

Yorkshire Regiment

Ewan McLennan

[Intro]

C F C F C G/B Am
C F C

[Verse]

 G F C
You say you saw the Yorkshire Regiment
 F C
Go parading down our street
 F C Am
How it breaks my heart, those brave young lads
 G F
Marching off to that crooked beat
 C G C
Marching off to that crooked beat

[Verse]

 G F C
Here we wait each morning, to the drumming we drill
 F C
As our sergeant he barks and he bays
 F C Am
Oh, the jokes of the boys keep our spirits alive
 G F
I miss you more than I say
 C G C
I miss you more than I say

[Verse]

 G F C
The hot air hangs heavy on the village by day
 F C
In the fields where the poppies are grown
 F C Am
Where our bomb struck here, was a market last year
 G F
Now the children greet us with stones
 C G C F C
The children greet us with stones

[Verse]

 G F C
And it s funny to think as I write you this note
 F C
And I turn my head to the sky
 F C Am
The same stars that burn on this desert at night

G **F**
Are shining down where you lie
 C **G** **C**
Are shining down where you lie

[Instrumental]

C **F** **C** **F** **C** **G/B** **Am**
C **F** **C**

[Verse]

G **F** **C**
We lost young Private Mitchell last week
 F **C**
His funeral was just today
 F **C** **Am**
And as the sandstorm stung our saluting hands
 G **F**
His body lifted away
 C **G** **C**
His young body was lifted away

[Verse]

G **F** **C**
And as the bugle tune stopped playing it
 F **C**
On the wind it was carried away
 F **C** **Am**
Our Sergeant Brown he told us
 G **F**
He died for his nation s sake
 C **G** **C** **F** **C** **F** **C**
He died for his nation s sake

[Verse]

G **F** **C**
But my mind started wandering later
 F **C**
To some thoughts so cold and grey
 F **C** **Am**
Do we give our lives for our country
 G **F**
Or by our leaders are they stolen away?
 C **G** **C**
Or by our leaders are they stolen away?

[Verse]

G **F** **C**
And as I look around at us young lads
 F **C**
Smiling bravely in our uniforms
 F **C** **Am**
I wonder when I found I first liked them
 G **F**

Sons of those who wanted the war

C G C

Sons of those who wanted the war

[Verse]

G F C

So come ye squaddies from Banfrie Chapel

F C

From Leeds and the towns to the north

F C Am

The troop is our lives to our leaders

G F

Hard luck, not a grain of sorrow

C G C

Hard luck, not a damn grain of sorrow

[Instrumental]

C F C F C G/B Am

C F C

[Verse]

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