Recruited Collier

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O what's the matter wi' you my lass
And where's your dashing Jimmy?
O, the soldier boys have ta'en him up
And sent him far, far from me
Last payday he went off to town
And them red-coated fellows
Enticed him in and made him drunk
And he's better gone to the gallows.

The very sight of his cockade
It sets us all a'crying
And me I nearly fainted twice
I thought that I was dying
My father would have paid the smart
And he ran for the golden guinea
But the sergeant swore he'd kissed the book
And now they've got young Jimmy.

When Jimmy talks about the wars
It's worse than death to hear him
I have to go and hide my face
Because I cannot bear him
A brigadier or grenadier
He says they're bound to make him
But aye he laughs and cracks his jokes
And bids me not forsake him.

As I walked ower the stubble fields
Below it runs the seam
I thought of Jimmy hewing there
But it was all a dream
He hewed the very coals we burn
And when the fire I'm lighting
To think the coals was in his hands
It sets my heart to beating

So break my heart and then it's ower
So break my heart my dearie
And lay me in the cold ground
For of single life I'm weary

recorded by Dick Gaughan
SOF

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