

Kind Fortune

Fairport Convention

One evening, one evening, one evening in May,
Twelve young maidens came out for to play.
A regiment of soldiers they chanced to pass by.
On one of those ladies the drummer cast an eye
And it's oh, kind fortune.

Said this little drummer to his own comrades:
"One of those ladies my heart she has won
One of those ladies my heart she has won
And if she denies me I'm surely undone
And it's oh, hard fortune."

So early next morning the drummer he rose.
Dressed himself up in his best suit of clothes.
With his watch and his fob and his sword in his hand,
He went to the lady right down on the strand
And it's oh, kind fortune.

Now he took off his hat and he made a low bow:
"Miss, I ask pardon for making so free,
Dear honourable lady, my heart you have won
And if you deny me I'm surely undone
And it'll be my hard fortune."

"Well, you silly little drummer, now what do you mean?
My father's a captain of honour and fame.
I am his daughter, a treasure to he,
Do you think I'd tie myself down to slavery?
That'd be your good fortune."

"Well my soul shall go quickly to heaven or hell,
For my innocent blood I shall spill.
'Tis with my broadsword I quickly will strike,
I'll cut through the innocent threads of my life,
That'll be your hard fortune."

"Come back, little drummer, I'm here at your will,
'Tis a pity your innocent blood for to spill.
We'll saddle our horse and to Plymouth we'll go,
It's there we'll get married in spite of our foe
And it's oh, kind fortune.

And when we are married and all fastened in,
What can they say but that we followed the drum?
And it's oh, kind fortune."