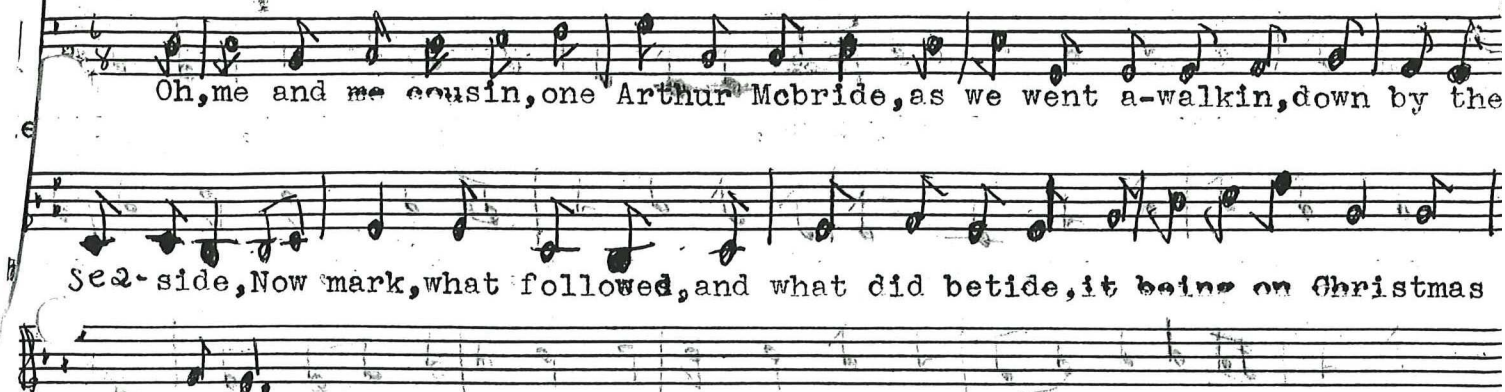


Key E -



morning,,

~~Oh~~ being on recreation, being on a tramp, we met Sergeant Napper,
And Corporal Vamp, and a little drummer intending to camp,
The day being pleasant, and charming,

Good morning, good morning the sergent did say, The same to you gentlemen
We did reply, intending no harm, but meant to pass by,
It being on Christmas morning,

Says he, My fine fellows, if you will enlist, Five Guineas in gold,
I will slip in your fist, And a crown in the bargain, to kick up the dust,
And to drink the Kings health, in the mornin,,

The soldier he leads a very fine life, He always is blest, with a
Charming young wife, He pays all his debts, without sorrow or strife,
And always, lives pleasant and charming,,

The soldier he always is decent and clean, While other poor fellows
Go dirty and mean, While other poor fellows, go hungry and mean,
And sup on Burgod, in the morning,,

Says Arthur, You needn't be proud of your clothes, You have but
The lend of them as I suppose, You dare not change them one night,
For your nose, If you do, You'll be flogged, in the morning,

Altho we are single, altho we are free, We take greatn delight, in our
Own Country, We have no desire, strange faces to see,
Altho your offer is charming,,

We have no desire to take your advance, All hazards and dangers,
We barter on chance, we would have no scruples, to send us to France,
Where we would be shot, without warning,,

Oh then said the sergent, I'll have no such chat, I neither will
Take it from salpeen or brat, For if you insult me in one other word,
It is that very moment, I will draw my sword,,

I'll drive it thru your body, if strength, does afford,
And cut off your nose, By the pure grace of God,
Then cut off your head, as a warning, A warning to all in the morning,,

T-O-ALL

Then Arthur and I we soon drew our Hods, And scarce gave them time,
 For to draw their own blades, When a trusty Shillalah, came over their
 And bade them take this as fair warning, heads,

Their old rusty rapiers that hung by their sides, We flung them as
 Far, as we could in the tide, Oh take them out Devils, Cried Arthur NMcbr
 And temper their edges, before morning,,

Oh the little drummer, we flattened his Pow, We made a football of his
 Tow-row-ee-dow--Threw it in the tide, for to rock or to row,
 And bade it a tedious returning,,

We having no money paid them off in cracks, We paid our respects,
 To thier two bloody backs, For we lathered them there, like a pair,
 Of wet sacks, and left them for dead, in the morning,,

Oh then to conclude, and to finish disputes, We obliginly asked them,
 If they wanted recruits, ?For we were the Lads, that would give them
 Hard clouts, And bid them look sharp in the morning..

WE picked up our hods, and away we did go,
 And laughed ourselves sick, at their faces of woe,,
 For boys of old Ireland, have places to go,
 For joy, on Christmas morning,,

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