

Soldiers Three

June Tabor

We Be Soldiers Three
We be soldiers three
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the Low Country
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee
To all good frllows, wherever they be.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pay for the shot whatever it is.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
As long as there is any ink in thy pen.