



Hey for the life of a SOLDIER.

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WHEN I was an infant gossips would
I'd when older—be a soldier, (say,
Rattle and toys,—I'd throw'em away,
Unless a gun or a sabre,
When a younker up I grew,
Saw one day a grand review,
Colours flying,—set me dying,
To embark in a life so new,
Roll drums merrily march away,
Soldier's glory,—lives in story,
His laurels are green when his locks are
Then hey for the life of a Soldier. (grey.

Lifted to battle, I march along
Courting danger---fear a stranger,
The cannon beat time to the trumpet's
And made my heart a hero's, (song
Charge the gallant leaders cry,
On like lions then we fly,
Blood and thunder--Foes knock under
Then huzza for victory. Roll drums, &c

Who so merry as we in camp,
Battle over.——live in clover,
Care and his cronies are forc'd to tramp,
And all is social pleasure,
Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,
Time goes gaily on the wing,
Smiles of beauty——sweeten duty,
And each private is a king. Roll, &c

