

## Through the Dark Arches

(Young Soldier Cut down in his Prime)

1. As I was a - - walk-ing all through the dark ar - ches,  
 Dark was the night \_\_\_\_\_ and dull were the day;  
 Who should I meet on - - ly one of my com - rades, Who was  
 wrapped up in blan - kets much col - - der than clay

The dotted rhythms shown in bar 2 occurred in the following verses:

Bar 2: verses 1, 2, 3 & 6

Bar 3: verses 2, 4 & 5

Bar 7: all except verse 2

Bar 11: all verses

Bar 14: all except verse 2, in which the 1st note is longer than the 2nd.

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 magari [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 mallory],  
 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. (that never done wrong.)
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.  
 (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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