

# I'll Pull Off my Hat and Feathers

(The Female Drummer)

## Source Info

Singer: Jane Gulliver

Place: Combe Florey

Collected: April 1905

Collector: Henry and Robert Hammond

Tune noted by H. A. Jeboult

MSS Ref: HAM/2/1/14

- 1 When I was a young girl at the age of sixteen,  
From my parents ran away, I tried to serve the  
Queen.  
I 'listed in the army just as a private man,  
And very soon they learned me how to beat upon a  
drum,  
    How to beat upon a drum, how to beat upon a drum,  
    And very soon they learned me how to beat upon a drum.
  
- 2 My waist be long and slender, my fingers long and small,  
My captain fell in love with me and I exceeded all,  
I marched the field of battle with a bright sword in my hand,  
To hear the cannons rattle and the music all so grand.  
    The music all so grand, the music all so grand,  
    To hear the cannons rattle and the music all so grand.
  
- 3 The first night in my quarters a-going to my bed,  
For to sleep in by a soldier's side I never felt afraid.  
In taking off my red coat to myself I'd often smile,  
For to think myself a soldier yet a maid all the while,  
    Yet a maid all the while, yet a maid all the while,  
    For to think myself a soldier yet a maid all the while.
  
- 4 The next night in my quarters in going to my tower,  
There I might have been this day until this very hour,  
But a young maid fell in love with me; I told her I were a maid,  
Then straightways to my officer, my secret she betrayed,  
    My secret she betrayed, my secret she betrayed,  
    Then straightways to my officer my secret she betrayed.
  
- 5 My officer he sent for me to know if it was true.  
With a gun all on my shoulder I marched the barracks through,  
When stepping to his parlour, he smiled to me and said,  
"It's a pity that I must part with such a soldier as you've made",  
    Such a soldier as you've made, such a soldier as you've made,  
    It's a pity that I must part with such a soldier as you've made.
  
- 6 Now farewell to my officer and to my comerades,  
And since you've been so kind to me, I hope to meet again,  
And if the Queen should be in want of any private man,  
I'll pull off my hat and feathers, and I'll beat the drum again,  
    I'll beat the drum again, I'll beat the drum again,  
    I'll pull off my hat and feathers and I'll beat the drum again.