

Bob Dylan - Arthur Mc Bride

Tom: **A**

(acordes na forma do tom **G**)

Capo: 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 sea][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[Am]poral 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"

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

Acordes

