

# Pogues, The Gentleman Soldier

(The Pogues' Version)

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It's of a gentleman soldier  
as sentry he did stand  
He saluted a fair maiden  
by a waiving of his hand  
So then he boldly kissed her  
and he passed it off as a joke  
He drilled her up in the sentry box  
wrapped up in a soldier's cloke

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap  
And the fifes they loudly play  
Fare you well Polly my dear  
I must be going away

All night they tossed and tumbled  
till the daylight did appear  
The soldier rose, put on his clothes,  
saying, Fare you well my dear  
For the drums they are a beating  
and the fifes they so sweetly play  
If it weren't for that Polly my dear  
with you I'd gladly stay

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap  
And the fifes they loudly play  
Fare you well Polly my dear  
I must be going away

Now come you gentleman soldier,  
won't you marry me?  
Oh no my dearest Polly  
such things can never be  
for I've a wife already  
children I have three  
Two wives are allowed in the army  
but one's too many for me

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap  
And the fifes they loudly play  
Fare you well Polly my dear  
I must be going away

If anyone comes a courting you,  
you can treat them to a glass  
If anyone comes a courting you,  
you can say you're a country lass  
You needn't ever tell them,  
nor pass it off as a joke  
That you got drilled in a sentry box  
wrapped up in a soldier's cloke

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap  
And the fifes they loudly play  
Fare you well Polly my dear  
I must be going away

Oh it's come my gentleman soldier,  
why didn't you tell me so? My parents will be angry  
when this they come to know When nine months had been and gone  
the poor girl she brought shame

She had a little militia boy  
and she didn't know his name

And the drums are going a rap a tap tap  
And the fifes they loudly play  
Fare you well Polly my dear  
I must be going away

These are the lyrics as they appear on the Rum, Sodomy, & The Lash insert.

(The Sentry Box)

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'Twas on one Sunday evening  
on sentry did I stand  
I fell in love with some pretty girl  
by shaking of her hand;  
By shaking of her hand, my boys,  
and the passing of a joke,  
I slipped her into the sentry box  
and roll'd her up in my cloak.

O! there we toss'd and tumb'l'd  
till daylight did appear  
Then I arose, put on my clothes,  
saying, "Fare you well my dear.  
The drums they are a-beating  
and the fifes so sweetly play,  
If it wasn't for that, dear Polly,  
along with you I'd stay."

If anyone comes a-courting you,  
you treat them with a glass -  
If anyone comes a-courting you,  
say you're a country lass.  
You need not even tell them  
that ever you pass'd a joke,  
That ever you went in a sentry box  
wrapp'd up in a soldier's cloak.

"Now come, my valiant young soldier,  
O! won't you marry me?"  
"O! no, my dearest Polly,  
such things they never can be,  
For married I am already  
and children I have three,  
Two wives are allow'd in the army,  
but one is enough for me."

"O! now, my valiant young soldier,  
why hadn't you told me so?  
My parents they'll be angry  
if ever they come to know."  
When nine long months was up and pass'd  
this this poor girl she brought shame,  
For she had a little militia boy  
and she could not tell his name.