I had a first cousin called Arthur Mac Bride
He and I took a stroll down by the sea-side
A seeking good fortune and what might the tide.
Twas just as the day was a-dawning.
The after resting, we both took a tram.
And we met sergeant Harper and corporal Cram
And besides a wee drummer who beat up our camp
With his rowdy dow dow in the morning.

He said my young fellows « if you will enlist,
A guinea you quickly shall have in your fist
And besides a crown for to kick up the dust
And drink the King’s health in the morning».
Had we been such fools as to take the advance
The wee bit of money we’d have to run chance
Do you think it no scruples for to send us to France
Where we would be killed in the morning.

He said: « my young fellows if I hear but one word,
I instantly now will out by my sword
And into your bodies as strength will support
So now my gay devils take a warning ».
But Arthur and I we took the odds
We gave them no chance for to launch out theirs swords
Our whacking shillelaghs came over their heads
And paid them right smart in the morning.

As for the young drummer, we rifled his pouch
And we made a football of his rowdy dow dow
And into the ocean to rock and to roll
And barring the day it’s returning.
As for the rapier that hung by his side
We flung it as far as we could in the tide.
«To the devil I pit you», said Arthur Mac Bride.
«To temper your steel in the morning». 