

Jim Douglas

"The Soldiers Fortune"

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The Soldier's Fortune
Come all my hearts of temper'd steel
And leave your girls and farms
And sports and plays and Hallow days
And hark away to arms.
cho: And to conquest we will go, we'll go
And to conquest we will go.
The soldier is a gentleman
His honor is his life
And he that won't stand by his post
Will not stand by his wife.
For love and honor are the same
They are so near alike
The one it can't t subsist alone
But flourish side by side.
Now fare you well sweethearts awhile
My charming girls adieu,
And when we've drubb'd the dogs awhile
We'll kiss it out with you.
The winter's past, the spring is up
The meadows fresh and gay
And all invite and calling us
Away my boys away
In shady tents by cooling streams
With hearts all firm and free
We'll chase the cares of life away
In songs of liberty
No foreign slaves shall give us laws
No British tyrants reign
For independence makes us free
And freedom we'll maintain
And when the war is over, boys
We'll set us down at ease
And plow and sow and reap and mow
And live just as we please.
Each hearty lad shall have his lass
All blooming like a star
And in her softer arms forget
The dangers of the war.
The rising world will sing of us
A thousand years to come
And tell our children's children

The wonders we have done
My honest fellows, here's my hand
My heart, my very soul
With all the joys of liberty
Good fortune and a bowl.
From Contentment, Jim Douglas
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