

## SITTING ON THE BRIDGE

(Echo of an old song)

Sitting on the bridge  
Past the barracks, town and ridge,  
At once the spirit seized us  
To sing a song that pleased us -  
As "The Fifth" were much in rumour;  
It was "Whilst I'm in the humour,  
Take me, Paddy, will you now?"  
And a lancer soon drew nigh,  
And his Royal Irish eye  
Said, "Willing, faith, am I,  
O, to take you anyhow, dears,  
To take you anyhow."  
  
But, lo!--dad walking by,  
Cried, "What, you lightheels! Fie!  
Is this the way you roam  
And mock the sunset gleam?"  
And he marched us straightway home,  
Though we said, "We are only, daddy,  
Singing, 'Will you take me, Paddy?'"  
--Well, we never saw from then

If we sang there anywhen,  
The soldier dear again,  
Except at night in dream-time,  
Except at night in dream.

Perhaps that soldier's fighting  
In a land that's far away,  
Or he may be idly plighting  
Some foreign hussy gay;  
Or perhaps his bones are whiting  
In the wind to their decay! . . .  
Ah!--does he mind him how  
The girls he saw that day  
On the bridge, were sitting singing  
At the time of curfew-ringing,  
"Take me, Paddy; will you now, dear?  
Paddy, will you now?"

GREY'S BRIDGE.