

# When I Was On Horseback

Steeleye Span

When I was on horseback, wasn't I pretty?  
When I was on horseback, wasn't I gay?  
Wasn't I pretty when I entered Cork City  
And met with my downfall on the fourteenth of May?

Six jolly soldiers to carry my coffin  
Six jolly soldiers to march by my side  
And it's six jolly soldiers, take a bunch of red roses  
Then for to smell them as we march along

Beat the drum slowly and play the pipes only  
Play up the dead-march as we go along  
And bring me to Tipperary and lay me down easy  
I am a young soldier that never done wrong

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