

Can you to Battle go.

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COULD you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining?
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you are gone campaigning:
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Could never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over

Cheer, cheer, my love, you shall not grieve
A soldier true you'll find me;
I shall not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Should never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Shall go with me all the world over

And can you to the battle go,
To woman's fears a stranger,
No fear my breast will ever know,
But when my love's in danger,
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Fears only for her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

Then let the world jog as it will,
Let hollow friends forsake us,
We both shall be as happy still,
As war and love can make us,
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Shall go with me all the world over.

