The Brave Volunteer

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One mornin', one mornin', one mornin' in May
I see a young couple a-makin' their way
One was a maiden, so slim and so fair
The other a soldier and a brave volunteer.

"Good mornin', good mornin', good mornin'," says he
"Oh where be you goin' my pretty lady?"
"I be goin' a-walkin' because it is spring
To see waters glide and hear the nightingales sing"

Well they hadn't been standin' but a moment or two
When out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew
And the tune that he played made the valleys all sing
'Twas sweeter than music when the nightingales sing

"Pretty soldier, pretty soldier, will you now marry me?"
"Oh, no, pretty lady, that never could be
I've a wile in old London and babies twice three
One wife and the Army's a-plenty for me."

"But I'll Go back to old London and stay there a while
And often I'll think of you sweetly, my child.
And if e'er I return it will be in the spring e
To see waters glide and hear nightingales sing"

From Bob Beers
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