

The Deserter

Fairport Convention

As I was a-walking along Radcliffe highway
A recruiting party came a-beating my way
They enlisted me and treated me 'til I did not know
And to the Queen's barracks they forced me to go
When first I deserted, I thought myself free
Until my cruel comrade informed against me
I was quickly followed after and brought back with speed
I was handcuffed and guarded, heavy irons put on me
Court martial, court martial, they held upon me
And the sentence passed upon me, three hundred and three
May the Lord have mercy on them for their sad cruelty
For now the Queen's duty lies heavy on me
When next I deserted, I thought myself free
Until my cruel sweetheart informed against me
I was quickly followed after and brought back with speed
I was handcuffed and guarded, heavy irons put on me
Court martial, court martial, then quickly was got
And the sentence passed upon me that I was to be shot
May the Lord have mercy on them for their sad cruelty
For now the Queen's duty lies heavy on me
Then up rode Prince Albert in his carriage and six
Saying "Where is that young man whose coffin is fixed?
Set him free from his irons and let him go free
For he'll make a good soldier for his Queen and country"

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>