

Kate Rusby "The White Cockade"

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One day as I was walking all o'er yon fields of moss,
I had no thoughts of enlisting till some soldiers did me
cross,
They kindly did invite me to a flowing ball and down,
They advanced, they advanced me some money,
A shilling from the crown.

My true love he is handsome and he wears a white
cockade,
He is a handsome young man, likewise a roving blade,
He is a handsome young man, he's gone to serve the
King,
Oh my very, oh my very,
Heart is aching all the love of him.

My true love he is handsome and comely for to see,
And by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he,
I wish the man that's listed him might prosper night nor
day,
And I wish that, I wish that,
The hollanders might sink him in the sea.

Then he took out his handkerchief to wipe my flowing
eye,
Leave off your lamentations likewise your mournful
sighs,
Leave off your grief and sorrow until I march o'er yon
plain,
We'll be married, we'll be married,
In the springtime when I return again.

My true love he is listed and it's all for him I'll rove,
I'll write his name on every tree that grows in yonder
grove,
My poor heart it does hallow, how my poor heart it does
cry,
To remind me, to remind me,
Of my ploughboy, until the day I die

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