

# The Little Drummer



He — came to his love's win - dow at the dead of the night. He  
called her his jew - el, his own heart's de - light. "Now since you've shot the  
ar - row you're the one who can cure, And if you won't have me I'll  
die at your door. And it's oh, my — hard for - tune."

“Begone, little drummer,” this fair one did say,  
“Would I be so mean as to marry with thee?  
My father’s a squire of a high degree  
And I am his daughter and heiress to be,  
And it’s oh, my hard fortune!”

He turned to the door and he bade her farewell,  
Saying, “You’ll send my soul wandering to heaven or hell;  
On the point of my bayonet I will end all this strife  
And cut the sweet innocent thread of my life.  
And it’s oh, my hard fortune!”

“Come back, little drummer,” this fair one did say,  
“Come back, little drummer, and marry with me.  
Turn back, little drummer, marry me if you will,  
For I think it a pity your blood for to spill,  
And it’s oh, my hard fortune!”

“Come saddle a steed and to Plymouth we’ll go,  
Where we will be married in spite of our foes,  
And when we are married and all things are done  
What more can they say than we followed the drum?  
And it’s oh, my hard fortune.”

Now when her old father this news came to hear  
It's straightway to Plymouth he quickly did steer,  
He took them both home and to them he did give  
Five thousand a year as long as they lived,  
And it's oh, my good fortune.

Note: This song and "Georgie" also were sung by the son of my father's sister Mary. He lived in my home for a time before I was old enough to remember. He learned the songs from his mother.