

Soldier, Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?

♩=155

Lyrics (largely) trad, Tune © Alan Murray, 2016

O sol - dier, sol - dier won't you mar ry me With your mus ket fife and
8 drum? O no sweet maid I can not mar ry you For I have no coat to put
16 on. So up she went to her grand - fa - ther's chest And got him a coat of the
24 ve - ry ve ry best And the sol - dier put it on.

O soldier, soldier, won't you marry me, with your musket fife and drum?
O no sweet maid I cannot marry you, for I have no coat to put on.
*So up she went to her grandfather's chest
She got him a coat of the very, very best - And the soldier put it on.*

O, soldier, soldier, won't you marry me, with your musket fife and drum?
O no sweet maid I cannot marry you, for I have no hat to put on.
*So up she went to her grandfather's chest
She got him a hat of the very, very best - And the soldier put it on.*

O soldier, soldier, won't you marry me, with your musket fife and drum?
O no sweet maid I cannot marry you, for I have no gloves to put on.
*So up she went to her grandfather's chest
She got him a pair of the very, very best - And the soldier put them on.*

O soldier, soldier, won't you marry me, with your musket fife and drum?
O no sweet maid I cannot marry you, for I have no boots to put on.
*So up she went to her grandfather's chest
She got him a pair of the very, very best - And the soldier put them on.*

O soldier, soldier, won't you marry me, with your musket fife and drum?
O no sweet maid I cannot marry you, for I have a wife of my own.
While the soldier relaxed on her fine feather-bed,
Out she went to her grandfather's shed,
Wishing that this bloody soldier was dead.
But a strange old thought came into her head.

She saw it so clear and she knew what to do.
She stuck him to the bed with some strong Superglue
and that boneheaded soldier met his Waterloo.
She got out some feathers and a bucket of poo
..... and the soldier put them on

I've always wanted that bloody soldier to get his come-uppance, so ...