



### *Follow the Drum.*

ANSWER TO

## COLIN & PHOEBE.

Come, come dearest Phœbe, let's away to the fair,

The day it is fine, and fresh is the air,  
Our pleasure we'll take, and of love we will talk,  
As through the green meadows so gaily we walk.

O, no dearest Colin, do you think I would go,  
With you to the fair to see the gay show,  
Beside, should I do so, how would the folks talk,  
To see me with Colin so gaily to walk.

There's Polly and Jenny, you very well know,  
You promis'd to take to see the fine show,  
And buy them a ribbon to deck out their hair,  
O, no my dear Colin, I'll not go to the fair.

Do you think dearest Phœbe that I was sincere,  
With Polly or Jenny to go to the fair,  
O, no my dear girl, 'twould grieve my fond heart  
One moment from you dear Phœbe to part.

I vow and declare when to Jenny I spoke,  
And to Polly likewise, it was but in joke,  
For Phœbe's the girl I protest and declare,  
I will love and protect when we go to the fair.

If what you do say dear Colin is true,  
I'll banish suspicion and go then with you,  
I believe you sincere, and to me will prove kind,  
To deceive your fond Phœbe is far from your mind.

Since now you consent with your Colin to go,  
My love I will prove, when we come from the show,  
Instead of a ribbon, I'll buy you a ring,  
And we'll be more happy than William our King.

'Twas in the merry month of May  
When bees from flower to flower did hum,  
Soldiers through the town march'd gay,  
The village flew to the sound of the drum;  
From the windows lasses looked a score,  
Neighbours met at every door,  
Serjeant twirled his sash and story,  
And talked of wounds, of honour and glory.

'Twas in the merry month, &c.

Roger swore he'd leave his plough,  
His team and tillage, and all by gum,  
Of a country life he had enough,  
He'd leave it all and follow the drum;  
He'd leave his thrashing in the barn,  
To thrash his foes right soon he'd learn,  
With sword in hand he would not parley,  
But thrash his foes instead of barley.

'Twas in the, &c.

The cobbler he threw by his awl,  
When all were glad he'd ne'er be glum,  
But quick attend to glory's call,  
And like a man he'd follow the drum:  
No more at home he'd be a slave,  
But take his seat amid the brave.  
In battle's seat none could be prouder,  
'Stead balls of wax, he'd have balls and powder.

'Twas in the, &c.

The tailor he got off his knees,  
And to the ranks did boldly come,  
He said he would ne'er sit at ease,  
But follow the rest and follow the drum;  
How he would leather his foes good lord,  
When he'd a bodkin for a sword,  
The French should find he did'nt wheedle,  
When he had a spear instead of a needle.

'Twas in the, &c.

Three old women, the first was lame,  
The second was blind the third nigh dum,  
To stay behind was a burning shame  
They'd follow the men and follow the drum;  
Our wills are good, but lack-a-day,  
To catch the soldiers we will try for it,  
For where there's a will there's always a way,  
We'll walk a mile or two if we die for it.

'Twas in the, &c.

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