

Pogues

"Recruiting Sergeant"

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(Traditional)

As I was walking down the road
A feeling fine and larky oh
A recruiting sergeant came up to me
Says he, you'd look fine in khaki oh
For the King he is in need of men
Come read this proclamation oh
A life in Flanders for you then
Would be a fine vacation oh

That may be so says I to him
But tell me sergeant dearie-oh
If I had a pack stuck upon my back
Would I look fine and cheerie oh
For they'd have you train and drill until
They had you one of the Frenchies oh
It may be warm in Flanders
But it's draughty in the trenches oh

The sergeant smiled and winked his eye
His smile was most provoking oh
He twiddled and twirled his wee mustache
Says he, I know you're only joking oh
For the sandbags are so warm and high
The wind you won't feel blowing oh
Well I winked at a cailin passing by
Says I, what if it's snowing oh

Come rain or hail or wind or snow
I'm not going out to Flanders oh
There's fighting in Dublin to be done
Let your sergeants and your commanders go
Let Englishmen fight English wars
It's nearly time they started oh
I saluted the sergeant a very good night
And there and then we parted oh

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