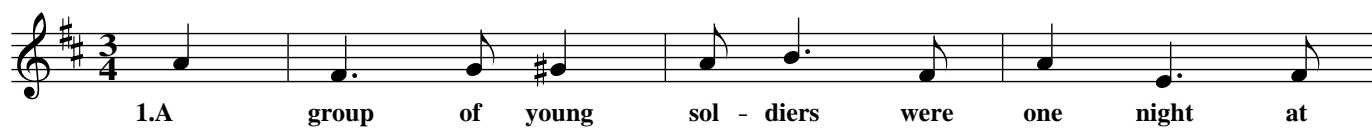


## A Group of Young Soldiers



### Chorus



Now my moth - - er she's old and she knows how things  
 are; she was poor when my fath - er met her.  
 She said 'Hold your tongue Jack, you will mar - - ry that  
 lass with your fath - er's con - - sent I am sure.'

Repeat chorus

Source: Sung by Joan Taylor, Gloucester. Collected by Gwilym Davies 11 March 1997.

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