

Corries

"Twa Recruiting Sergeants"

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Twa recruitin' sairgants cam frae the black watch,
To markets and fairs some recruits for to catch,
An' a' that they listed was for forty an' twa,
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa,

Ch. - It is over the mountains, and over the main,
Through Gibraltar to France and Spain,
Get a feather tae your bonnet, and a kilt abeen your
knee
An' list bonnie laddie an' come awa wi me

Oh laddie, ye dinna ken the danger that ye're in,
If your horses wis to fleg an' your ousen wis to rin.
This greedy auld fairmer winna pey your fee,
So list bonnie laddie an' come awa wi me (Ch)

It is intae the barn an' oot o' the byre,
This auld fairmer thinks ye'll never tire,
For it's a slavery job of low degree,
So list bonnie laddie an' come awa wi me. (Ch)

Wi your tatty poorin, s an' your meal an' kail,
Your soor sowen soorins an' your ill-brewed ale,
Wi your buttermilk and whey an' your breid fired raw,
So list bonnie laddie an' come come awa. (Ch)

Oh, laddie if ye've got a sweetheart an' bairn,
Ye'll easily get rid o' that ill-spun yarn,
Twa rattles o' the drum an' that'll pey it a',
So list bonnie laddie an' come awa.

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