

Streets of Rochester

A bold fusilier came marching down through Rochester
back from the wars in the Low country, and he sang as he marched thro the
crowd ed streets of Roche ester, who'll be a soldier for Marl boro & me?
Who'll be a soldier who'll be a soldier who'll be a soldier for
Marl boro & me? and he sang as he marched thro the crowd ed streets of Roch ester,
Who'll be a soldier for Marl boro & me?

The Queen, she has ordered new troops onto the continent
To strike a last blow at the enemy.
And if you would be a soldier all in a scarlet uniform
Take the King's shilling for Marlboro and me.

Take the King's shilling. Etc

Not I, said the butcher, Nor I, said the baker.
Most of the rest with them did agree.
To be paid with the powder and the rattle of the cannonball
Wages for soldiers for Marlboro and me.

Wages for soldiers, etc,

Now I, said the young man, have oft endured the parish queue.
There is no wages or employment for me.
Salvation or danger, that'll be my destiny.
To be a soldier for Marlboro and me."

To be a soldier, etc

Now twenty new recruits came marching down through Rochester
Off to the wars in the north country.
And they sang as they marched through the crowded streets of Rochester,
Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?

Who'll be a soldier, etc