Son of Mars

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(Robert Burns)

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come:
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

My prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram:
And I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis among the floatin' batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

What tho, with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks'
Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home? :'
When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell
I could meet a troop of Hell, at the sound of a drum.

TUNE: Soldier's Joy (84)
RG

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