

# Pretty Young Soldier

Sting

There are two young lovers, they're pledged to each other's hands  
They meet by the river, to talk of their marriage plans  
"I'm confessing," he said, "I've signed for a soldier  
I'm leaving tomorrow for some foreign land" She watches the pretty young soldiers  
As they march themselves off to the war  
She wonders if she'll ever see him again  
Somehow she doubts it, but she has to be sure So she rode into town on the very next day  
And dressed herself up all in man's array  
With a sword and a musket she took the King's shilling  
And to fight in some foreign war  
She said, "Yes!," she'd be willing All you pretty young soldiers  
In those uniforms that you've never worn  
The Captain will come to inspect you all now  
"Let me down and you'll all wish you'd never been born" The Captain astride of his horse's grey flanks  
Pulls the pretty young soldier from out of the ranks  
His gaze it is fixed and she's starting to shake  
He said, "follow me soldier and listen to the offer that I'm willing to make" "Come you pretty young soldier  
Come and be my right hand  
You're having this strange effect on my soul  
That I don't quite understand" "Captain, oh Captain, I've a confession to make  
I love someone else and my heart it will break"  
And as she released her brown hair from a band  
It tumbled all down her shoulders and into his hands "Oh you pretty young soldier  
Come and take my right hand  
You're having this strange effect on my soul  
And now I think, I understand"

Songwriters

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