

The Gloucester Blinder

1. In Glo'-ster-shire where I comes from they calls I an art-ful old dod-ger, ___ They
 asked I o'er and o'er a - - gain if I could be a sol-dier, ___ They
 asked I o'er and o'er a - gain if I could take a shin - er, ___ and they
 Chorus
 Told me that the name of me corps would be The Glo' - ster Blin - der, ___ With a
 Fa - la - la here and a fa - la - la there, fa - la - la la when I get w'hom.

2. They took I on the square that day, a followin' up the band, sir.
 And a gurt tall chap way out in front, why didn't he thump that drum, sir.
 He'd swing his sticks up over his y'ead, wallop, he brought 'em down, sir.
 And he hut [hit] a gurt hole in the side of the drum, as bigger than a mangle wurzle.
3. They took us on parade thuck [that] day, doin' our duty manual
 And round and round thuck square we went, as the rifles we did handle
 'Twas eyes right, eyes left, dammit hold your y'ead up
 And if thee's durst as much as answer 'm back they'd stick 'ee in the lock-up
4. Now they brought us in t'was dinner time, I was as hungry as a hunter
 But I durst'nt touch or smell one bit, till the officer had been round sir
 They brought a dish, dished it up, on an old tin platter
 And all that I had when it come to my turn
 Was a bone and a blooming gurt tater.
5. Lord don't I wish that I were back, a vollowin' our old plough sir
 Lord don't I wish that I were back, a milkin' our old cow sir
 Lord don't I wish that I were back, alongside a leg o' mutton
 With a damn gurt knife and a rusty old fork, ah lumme couldn't I cut 'en.

Source: Sung by David Gardner, Tresham, on 1st February 1997. Collected by Gwilym Davies