



16

A A7 D

H H H H

0 2 4 | 0 2 4 0 | 2 4 2 | 5 7 0 | 5 7 2 0

walk - in' down by the sea side, now, mark what fol - lowed and

A A7 D

5 0 4 | 2 6 2 | 5 2 6 | 0 0 0 | 0 0 0

21

(D) G D A D

H H H H

4 5 4 | 0 2 0 0 | 0 2 4 5 | 2 4 5 4 | 0 2 0 6 | 0

what did be - tide for it be - in' on Christ - mas morn - in'...

(D) G D A D: MANDOLIN INTER

0 0 0 | 0 0 0 | 0 0 0 | 0 2 0 | 2 2 0 | 5 4 | 4 2

R R R R R R

27

G (D) D G D G

H B Po Po H H

2 2 4 5 | 0 0 7 5 | 4 4 2 0 | 5 5 4 2 | 4 4 5 0 | 0 0 2

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

33

D: VERSE 2...

(D) H

Out for re-cre - a - tion, we went on a tramp\_\_\_\_, and we

D: Back-Up Mandolin...

(D)

39

G A A7 D

H

met Sar - geant Nap - per and Cor - por - al Vamp and a wee, lit - tle drum - mer in -

G A A7 D

45

(D) G D A D

H

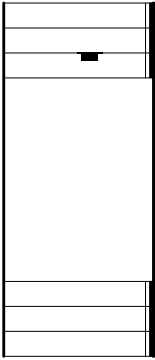
tend - ing to camp,\_\_\_\_ the day be - in' plea - sant and char - \_\_\_\_\_ in'...

(D) G D A D: MANDOLIN INTER





86



1.

Oh, me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride  
As we went a-walking down by the seaside  
Now, mark what followed and what did betide  
For it being on Christmas morning...

Out for recreation, we went on a tramp  
And we met Sergeant Napper and Corporal Vamp  
And a little wee drummer, intending to camp  
For the day being pleasant and charming

"Good morning ! Good morning!" the sergeant did cry  
"And the same to you gentlemen!" we did reply  
Intending no harm but 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 fist  
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  
And he always is blessed with a charming young wife  
And he pays all his debts without sorrow or strife  
And 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 go 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 scruples for to send us to France  
Where we would get shot without warning"

"Oh now!", says the sergeant "I'll have no such chat  
And I neither 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 hods  
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 side  
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 pow  
And we made a football of his rowdeydowdow  
Threw it in the tide for to rock and to row  
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  
For 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

Oh me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride  
As we went a walkin' down by the seaside  
Now mark what followed and what did betide  
For it being on Christmas morning...