

As we marched down to Fennario,
As we marched down to Fennario,
Our captain fell in love with a lady like a dove.
They call her by name pretty Peggy-o.

What will your mother think pretty Peggy-o?
What will your mother think pretty Peggy-o?
What will your mother think when she hears the guineas clink,
The soldiers all marchin' before you-o?

In a carriage you will ride, pretty Peggy-o.
In a carriage you will ride, pretty Peggy-o.
In a carriage you will ride with your true love by your side,
As fair as any maiden in the are-o.

Come skippin' down the stair, pretty Peggy-o.
Come skippin' down the stair, pretty Peggy-o.
Come skippin' down the stair combin' back your yellow hair,
And bid farewell to sweet William-o.

Sweet William is dead, pretty Peggy-o.
Sweet William is dead, pretty Peggy-o.
Sweet William is dead, and he died for a maid,
The fairest maid in the are-o.

If ever I return, pretty Peggy-o.
If ever I return, pretty Peggy-o.
If ever I return all your cities I will burn,
Destroying all the ladies in the are-o.

Destroying all the ladies in the are-o.