

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,  
And out we troop to see:  
A single redcoat turns his head,  
He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky to sky's so far,  
We never crossed before;  
Such leagues apart the world's ends are,  
We're like to meet no more;

What thoughts at heart have you and I  
We cannot stop to tell;  
But dead or living, drunk or dry,  
Soldier, I wish you well.