

Gentleman Soldier

G Well, I saw the gentleman soldier, as a sentry he did stand,
D he saluted the fair maid by a waving of his hand.
G So boldly then he kissed her and he passed it off as a joke,
D he drilled her up to the sentry box, wrapped up in a soldier's coat.

Chorus

G And the drums they go with a rat-a-ta-tat,
D and the pipes they loudly play.

D Fare thee well, Polly, me dear, I must be going away.

G All night they tossed and tumbled till daylight did appear,
D the soldier rose, put on his clothes, said: 'Fare ye well, me dear'.
C For the drums they are a sounding, and the pipes they sweetly play,
D if it weren't for that, my Polly, then along with you I'd stay.

Chorus

G And the drums they go with a rat-a-ta-tat,
D and the pipes they loudly play.

D Fare thee well, Polly, me dear, I must be going away.

G 'O come, ye gentleman soldier, won't you marry me?'
D 'Oh no, me dearest Polly such things never can be.
C For I have a wife already and children I have three,
D two wives are allowed in the army, but one is too many for me'.

Chorus

G **D**
And the drums they go with a rat-a-ta-tat,
C **G**
and the pipes they loudly play.

D **G**
Fare thee well, Polly, me dear, I must be going away.

G **D** **G**
If anyone comes a courting you, you can treat them to a glass,
D **G**
if anyone comes a courting you, you can say you're a country lass.
D **C** **G**
You don't have to tell them, that ever you played this joke,
D **G**
that you were drilled in a sentry box, wrapped up in a soldier's coat.

Chorus

G **D**
And the drums they go with a rat-a-ta-tat,
C **G**
and the pipes they loudly play.

D **G**
Fare thee well, Polly, me dear, I must be going away.

G **D** **G**
'Oh come ye gentleman soldier, why didn't you tell me so,
D **G**
my parents will be angry when this they come to know'.

D
And when nine long months had come and passed,
C **G**
and purgatory got shame,
D **G**
she had a little militia boy, and she didn't know his name.

Chorus X 2

G **D**
And the drums they go with a rat-a-ta-tat,
C **G**
and the pipes they loudly play.

D **G**
Fare thee well, Polly, me dear, I must be going away.