

The White Cockade

Kate Rusby

One day as I was walking all o'er yon fields of moss,
I had no thoughts of enlisting till some soldiers did me cross,
They kindly did invite me to a flowing ball and down,
They advanced, they advanced me some money,
A shilling from the crown.

My true love he is handsome and he wears a white cockade,
He is a handsome young man, likewise a roving blade,
He is a handsome young man, he's gone to serve the King,
Oh my very, oh my very,
Heart is aching all the love of him.

My true love he is handsome and comely for to see,
And by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he,
I wish the man that's listed him might prosper night nor day,
And I wish that, I wish that,
The hollanders might sink him in the sea.

Then he took out his hankerchief to wipe my flowing eye,
Leave off your lamentations likewise your mournful sighs,
Leave off your grief and sorrow until I march o'er yon plain,
We'll be married, we'll be married,
In the springtime when I return again.

My true love he is listed and it's all for him I'll rove,
I'll write his name on every tree that grows in yonder grove,
My poor heart it does hallow, how my poor heart it does cry,
To remind me, to remind me,
Of my ploughboy, until the day I die