Bob Dylan - Arthur Mc Bride

Tom: A

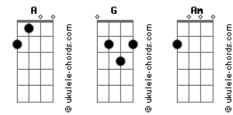
(acordes na forma do tom G)
Capostraste na 2ª casa
{c:Capo - 2nd fret}
Oh me[G] and my cousin one A[G]rthur McBride
As we[C] went a-wal[G]king down by[Am the seasi[C]de
A-ma[G]rking what followed and what[G] might betide
For it being on Christmas mo[D]rning
And f[G]or recreation we we[G]nt on a tramp
And we met[C] Sergeant Har[G]per and Cor[Amporal R[C]amp
And the li[G]ttle wee drummer intending to camp
For the day being pleasant and cha[D]rming[G]

"Good morning, good morning" the Sergeant he cried "And the same to you gentlemen" we did reply Intending no harm as we meant to pass by For it being on Christmas morning But says he "My fine fellows if you will enlist It's ten guineas in gold I will slip in your fists And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust And drink the King's health in the morning

For a soldier he leads a very fine life He always is blessed with a charming young wife And he pays all his debts without sorrow and strife And he always lives pleasant and charming And a soldier he always is decent and clean In the finest of clothing he's constantly seen While other poor fellows look dirty and mean And sup on thin gruel in the morning"

But says Arthur "I wouldn't be proud of your clothes For you've only the lend of them, as I suppose And you dare not change them one night for you know If you do you'll be flogged in the morning

Acordes



And although that we are single and free We take great delight in our own company And we have no desire strange faces to see Although that your offers are charming And we have no desire to take your advance All hazards and dangers we barter on chance For you would have no scruple for to send us to France Where we would get shot without warning

"Oh no," says the Sergeant, "I'll hear no such chat And I never will take it from spalpeen or brat For if you insult me with one other word I'll cut off your heads in the morning" And then Arthur and I we soon drew our odds And we scarce gave them time for to draw their own blades When a trusty shillelagh came over their heads And bade them take that as fair warning

And their old rusty rapiers that hung by their sides We flung them as far as we could in the tide "Now take them out, devils," cried Arthur McBride "And temper their edge in the morning" And the little wee drummer we flattened his pouch And we made a foot-bowl of his rowdy-dowd-dowd Threw it in the tide for to rock and to roll And bade it a tedious returning

And we having no money, paid them off in cracks And we paid no respect to their two bloody backs But we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks And left them for dead in the morning And so to conclude and to finish disputes We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts And bid them look sharp in the morning