

Gentleman Soldier

It's **I** of a gentleman soldier
 As **V** sentry he did **I** stand
 He **I** saluted a fair maiden
 By a **V** waiving of his **I** hand
 So then he boldly **V** kissed her
 And he **IV** passed it off as a **I** joke
 He drilled her up in the sentry box
 Wrapped up in a **V** soldier's **I** cloak
*And **I** the drums are going a **V** rap a tap tap*
*And the **I** fifes they loudly **V** play*
*Fare you **I** well, Polly my dear,*
*I must be **V** going a **I** way*

All night they tossed and tumbled
 Till the daylight did appear
 The soldier rose, put on his clothes,
 Saying, fare you well my dear
 For the drums they are a-beating
 And the fifes they so sweetly play
 If it weren't for that, Polly my dear,
 With you I'd gladly stay

Now come you gentleman soldier,
 Won't you marry me?
 Oh no, my dearest Polly,
 Such things can never be
 For I've a wife already
 Children I have three
 Two wives are allowed in the army
 But one's too many for me

If anyone comes a-courting you,
 You can treat them to a glass
 If anyone comes a-courting you,
 You can say you're a country lass
 You needn't ever tell them,
 Nor pass it off as a joke
 That you got drilled in a sentry box
 Wrapped up in a soldier's cloak
 Oh it's come my gentleman soldier,
 Why didn't you tell me so?
 My parents will be angry
 When this they come to know
 When nine months had been and gone
 The poor girl she brought shame
 She had a little militia boy
 And she didn't know his name