

Bob Dylan, Arthur McBride

Oh, me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride
As we went a-walkin' down by the seaside
Mark know what followed and what did betide
For it bein' on Christmas mornin'
Now, for recreation, we went on a tramp
And we met Sergeant Napper and Corporal Vamp
And a little wee drummer intending to camp
For the day bein' pleasant and charming.

"Good morning, good morning," the sergeant he cried
"And the same to you gentleman," we did reply
Intending no harm but means to pass by
For it bein' on Christmas morning
"But," says he, "My fine fellows, if you will enlist
Ten guineas in gold I'll stick in your fist
And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust
And drink the king's health in the morning.

"For a soldier, he leads a very fine life
And he always is blessed with a charming young wife
And he pays all his debts without sorrow or strike
And he always lives pleasant and charmin'
And a soldier he always is decent and clean
In the finest of clothing he's constantly seen
While other poor fellows go dirty and mean
And sup on thin gruel in the morning".

"But," says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of your clothes
For you've only the lend of them, as I suppose
But you're dare not change them one night, for you know
If you do, you'll be flogged in the morning
And although that we're single and free
We take great delight in our own company
We have no desire strange places to see
Althoug that your offers are charming.

"And we have no desire to take your advance
All hazards and dangers we barter on chance
For you'd have no scruples for to send us to France
Where we could get shot without warning"
"Oh no," says the Sergeant, "I'll have no such chat
And neither will I take it from snappy young brats
For if you insult me with one other word
I'll cut off your heads in the morning".
And Arthur and I, we soon drew our hogs
And we scarce gave them time to draw their own blades
When a trusty shillelagh came over their head
And bid them take that as fair warning
And their old rusty rapiers that hung by their sides
We flung them as far as we could in the tide
"Now take them up, devils !" cried Arthur McBride
"And temper their edge in the morning!".

And the little wee drummer, we flattered his bow
And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow
Threw it in the tide for to rock and to roll
And bade it a tedious returning
And we havin' no money, paid them off in cracks
We paid no respect to their two bloody backs
And we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks
And left them for dead in the morning.

And so, to conclude and to finish disputes
We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits

For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts
And bid them look sharp in the morning.

Oh, me and my cousin, one Artur McBride
As we went a-walkin' down by the seaside
Mark now what followed and what did betide
For it bein' on Christmas morning.