# THE FEMALE DRUMMER

I’m going to be a soldier in my uniform quite new,
And if they’ll let me have a drum, I’ll be a drummer too,
To march into the battlefield with a broadsword in my hand,
And to hear the cannons rattle, and the music sound so grand.
The music sound so grand….

When I was a young girl, the age of sixteen,
From my home I ran away to go and serve the queen,
To go and serve the queen, like another private man,
I think you’ll make a drummer, so just step this way young man.

They led me to my officer and lit me up to bed,
But laying by a soldier’s side, I never felt afraid,
And pulling off my old red coat, I used to laugh and smile,
For to think myself a drummer, yet a female all the while.

My waist so neat and slender, my fingers long and small,
And very soon they taught me how to play the best of all,
I played all on my kettle drum as other drummers played,
I played all on my kettle drum, and I’ll beat the drum again.

They sent me up to London, to be guard o’er the Tower,
And there I might have been until this very day and hour,
But a young girl fell in love with me, she found I was a maid,
She went straightway to my officer, and my secret she betrayed.

My officer he sent for me to hear if this was true,
And I was forced to tell him a tale he already knew,
Here’s a pension all for your reward, he smiled as he said,
It’s a pity we should lose you, such a drummer as you made.

So fare you well my officer, you have been kind to me,
Fare you well my comrades, you ne’er forgot shall be,
And should the British Army fall short of any man,
I’ll put on my hat and feather, and I’ll beat the drum again.