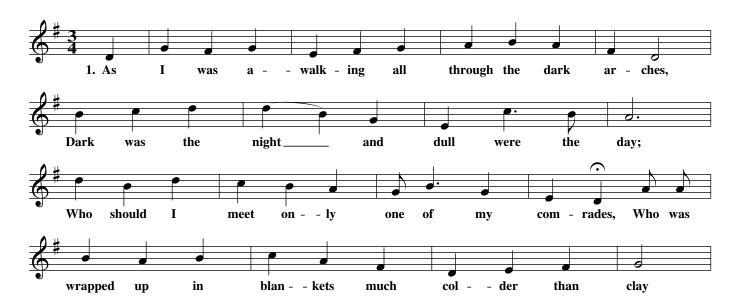
Through the Dark Arches

(Young Soldier Cut down in his Prime)



- 2. Give me a candle to light him to bed with, Black was the flannel to bind up his head; His poor head is aching, his kind heart is breaking, There's nobody knows how that poor man lays ill.
- 3. If I'd a-known it my friends they disliked me, If I'd a-known it I took it in time; I might had been one of those pills of white mercury, But now I'm a young man cut down in my prime.
- 4. At the top of the street there was two girls a-standing, One to the other they whispered and said, "There goes a young man whose money we've squandered, But now we have brought him to his silent grave."
- 5. So beat the drums over and play the fife merrily, Play the dead march as they carry him on; Take him to a churchyard and fire three volleys over him, There goes a young soldier cut down in his prime.
- 6. My poor ageing father, my old ageing mother, They often time told me to bring me to ruin; To never go courting flash girls of the city, Flash girls of the city were the ruin of me.

Alternative last line: (Pray stay at home and keep sweet company.)

Words in brackets from recording by Mike Yates.

Source: Sung by Harry Brazil, Sandhurst, Gloucester. Collected by Gwilym Davies 27/11/1977.

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