My Parents Reared Me Tenderly

Len Graham

My parents reared me tenderly,I being their only son
Little, little did they think I would follow the fife and drum
They brought me up in the fear of God
Kept me from toil and woe
Which makes me sigh and oftimes cry, I wish the war was o'er

To finish my education, they brought to school a whole
And by their hard industry, kept me in proper style
But with some liquor in my head, I sailed for Glasgow green
Enlisted with John Barber, all for to serve the queen.

After seven long years had passed and gone, I thought on my liberty
After seven long years had passed and gone, I thought I would be free
But the answer the colonel gave to me, it oftimes makes me sigh
And I was bound to serve the queen, till all the wars were by.

I'll take my second bounty, perhaps will be for life
And I'll cross the briny ocean, and the gun will be my wife
And I'll fill up a flowing glass, and I'll toss it o'er and o'er
Fair maid don't mourn, for I'll return, when the cruel war is o'er.

Lyrics Submitted by Fiona Flagstad

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