

Arthur Mc Bride
Bob Dylan

{c:Capo - 2nd fret}

Oh me[G] and my cousin one A[G]rthur McBride
As we[C] went a-wal[G]king down by[Am7] the seasi[C]de
A-ma[G]rking what followed and what[G] might betide
For it being on Christmas mo[D]rning
And f[G]or recreation we we[G]nt on a tramp
And we met[C] Sergeant Har[G]per and Cor[Am7]poral R[C]amp
And the li[G]ttle wee drummer intending to camp
For the day being pleasant and cha[D]rming[G]

Good morning, good morning the Sergeant he cried
And the same to you gentlemen we did reply
Intending no harm as we meant to pass by
For it being on Christmas morning
But says he My fine fellows if you will enlist
It s ten guineas in gold I will slip in your fists
And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust
And drink the King s health in the morning

For a soldier he leads a very fine life
He always is blessed with a charming young wife
And he pays all his debts without sorrow and strife
And he always lives pleasant and charming
And a soldier he always is decent and clean
In the finest of clothing he s constantly seen
While other poor fellows look dirty and mean
And sup on thin gruel in the morning

But says Arthur I wouldn t be proud of your clothes
For you ve only the lend of them, as I suppose
And you dare not change them one night for you know
If you do you ll be flogged in the morning
And although that we are single and free
We take great delight in our own company
And we have no desire strange faces to see
Although that your offers are charming
And we have no desire to take your advance
All hazards and dangers we barter on chance
For you would have no scruple for to send us to France
Where we would get shot without warning

Oh no, says the Sergeant, I ll hear no such chat
And I never will take it from spalpeen or brat
For if you insult me with one other word
I ll cut off your heads in the morning
And then Arthur and I we soon drew our odds
And we scarce gave them time for to draw their own blades

When a trusty shillelagh came over their heads
And bade them take that as fair warning

And their old rusty rapiers that hung by their sides
We flung them as far as we could in the tide
Now take them out, devils, cried Arthur McBride
And temper their edge in the morning
And the little wee drummer we flattened his pouch
And we made a foot-bowl of his rowdy-dowd-dowd
Threw it in the tide for to rock and to roll
And bade it a tedious returning

And we having no money, paid them off in cracks
And we paid no respect to their two bloody backs
But we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks
And left them for dead in the morning
And so to conclude and to finish disputes
We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits
For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts
And bid them look sharp in the morning