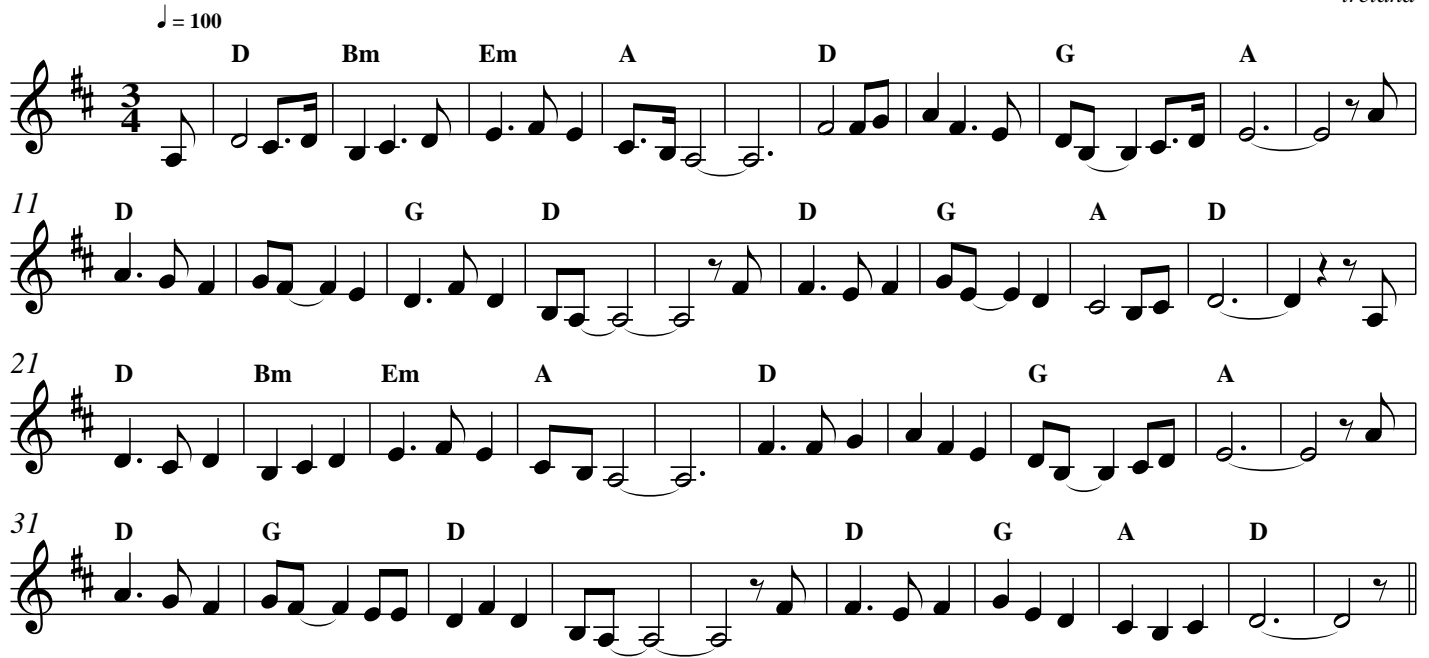


# Locke Hospital

ireland

♩ = 100



11

21

31

As I was a-walking down by the Locke Hospital  
Cold was the morning and dark was the day  
I spied a young squaddie wrapped up in old linen  
Wrapped up in old linen as cold as the day

#### Chorus:

So play the drums slowly and play the fifes lowly  
Sound a dead march as you carry him along  
And over his coffin throw a bunch of white laurels  
For he's a young soldier cut down in his prime.

Oh mother, dear mother, come sit ya down by me  
Sit ya down by me and pity my sad plight  
For my body is injured and sadly disordered  
All by a young girl my own heart's delight

Get six of me comrades to carry my coffin  
Get six of me comrades to carry me on high  
And let every one hold a bunch of white roses  
So no-one will notice as we pass them by

And over his headstone these words they were written  
"All ye young fellows take warning from me.  
Beware of the flash girls that roam through the city  
For the girls of the city were the ruin of me."