

Dubliners

"The Kerry Recruit"

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One morning in March I was diggin' the land
With me brogues on me feet and me spade in me hand
And says I to myself, such a pity to see
Such a fine strappin' lad footin' turf round Tralee

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

So I buttered me brogues, shook hands with me spade
Then I went to the fair like a dashing young blade
When up comes a sergeant, he asks me to list
'Arra, sergeant a gra, stick the bob in me fist'

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

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

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

The next thing they gave me they called it a gun
With powder and shot and a place for me thumb
Well first it spat fire and then it spat smoke
Lord, she gave a great leap that me shoulder near
broke

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

Well the first place they sent me was down by the quay
On board of a warship bound for the Crimea
Three sticks in the middle all rolled round with sheets
Faith, she walked on the water without any feet

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

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

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

Well we fought at the Alma, likewise Inkermann
And the Russians they whaled us at the Redan
In scaling the wall there myself lost me eye
And a big Russian bullet she ran away with me thigh

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

'T Was there we lay bleeding
Stretched on the cold ground
Both heads, legs and arms were all scattered around
I thought of me mum and me cleavage were nigh
Sure they'd bury me decent and raise a loud cry

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

Well a doctor was called
And he soon stanch'd me blood
And he gave me a fine elegant leg made of wood
They gave me a medal and ten pence a day
Contented with Sheelagh, I'll live on half-pay

Wid me toora na nye
And me toora na nye
Wid me toora na noo ra na
Noo ra na nya

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