

# The Night Visit

Christy Moore

Who are you, me pretty fair maid  
Who are you, me honey?  
Who are you, me pretty fair maid  
Who are you, me honey?  
She answered me modestly  
"Well I am me mammy's darling"

With your too-ry-ah  
Fol-de-diddle-dah  
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh

And will you come to me mammy's house  
When the moon is shining clearly  
And will you come to me mammy's house  
When the moon is shining clearly  
I'll open the door and I'll let you in  
And devil the one will hear us

With your too-ry-ah  
Fol-de-diddle-dah  
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh

So I went to her house in the middle of the night  
When the moon was shining clarely  
So I went to her house in the middle of the night  
When the moon was shining clarely  
She opened the door and she let me in  
And devil the one did hear us

With your too-ry-ah  
Fol-de-diddle-dah  
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit  
And she led him to the stable  
She took me horse by the bridle and the bit  
And she led him to the stable  
Saying "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse  
To eat it if he's able"

With your too-ry-ah  
Fol-de-diddle-dah  
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh

She took me by the lily-white hand  
And she led me to the table  
She took me by the lily-white hand  
And she led me to the table  
Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy  
Drink it if you're able"

With your too-ry-ah  
Fol-de-diddle-dah

Me Day-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh

She got up and she made the bed  
And she made it nice and aisy  
She got up and she made the bed  
And she made it nice and aisy  
Then she took me by the hand  
Saying "Blow out the candle!"

With your too-ry-ah  
Fol-de-diddle-dah  
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh

There we lay till the break of the day  
And devil the one did hear us  
There we lay till the break of the day  
And devil the one did hear us  
She arose and put on her clothes  
Saying "Darling, you must leave me"

With your too-ry-ah  
Fol-de-diddle-dah  
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh

When can I return again  
When will we get married  
When can I return again  
When will we get married  
When broken shells make Christmas bells  
We might well get married

With your too-ry-ah  
Fol-de-diddle-dah  
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh