

Unknown

"Drummer Boy"

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THE DRUMMER BOY

Early one morning, one bright summers' day
Twenty-four ladies were making their way
A regiment of soldiers were marching nearby
The drummer on one of them cast a rude eye
And it's so hard fortune.

He went to his comrade and this he did say:
'Twenty-four ladies I saw yesterday,
And one of them has my poor heart won,
And if I can't have her I'm surely undone'
etc.

Early next morning the drummer arose
And dressed himself up in a suit of fine clothes.
A watch in each pocket, a sword in his hand
He went to the lady, she stepped on the strand.
etc.
'Oh say, little drummer, pray what do you mean?
My father's a man of great honor and means
I'm his own duly daughter that ever can be!
Don't you think, little drummer, you're making too
free?'
etc.

The drummer got up for to bid her farewell
'I'll soon send my soul to Heaven or Hell!
You've wounded my heart and you've left me no cure
Inside of five minutes I'll die at your door!'
etc.

'Oh, we'll go to the stable and saddle a horse
To London we'll ride, and married we'll be!
And what will we say when the deed it is done?
I'll tell them that you won me with a roll of your drum .'
etc.

Recorded by Stekert, Songs of a New York Lumberjack,
Folkways
@soldier @courtship

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