

August 2019

# The Female Drummer

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk)



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Female Drummer" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1188.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk/1188](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1188)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).



## THE FEMALE

# DRUMMER.

(Harkness, Printer, 8, Water Street, Preston.)

A maiden I was at the age of sixteen  
 From my friends ran away and a soldier became,  
 I listed in a regiment a drummer I became,  
 And I learnt to beat on a drum a dum a dum.  
 Many a prank I've seen in the field,  
 And many a frenchman I have forced to yield,  
 Many is the slaughter I have seen of the french,  
 And so boldly I fought when I was but a wench.  
 A fighting top gallant in my time I have been,  
 With the noble duke of York at the siege of valenciennes  
 Favoured by my officers for fear I should be slain,  
 They sent me to england recruiting back again.  
 My hat and feather if you had but seen,  
 You'd thought and have sworn that a man I'd been,  
 The drummers delighted with my fingers so small,  
 And I play'd the row dow the best of them all.  
 Every night to my quarters when I came,  
 I was no ways ashamed to lie with a man,  
 In pulling of my breeches, to myself often smil'd  
 To lie with a man and a maid all the while.  
 They sent me to London to keep guard at the tower,  
 Were I might have been a maid to this very hour,  
 A lady fell in love with me, I told her I was a maid,  
 And she to my officers the secret convey'd.  
 The officer he sent to me to know if it was true,  
 For such a thing can scarce be believed of you,  
 When I told him of it, he smil'd and to me said,  
 'Tis a pity to lose such a drummer as you made.  
 For your noble courage at the siege of Valenciens,  
 A bounty is allowed you my girl from the queen,  
 Now I got a husband, a drummer he became,  
 I have learnt him to beat on the drum a dum dum.  
 Here's a health to the duke, and health unto you,  
 A health to each boy that sticks to his colors true,  
 And if the duke is short of men, before the French  
 are slain,  
 So boldly will I march to fight for him again.

No. 111.

# MARY ANN and her Servant Man

Harkness, Printer, 8, Water Street Preston,

IT'S of a damsel both fair and handsome,  
 These lines are true, as I've been told,  
 Near the banks of the Shannon, in a lofty mansion,  
 Her parents claimed stores of gold,  
 Her hair was black as a raven's feather,  
 Her form and features describe who can;  
 But still it's a folly belonging to nature,  
 She fell in love with her servaut man.

Sweet Mary Ann with her love was walking,  
 Her father saw them and nearer drew,  
 And as these two lovers was fondly talking,  
 Home in anger her father flew:  
 To build a dungeon was his intention,  
 To part these true lovers he contrived a plan,  
 He swore an oath too vile to mention,  
 He'd part that fair one from her servant man.

He built a dungeon of bricks and mortar,  
 The flight of steps were under ground,  
 The food he gave her was bread and water,  
 The only cheer that for her was found;  
 Three times a day he did cruelly beat her,  
 Unto her father she thus began,  
 If I've transgressed, my own dear father,  
 I'll bleed and die for my servant man.

Young Edward found out her habitation,  
 It was well secur'd by an iron door,  
 He vow'd in spite of all the nation  
 He'd gain her freedom or rest no more.  
 It was at his leisure he toil'd with pleasure,  
 To obtain release for Mary Ann;  
 He gain'd his object and found his treasure,  
 She cried my faithful servant man,  
 A suit of clothing he brought his love,  
 Of man's apparel, her form to disguise,  
 Saying for your sake I'll face your father,  
 To see me here will him surprise,  
 When her cruel father brought her bread and water,  
 To scold his daughter he then began,  
 Said Edward, enter, I've clear'd your daughter,  
 And I will suffer---your servant man.

When her father found his daughter vanish'd,  
 Then like a lion he did roar,  
 He said from Ireland you shall be banish'd,  
 Or my broad sword shall spili your gore,  
 Agree'd said Edward, and now at your leisure,  
 Since I have freed her, do all you can:  
 Forgive your daughter, I'll die with pleasure,  
 The one in fault is your servant man.

When her father found him so tender hearted,  
 Then down he fell on the dungeon floor;  
 He said true lovers should not be parted,  
 Since love can enter an iron door,  
 They soon were join'd, to be parted never,  
 To roll in riches this young couple ran,  
 This fair young lady, 'midst rural pleasure,  
 Lives blest for ever with her servaut man.