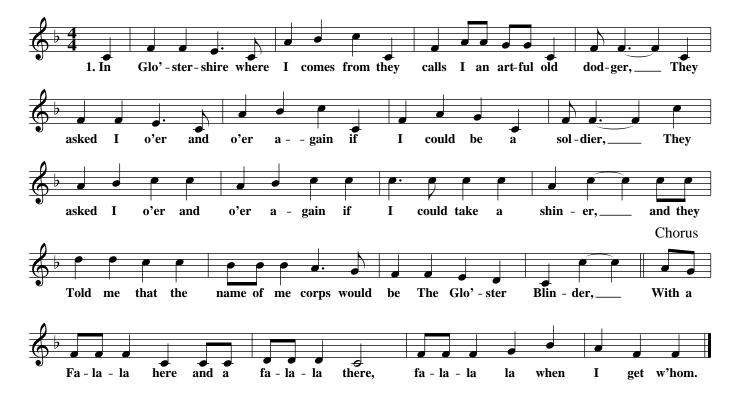
## The Gloucester Blinder



- 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 lummee couldn't I cut 'en.

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

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