

The Sad Recruit [The White Cockade]



'Twas one mid-sum-mer morn-ing As _ I walked o'er the grass,



I nev-er thought of 'list-ing Till a sol-dier did me _ pass.



He kind-ly did in - vite of me To drink a flow-ing bowl; _



He ad - vanc-ed, he ad - vanc-ed, he ad - vanc-ed, he ad - vanc-ed,



He ad - vanc-ed me that morn - ing Five _ guin-eas in bright gold.

'Twas one midsummer morning,
As I walked o'er the grass,
I had no thought of 'listing
Till a soldier did me pass.
He kindly then invite of me
To drink a flowing bowl;
He advanced, he advanced,
He advanced, he advanced,
He advanced me that morning
Five guineas in bright gold.

O may he never prosper,
O may he never thrive,
In anything he ventures
So long as he's alive.
The very grass he treads on
The ground refuse to grow,
For that he alone, for that he alone,
For that he alone, for that he alone,
For that he alone has caus-ed
My exile, grief and woe.

O now that I'm enlisted
And parted from my love,
I'll write her name, and carve it,
Throughout the greenwood grove,
Where the hunter long doth holloo,
The hounds so sweetly cry,
To remind me, to remind me,
To remind me, to remind me,
To remind me of my true love
Until the day I die