

Corrib Folk "Arthur McBride"

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I had a first cousin called Arthur McBride
He and I took a stroll down by the sea side
A seeking good fortune and what might be tide
'Twas just as the day was a dawning
After resting we both took a tramp
We met Sergeant Harper and Corporal Cramp
Besides the wee drummer who beat up for camp
With his rowdy dow dow in the morning

Says he me young fellows if you will enlist
A guinea you quickly have in your fist
Likewise the crown for to kick the dust
And drink the king's health in the morning
From a soldier he leads a very fine life
He always is blessed with a charming young wife
And he pays all his debts without sorrow or strife
And always lives happy and charming

Ah now me bold sergeant we are not for sale
We'll make no such bargain, your bribe won't avail
We're not tried of our country we don't care to sail
Although that your offer is charming
And if we were such fools as to take the advance

This right bloody slander would be our poor chance
For the Queen wouldn't scruple to send us to France
Where we would be shot with out warning

He says me young fellows if I hear but one word
I instantly now will out with my sword
And into your body as strength will afford
So now my gay devils take warning
But Arthur and I we took in the odds
We gave them no chance for to launch out their swords
Our whacking shillelaghs came over their heads
And paid them right smart in the morning

As for the wee drummer we rifled his pouch
And we made a foot- ball of his rowdy dow dow
And into the ocean to rock and to roll
And bade it a tedious returning
As for the old rapier that hung by his side

We flung it as far as we could in tide
To devil I pitch you sez Arthur McBride
To temper your steel in the morning

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