

Lesley Garrett

"The Bold Grenadier"

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As I was a walking one morning in May
I spied a young couple a makin' of hay.
O one was a fair maid and her beauty shone clear
And the other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.

Good morning, good morning, good morning said he
O where are you going my pretty lady?
I am going a walking by the clear crystal stream
To see cool water glide and hear nightingales sing.

O soldier, o soldier, will you marry me?
O no, my sweet lady that never can be.
For I have a wife in my own country
Two wives and the army's too many for me.

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