Me and me cousin, one Arthur McBride, he and I took a stroll, d own by the seaside

A seek for good fortune and what might be tide, bein' just as t he day was a dawnin'

And then after restin' we both took a tramp, and met Sgt. Harpe r and Cpl. Cram, besides the wee drummer, who beat up the camp, with his row-de-dow-dow in the mornin'

## Chorus:

Count me out of your fortune and fame, I would rather be here t han be slain, This is where I'll die, Lost in the moss of the i sle.

He says 'My young fellows, if you will enlist, a Guinea you qui ckly will have in your fist

Besides a Crown for to kick up the dust and drink the King's he alth in the morning'

Had we been such fools as to take the advance the wee bitter mo rning we had run to chance

For you'd think it no scruple to send us to France where we would be killed in the morning

## Chorus

As for the wee drummer we rifled his pouch and we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow

And into the ocean to rock and to row and bade him a tedious returning

As for the old rapier that hung by his side we flung it as far as we could in the tide

To the devil I bid you says Arthur McBride to temper your steel in the morning