

# Arthur MacBride

Text und Melodie: Aus Irland, um 1840

1. I had a first cou-sin called Ar-thur Mac-Bride, he and I took a stroll down by the sea-side  
a - seek-ing good for-tune and what might the tide, it was just as the day was a dawn - ing.  
And af - ter we rest-ed we went on a tramp, we met Serge-ant Nap-per and Cor - po-ral Cramp,  
and a litt - le wee drum-mer who beat up our camp, with his row-dy dou dou in the morn-ing.

1. I had a first cousin called Arthur McBride,  
he and I took a stroll down by the seaside,  
a-seeking good fortune and what might the tide,  
it was just as the day was a dawning.  
And after we rested we went on a tramp,  
we met Sergeant Napper and Corporal Cramp,  
and a little wee drummer who beat up our camp  
with his rowdy dou dou in the morning.
2. He said: my young fellows, if you will enlist,  
a guinea you quickly shall have in your fist  
and besides a crown for to kick up the dust  
and drink the King's health in the morning.  
But had we been such fools as to take the advance,  
the wee bit of money we'd have to run chance,  
do you think it no scruples for to send us to  
France,  
where we would be killed in the morning.
3. He says: my young fellows, if I hear but one word,  
instantly now will out with my sword;  
and into your bodies as strength might afford,  
so now, me gay devils, take warning.  
But Arthur and I we soon took the odds,  
and we gave them no chance for to draw out their swords;  
our wacking shillelaghs came over their heads  
and paid them right smart in the morning.
4. As for the wee drummer we rifled his pouch,  
and we made a football of his rowdy dou dou,  
and into the ocean for to rock and to roll  
and barring the day its returning.  
As for the old rapier that hung by his side,  
we flung as far as we could in the tide;  
to the devil: I pitch you, says Arthur McBride,  
to temper your edge in the morning.