

# The Kerry Recruit

## The Dubliners

One morning in March I was diggin' the land  
With me brogues on me feet and me spade in me hand  
And says I to myself, such a pity to see  
Such a fine strappin' lad footin' turf round Tralee

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye  
Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya

So I buttered me brogues, shook hands with me spade  
Then I went to the fair like a dashing young blade  
When up comes a sergeant, he asks me to list  
'Arra, sergeant a gra, stick the bob in me fist'

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye  
Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya

And the first thing they gave me it was a red coat  
With a white strap of leather to tie round me throat  
They gave me a quare thing; I asked what was that  
And they told me it was a cockade for me hat

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye  
Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya

The next thing they gave me they called it a gun  
With powder and shot and a place for me thumb  
Well first it spat fire and then it spat smoke  
Lord, she gave a great leap that me shoulder near broke

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye  
Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya

Well the first place they sent me was down by the quay  
On board of a warship bound for the Crimea  
Three sticks in the middle all rolled round with sheets  
Faith, she walked on the water without any feet

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye  
Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya

When at Balaclava we landed quite soon  
Both cold, wet and hungry we lay on the ground  
Next morning for action the bugle did call  
And we had a hot breakfast of powder and ball

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye

Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya

Well we fought at the Alma, likewise Inkermann  
And the Russians they whaled us at the Redan  
In scaling the wall there myself lost me eye  
And a big Russian bullet she ran away with me thigh

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye  
Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya

'T Was there we lay bleeding  
Stretched on the cold ground  
Both heads, legs and arms were all scattered around  
I thought of me mum and me cleavage were nigh  
Sure they'd bury me decent and raise a loud cry

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye  
Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya

Well a doctor was called  
And he soon stanchd me blood  
And he gave me a fine elegant leg made of wood  
They gave me a medal and ten pence a day  
Contented with Sheelagh, I'll live on half-pay

Wid me toora na nye  
And me toora na nye  
Wid me toora na noo ra na  
Noo ra na nya