

# The British Grenadiers

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традиционная походная песня британских  
и канадских военных подразделений

Flute

6

12

18

23

28

Some talk of Alexander,  
And some of Hercules  
Of Hector and Lysander,  
And such great names as these.  
But of all the world's great heroes,  
There's none that can compare  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
To the British Grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity  
Ne'er saw a cannon ball  
Or knew the force of powder  
To slay their foes withal.  
But our brave boys do know it,  
And banish all their fears,  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
For the British Grenadier.

Whene'er we are commanded  
To storm the palisades  
Our leaders march with fusees,  
And we with hand grenades.  
We throw them from the glacis,  
About the enemies' ears.  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
The British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over,  
We to the town repair  
The townsmen cry, "Hurra, boys,  
Here comes a Grenadier!  
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys,  
Who know no doubts or fears!  
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,  
And drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches,  
And wear the louped clothes.  
May they and their commanders  
Live happy all their years  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
For the British Grenadiers.