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The Bold Soldier

The Bold Soldier

Soldier, oh soldier, a-coming drom the plain
He courted a lady for honor and for fame
Her beauty shone so bright that it never could be told
She always loved the soldier because he was so bold.

cho: Fa la la la, fa la la la
Fa la la la, fa la la la

"Soldier, oh soldier, it's I would be your bride,
But I fear of my father some danger might betide."
Then he pulled out sword and pistol and hung them by his side
Swore he would be married, no matter what betide.

Then he took her to the parson, and, of course, home again
There they met her father and seven arm-ed men.
"Let us fly," said the lady, "I fear we shall be slain
"Take my hand," said the soldier, "and never fear again."

Then he pulled out sword and pistol, and caus-ed them to rattle,
The lady held the horse while the soldier fought in battle.
"Hold your hand," said the old man, "Do not be so bold.
You shall hav my daughter and a thousand pounds of gold."

"Fight on!" said the lady, "The portion is too small!"
"Hold your hand," said the old man, "and you shall have it all."
Then he took them right straight home and he called them son and dear
Not because he loved them, but only through fear.

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