

The Gentleman Soldier

The Pogues

It's of a gentleman soldier as a sentry he did stand
He saluted a fair maiden by a waving of his hand
And then he boldly kissed her and he passed it off as a joke
He drilled her up in the sentry box, wrapped up in a soldier's cloak

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap
And the fifes they loudly play
Fare thee well, Polly me dear
I must be going away

All night they tossed and tumbled till the morning did appear
The soldier rose, put on his clothes, he said, "Fare well my dear"
All the drums are loudly beating and the pipes they sweetly play
If it weren't for that Polly me dear with you I'd gladly stay

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap
And the fifes they loudly play
Fare thee well, Polly me dear
I must be going away

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 don't have to tell them that you ever played this joke
That you got drilled in a sentry box, wrapped up in a soldier's cloak

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap
And the fifes they loudly play
Fare thee well, Polly me dear
I must be going away

Now, come you gentleman soldier, won't you marry me?
Oh no, me dearest Polly, this thing 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

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap
And the fifes they loudly play
Fare thee well, Polly me dear
I must be going away

Oh, it's come my gentleman soldier, why didn't you tell me so?
Me 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

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