

Clancy Brothers

"The Maid Of Fife"

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There once was a troop of Irish dragoons
Come marching down thru Fife-y, O
And the captain fell in love with a very bonnie lass
And the name she was called was pretty Peggy-o
There's many a bonnie lass in the glen of Auchterlass
There's many a bonnie lass in Gairloch-o
There's many a bonnie Jean in the streets of Aberdeen
But the flower of them all lives in Fife-y, O
O come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy, my dear
Come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy-o
Come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair
Bid a long farewell to your mammy-o
It's braw, aye it's braw, a captain's lady for to be
And it's braw to be a captain's lady-o
It's braw to ride around and to follow the camp
And to ride when your captain he is ready-o
O I'll give you ribbons, love, and I'll give you rings
I'll give you a necklace of amber-o
I'll give you a silken petticoat with flounces to the knee
If you'll convey me doon to your chamber-o
What would your mother think if she heard the guineas

clink

And saw the haut-boys marching all before you o

O little would she think gin she heard the guineas clink

If I followed a soldier laddie-o

I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be

A soldier shall never enjoy me-o

I never did intend to gae tae a foreign land

And I will never marry a soldier-o

I'll drink nae more o your claret wine

I'll drink nae more o your glasses-o

Tomorrow is the day when we maun ride away

So farewell tae your Fyvie lasses-o

The colonel he cried, mount, boys, mount, boys, mount

The captain, he cried, tarry-o

O tarry yet a while, just another day or twa

Til I see if the bonnie lass will marry-o

Twas in the early morning, when we marched awa

And O but the captain he was sorry-o

The drums they did beat a merry brasselgeicht

And the band played the bonnie lass of Fife-y, O

Long ere we came to the glen of Auchterlass

We had our captain to carry-o

And long ere we won into the streets of Aberdeen

We had our captain to bury-o

Green grow the birks on bonnie Ethanside

And low lie the lowlands of Fife-y, O

The captain's name was Ned and he died for a maid

He died for the bonny lass of Fife-y, O

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