# The Old Mousquetaire - song lyrics

## American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE OLD MOUSQUETAIRE.

On a vine covered porch sat an old Mousquetaire,
Watching intently a fair child at play;
The toys round him scattered, tho' simple they were,
And his thoughts flew far, far away.
At the sound of the drum, he was feeble no more,
But flourished his crutch in the air,
If a soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me,
Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms!
Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms!
If a soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me,
Shoulder arms! cried the old Mousquetaire,
Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms!

Chorus.
At the sound of the drum, he was feeble no more,
But flourished his crutch in the air;
If a soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me,
Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms! Shoulder arms!

My musket and sword I have hung up to rest,
My knapsack, my belt, and my battered canteen;
At Jena, at Wegram, the East and the West,
With the old Mousquetaire have they been;
I could still stand a brush, though nearly four score,
But prudence forbids me forbear,
For the time it draws nigh, when King Death will cry,
To your arms! To your arms! To your arms!
To your arms! To your arms! To your arms!
For the time it draws nigh, when King Death will cry,
Toyour arms! with the old Mousquetaire,
To your arms! To your arms!- Chorus.