

## The Deserter

I was once young and fool - - ish, Like ma - - ny who is  
 here, I've been fond of night ram - bling And I am  
 fond of my beer. Sure if I had my hown 'ome And my  
 sw - eet lib - - er - - ty, I would do no more  
 sol - dier - ing, By land, or by sea.

### Verse 2

Sure the first time I des - er - ted I thought my - - self free, I was  
 quick-ly foll-owed af - ter and brought back by speed, I was  
 quick-ly foll-owed aft - er And brought back by speed And  
 put in the Queen's guard-room And heav - y irons put on me

Wiggy sometimes ended the song thus:

Sure, if I had my own home and my sweet — lib - - er - - ty, I'd  
 go no more sold - - ier - - ing by land or — by sea.

You take off the heavy irons and you let him go free  
For he-d make a bright soldier for his queen and country  
You take off the heavy irons and you let him go free  
For he-d make a brave soldier for his king and country.

Source: Sung by Wiggy Smith at The Victoria pub, Cheltenham, Glos, 1994.  
Recorded by Gwilym Davies and Paul Burgess.