

Andy M. Stewart, Young Jimmy In Flanders

Will ye go tae Flanders, Young Jimmy-o?
Oh will ye go tae Flanders, Young Jimmy-o?
There you'll get wine and brandy
And medals find and dandy,
O will ye go to Flanders, Young Jimmy-o?

Oh dinnae go tae Flanders, Young Jimmy-o!
Dinnae go tae Flanders, my own dear Jimmy-o!
What good tae me is brandy
And medals find and dandy,
If you're lyin' deid on Flanders, My Jimmy-o?

Will ye go tae Flanders, young Jimmy-o?
And serve those who command us, Young Jimmy-o?
We fight the fearful Hun
With our long Lee-Enfield guns
Though he's just your fellow man
When we stop for Christmas day.

Jimmy went to Flanders so many years ago,
To the Somme, to Ypres and Arras, not so many years ago.
He played his pipes to battle
And the laddies died like cattle
And the brandy was drunk in Whitehall
A million miles away.

What saw ye there in Flanders, my Jimmy-o?
What se ye there in Flanders, My Own Jimmy-o?
We rang the victory bells
Over every foe that fell
Workin' men just like mysel', My Rosie-o.