Captain Barnard's Grenadier

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We marched out of Gloucester the 19th of June,
Colours being flying, and soldiers in full bloom;
Little did I think that my true love was so near,
My heart was stole away by Captain Barnard's Grenadier.

My father and my mother confined me in a room,
I jumped out of the window, and I went into the town;
It was my good fortune to meet with my dearest dear,
My heart was stole away by Captain Barnard's Grenadier.

My love goes to the Captain, so valiant and so bold,
He is clothed all in scarlet, and laced round with gold;
I washed my love his linen, to please my dearest dear,
My heart was stole away by Captain Barnard's Grenadier.

The lads love the music our Captain does command,
They play such pleasant tunes all on our royal Band;
They played the sweetest marches that ever I did hear,
When I was in the grove with Captain Barnard's Grenadier.

'Tis in came Timothy Clayton, with his all-wooing drum,
He swore he'd kiss the bonniest girl that was in all the room,
With his shoes as black as jet, he's powdered from ear to ear,
Yet she swore she'd go along with Captain Barnard's Grenadier.

Roxburghe Ballads , vii. 308. Date, c. 1746. Cf. Ingeldew's Yorkshire Ballads , p. 30. TD

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