

Kate Rusby "The Recruited Collier"

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"What's the matter with you, me lass, and where's your dashing Jimmy?"

"Them soldier boys have picked him up and taken him far from me

Last pay-day he went into town and them red-coated fellows,

Enticed him in and made him drunk, and he'd better gone to the gallows.

The very sight of his cockade, it sets us all a-cryin', And me, I nearly fainted twice - I thought that I was dyin' Me father said he'd pay the smart and he'd run for the Golden Guinea,

But the sergeant swore he'd kissed the book, so now they've got young Jimmy.

When Jimmy talks about the wars, it's worse than death to hear him.

I must go out and hide me tears, because I cannot bear him.

A Brigadier or a Grenadier he says they're sure to make him,

So now he jibes and cracks his jokes and bids me not forsake him.

As I walked o'er yon stubbled field - below where runs the seam,

I think on Jimmy hewing there, but it was all a dream.

He hewed the very coils we burn, so when this fire I'm leetin',

To think the lumps was in his hands - it sets me heart a-beating'.

So break me heart and then it's o'er, oh break me heart, me dearie,

As I lie in this cold, cold bed, of a single life I'm weary."

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