

Arthur McBride

Version 1

I had a first cousin called Arthur McBride, I took stroll by the side
 he and a down seas
 A- seeking good fortune what might tide, 'twas just as day was dawning
 and be the a-
 And then after resting both took tramp, we met seargent Harper corporal ramp
 we a and C
 Besides the wee drummer who beat up for camp rowdy-dow-dow in morning
 with his the G

He says 'My young fellows, if you will enlist, a Guinee you quickly will
 have in your fist
 Besides a Crown for to kick up the dust and drink the King's health in the
 morning'
 Had we been such fools as to take the advance the wee bitter morning we had
 run to chance
 For you'd think it no scruple to send us to France where we would be killed
 in the morning

He says 'My young fellows, if I hear but one word, I instantly now will out
 with my sword
 And into your bodies 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 to lunge 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 football of his
 rowdy-dow-dow
 And into the ocean to rock and to row and bade him a tedious returning
 As for the old rapier that hung by his side we flung it as far as we could
 in the tide
 To the devil I bid you says Arthur McBride to temper your steel in the
 morning

Version 2

ARTHUR MCBRIDE

G
 Me and me cousin, one Arthur McBride,
 C G Am C
 As we went a' walkin down by the seas side
 G C G
 we met Sergeant Harper and Corporal Pride,
 Am C D
 The day being Christmas mor nin'
 G C G
 "Good mornin, good mornin'" the Sergeant did cry,
 Am C
 "And The same to ye gentlemen", we did reply
 G
 Intending no harm, we just meant to pass by

D

G

The day being pleasant and charming

Says he, "my young fellows if you will enlist
It's 10 guineas in gold I will slip in your fist
I'll throw in a crown for to kick up the dust
And drink the king's health in the morning.
For a soldier he leads a very fine life
And he always is blessed with a charming young wife
While other poor fellows have sorrow and strife
And sup on thin gruel in the mornin'"

Says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of yer clothes
for you only lend out them, now as I suppose
And dare not change them one might if ye dare
For you know you'd be flogged in the mornin'
And we have no desire to take yer advance
For all of the dangers we'd not take the chance
And you'd have no scruples and send us to France
Where you know we'd be shot in the mornin'"

"Oh, no" says the Sergeant, "if I hear one more word
I quickly right now will draw out me sword
And into your bodies as strength will afford
So now, me young devils, take warning".
But Arthur and I we counted the odds
And we scarce give them chance for to launch out their blades
With our trusty shillelaghs we bashed in their heads
And paid them right smart in the morning.

And the rusty old rapiers that hung by their sides
We flung them as far as we could in the tide
"Now take that, ye devils," cried Arthur McBride
"And temper your steel in the morning".
And the little young drummer, we flattened his pouch
And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow
Kicked it into the ocean for to rock and to roll
And bade it a devious returning.

Oh, Me and me cousin, one Arthur McBride,
As we went a walkin down by the seaside
A-seeking good fortune and what might betide,
It being on Christmas mornin'