

Arthur Macbride

Enter The Haggis

Me and me cousin, one Arthur McBride, he and I took a stroll, down by the seaside
A seek for good fortune and what might be tide, bein' just as the day was a dawnin'
And then after restin' we both took a tramp, and met Sgt. Harper and Cpl. Cram, besides the wee drummer, who beat up the camp, with his row-de-dow-dow in the mornin'

Chorus:

Count me out of your fortune and fame, I would rather be here than be slain, This is where I'll die, Lost in the moss of the isle.

He says 'My young fellows, if you will enlist, a Guinea 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

Chorus

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