

# The Pogues, Recruiting Sergeant

(Traditional)

As I was walking down the road  
A feeling fine and larky oh  
A recruiting sergeant came up to me  
Says he, you'd look fine in khaki oh  
For the King he is in need of men  
Come read this proclamation oh  
A life in Flanders for you then  
Would be a fine vacation oh

That may be so says I to him  
But tell me sergeant dearie-oh  
If I had a pack stuck upon my back  
Would I look fine and cheerie oh  
For they'd have you train and drill until  
They had you one of the Frenchies oh  
It may be warm in Flanders  
But it's draughty in the trenches oh

The sergeant smiled and winked his eye  
His smile was most provoking oh  
He twiddled and twirled his wee mustache  
Says he, I know you're only joking oh  
For the sandbags are so warm and high  
The wind you won't feel blowing oh  
Well I winked at a cailin passing by  
Says I, what if it's snowing oh

Come rain or hail or wind or snow  
I'm not going out to Flanders oh  
There's fighting in Dublin to be done  
Let your sergeants and your commanders go  
Let Englishmen fight English wars  
It's nearly time they started oh  
I saluted the sergeant a very good night  
And there and then we parted oh