

# Andy M. Stewart, Young Jimmy In Flanders

Will ye go tae Flanders, Young Jimmy-o?  
Oh will ye go tae Flanders, Young Jimmy-o?  
There you'll get wine and brandy  
And medals find and dandy,  
O will ye go to Flanders, Young Jimmy-o?

Oh dinnae go tae Flanders, Young Jimmy-o!  
Dinnae go tae Flanders, my own dear Jimmy-o!  
What good tae me is brandy  
And medals find and dandy,  
If you're lyin' deid on Flanders, My Jimmy-o?

Will ye go tae Flanders, young Jimmy-o?  
And serve those who command us, Young Jimmy-o?  
We fight the fearful Hun  
With our long Lee-Enfield guns  
Though he's just your fellow man  
When we stop for Christmas day.

Jimmy went to Flanders so many years ago,  
To the Somme, to Ypres and Arras, not so many years ago.  
He played his pipes to battle  
And the laddies died like cattle  
And the brandy was drunk in Whitehall  
A million miles away.

What saw ye there in Flanders, my Jimmy-o?  
What se ye there in Flanders, My Own Jimmy-o?  
We rang the victory bells  
Over every foe that fell  
Workin' men just like mysel', My Rosie-o.