

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 Grenadiers.

None of these ancient heroes ne'er saw a cannon ball Nor knew the force of powder to slay their foes with all But our brave boys do know it and banish all their fears Sing tow, row row row row row For the British Grenadiers.

When e'er we are commanded to storm the palisades Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand grenades; We throw them from the glacis about the enemies' ears Sing tow, row row row row row For the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair.
The townsmen cry 'Hurrah, boys, here comes a Grenadier'.
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears.
Sing tow, row row row , row row,
For the British Grenadiers.

So 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. Sing tow, row row row , row row row, For the British Grenadiers.









Ukulele Traditional English

