're after doing to my trousers?" "I beg your pardon, Captain," says I, "but I think it's ten years since you  
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could call them trousers. " "What do you mean, sir? what do you mean? " "I mean that if you be after wearing them as long as you have done already, you'll have them worn into knee-breeches." But, boys, when he saw I turned the joke against him he gave me a look as sharp as a Back of razors. "Right-about-face! "says he. "Oh! here's you're shilling," says I, and I looked home to Nelly Brady. But ", boys, it was no use talking, I might as well try to stop a railway train as to speak to either of them; so, boys, the Captain gave the word of command, and we all struck up a singing-Chorus.

We were ordered away, we'd no time to stay,  
I got my trousers and jacket, oh!  
with walking, astore, my feet were sore,  
'Till we arrived on board the packet, oh!  
We were ordered away, we'd no time to stay,  
And the ship flew through the waves like a fairy, oh!  
When coming near the shore, each man gave a roar  
For the army in sweet Tipperary, oh!

Spoken-Down come my uncle, and says he to me: "Prepare, Phelim, for fight's the word. " "Och! go and amuse yourself with 6hooting Russian sparrows. Is it .committing murder you want me to be after? " "Well, if you don't they'll peg you down if they can. " "Will they? let them try it, by my soul. Do you know this, uncle? the man that would peg me down wouldn't I get up and knock his brains out! d ye mind that now. " But, boys, we began fighting in real earnest, there we were to be 6cen going up the heights of Alma, there were to be seen heads looking for their bodies, and bodies looking for their heads in return. But when it came to the charge of the S8th, the 96th and the 77th, och! we put the chase on them, as Phil Doolan said to his bull dog. After two or three hours hard fighting, down comes my uncle, and says: "Dress up in the front, Phelim, for here comes the Captain with a despatch." Down comes the Captain and says to me: "Come here, Phelim Devlin, my Tipperary soldier, the field's our own. " "Had we not better take it with us? " says I. My boys, he had scarcely the words out of his mouth, when he got the hit of a Russian bullet on the refreshment bag, and down he fell like a pig in a fit. "Ho, terenageous! the Captain's hit! " "I've got a ball, Phelim," says he. "Well, you can do no less than give them a ball in return," says I. "Get up," says I. "I can't, says he. "For why?" says " I. "Because I'm kilt," says he. I "Well, you shan't lie there as long as Phelim Devlin's here. " So, boys, I got him on my shoulders and carried him off to the trenches. But, boys, as great a favorite as I was with the Captain, faith! he got that stiff, devil a word he'd speak to poor Phelim; the fact of the matter, boys, he was dead; so, of course we buried him in all due military respect. But, boys, I was forgetting to tell you that I didn't escape unhurt myself. I got the hit of a Russian bullet on the cap of my left knee that made me roar like a Spanish ass. I was sent home to Dublin on a shilling a day, and just arrived there in time for a jolly blow out that was given to all the Crimean heroes; then you may know what Phelira aid in, when he bursted three button-holes of his shareholder, but if ever I meet with any of my old comrades that suffered with me in the Crimea, I won't prevent my Tipperary tongue from singing, -Chorus.