## Yorkshire Regiment Ewan McLennan [Intro] F C F C G/B Am [Verse] G You say you saw the Yorkshire Regiment Go parading down our street C Am How it breaks my heart, those brave young lads Marching off to that crooked beat Marching off to that crooked beat [Verse] Here we wait each morning, to the drumming we drill As our sergeant he barks and he bays Oh, the jokes of the boys keep our spirits alive G I miss you more than I say G I miss you more than I say [Verse] The hot air hangs heavy on the village by day In the fields where the poppies are grown Where our bomb struck here, was a market last year Now the children greet us with stones The children greet us with stones [Verse] And it s funny to think as I write you this note And I turn my head to the sky

The same stars that burn on this desert at night

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Are shining down where you lie
Are shining down where you lie
[Instrumental]
   F C F C G/B Am
[Verse]
We lost young Private Mitchell last week
His funeral was just today
                                C
                                       Am
And as the sandstorm stung our saluting hands
His body lifted away
             G
         C
His young body was lifted away
[Verse]
And as the bugle tune stopped playing it
On the wind it was carried away
Our Sergeant Brown he told us
He died for his nation s sake
                             F C F C
He died for his nation s sake
[Verse]
                   F
           G
But my mind started wandering later
To some thoughts so cold and grey
Do we give our lives for our country
Or by our leaders are they stolen away?
Or by our leaders are they stolen away?
[Verse]
And as I look around at us young lads
Smiling bravely in our uniforms
I wonder when I found I first liked them
                 G
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Sons of those who wanted the war Sons of those who wanted the war [Verse] F C So come ye squaddies from Banfrie Chapel From Leeds and the towns to the north The troop is our lives to our leaders Hard luck, not a grain of sorrow Hard luck, not a damn grain of sorrow [Instrumental] F C F C G/B Am C F C [Verse] You say you saw the Yorkshire Regiment Go parading down our street How it breaks my heart, those brave young lads Marching off to that crooked beat G Marching off to that crooked beat