


The White Cockade


TYG 2




It was one sum - mer morn - ing as I ram - bled o'er yon moss, I



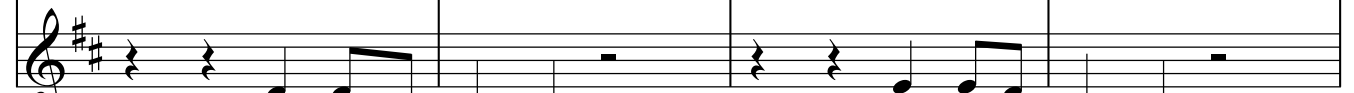
had no thought of list - in' till a sol - dier did me cross; He__



kind - ly did in - vite me to take a flow - in' bowl, He ad -



van - ced, he ad - van - ced, He ad -



He ad - van - ced, he ad - van - ced,



vanced me some mon - ey, a shil - lin' from the crown.



1. It was one summer morning as I rambled o'er yon moss,
I had no thought of listin' till a soldier did me cross;
He kindly did invite me to take a flowin' bowl,
He advance`d, he advance`d, he advance`d, he advance`d,
He advanced me some money, a shillin' from the crown.
2. 'Tis true my love has listed and he wears a white cockade,
He is a handsome tall young man, likewise a roving blade,
He is a handsome young man and he's gone to serve the king,
Oh my very, oh my very, oh my very, oh my very,
Oh my very heart is breaking all for the loss of him.
3. My love is tall and handsome and comely for to see,
And by some sad misfortune a soldier now is he;
May the very man that listed him not prosper night nor day,
And I wish that, and I wish that, and I wish that, and I wish that,
And I wish that the Hollanders would sink him in the sea.
4. Oh, may he never prosper and may he never thrive,
In everything he takes a hand as long as he's alive;
May the very grass he treads upon the ground refuse to grow,
Since he has been the, since he has been the, since he has been the, since he has been the,
Since he has been the only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe.
5. Then he pulled out his handkerchief to wipe her flowin' eyes,
Leave off those lamentations, likewise those mournful sighs,
And be you of good courage while I march o'er the plain,
We'll be married, we'll be married, we'll be married, we'll be married,
We'll be married when I return again.
6. Oh, yes my love has listed and I for him will rove,
I'll write his name on every tree that grows in yonder grove,
Where the huntsman he do holler and the hounds do sweetly cry,
To remind me, to remind me, to remind me, to remind me,
To remind me of me ploughboy until the day I die.