

## The Kerry Recruit

The Corries

At the age of nineteen, I was digging the land  
With me brogues on me feet and me spade in me hand.  
Well says I to meself, 'What a pity to see  
Such a fine Kerry couldn't turf in Tralee.'

With your Kerry-I-Ah, fa lal deral lay,  
Kerry-I-Ah, fa lal deral lay.

So I buttered me brogues and shook hands with me spade  
Dashed off to the fair like a gallant young blade.  
The sergeant come up says 'Will you enlist?'  
'Sure, sergeant, ' says I, 'Stick the bob in me fist'.

Then up comes the captain, and a man of great fame,  
Straightways he asks me my country and name;  
Well, I told you before and tell him again  
That me father and mother were two Kerry-men.

Now the first thing they gave me, they called it a gun,  
And under the trigger I nestled me thumb.  
The gun it spite fire, and vomited smoke  
It gave a great leap and me shoulder near broke.

Now the next place they took me was down to the sea,  
On board a great warship, bound for the Crimee,  
Three sticks in the middle, all hung with great sheet  
Sure she walked on the water without any feet.

We reached Balaclava all safe and all sound,  
And wet tired and weary we lay on the ground.  
Next morning at daybreak a bugler did call,  
And served us a breakfast of powder and ball.

Now we fought them at Alma like wives and her man  
But the Rooshians they foiled us along the Redan.  
While scaling a rampart meself lost an eye  
And a great Russian bullet ran away with me thigh.

Then the surgeon comes up and he soon stops the blood,  
And he gave me an elligant leg made of wood;  
And they gave me a pension of tenpence a day  
Contented on shiela I labour half-pay.

Now that was the story that my grandfather told,  
As he sat by the fire all withered and old.  
'Remember, ' said he, 'that the Irish fight well,  
But the Russian artillery's hotter than Hell.'