



Soldier's LIFE,

J. Pitts, Printer, and Toy Warehouse, 6, Great
st. Andrew street, 7 Dials,

WHO'LL serve the King? cried the Ser-
geant aloud,
Roll went the drum and the fife play'd sweetly
Here master sergeant said I from the croud,
Is a lad who will answer your purpose com-
p'eatly, [trade,
My father was a corporal and well he k'new his
Of women wine and gunpowder he never
was a'rad
He'd march fight, left right,
Front rank, centre rank,
Storm the trenches court the wenchea
Lov'd the rattle of a battle.
Died with glory lives in story,
And like him I found a soldier's life if taken
smooth or rough
A very merry hey down derry sort of life e-
nough

Hold up your head said the sergeant at drill,
Roll went the drum and the fife play'd sweetly
turn out your toes say I sir, I will,
For a nimble wised round rattan the ser-
geant flourish'd proudly,
My father died when corporal but I ne'er
turn'd my back,
till promoted to th' halbert I was sergeant in
a crack
In sword and sash cut a dash.
Spurr'd and boot'd next recruited,
Hob and clod awkward squad.
Then began my rattan,
When boys unwilling came to drilling,
till made the colonels orderly then who but
I so bluffs
Led a very merry hey down derry sort of life
enough,

Home ward my lads cry'd the general huzza,
Roll went the drum and the fife play'd cheerly
So quick time we footed and sung all the way
Hey for the pretty girls we love so dearly,
My father pass'd his time in busle jars and
strife,
And like him being fond of noise I meant to
take a wife.
Soon as Miss blushes yes,
Rings gloves dear loves.
Bells ringing comrades singing,
Honey moon finish'd soon,
Panting sighing children crying.
Perhaps a wedded life may prove if taken
smooth and rough
A very merry heydown doan derry sort of life
e nough.