

As I Roved Out

Loreena Mckennitt

Who are you, my pretty fair maid,
Who are you, me honey?
And who are you, my pretty fair maid,
And who are you, me honey?
She answered me quite modestly, I am me mother's darling

With me
Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

And will you come to me mother's house,
When the moon is shining clearly?
And will you come to me mother's house
When the moon is shining clearly?
I'll open the door and I'll let you in
And divil 'o one will hear us

With me
Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

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

With me
Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

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

With me
Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

Then she took me by the lily-white hand
Led me to the table
Then she took me by the lily-white hand
Led me to the table
Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,
To drink if he is able"

With me
Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

Then I got up and I made the bed
I made it nice and aisy
Then I got up and I made the bed
I made it nice and aisy
The I got up and I laid her down
Saying "Lassie, are you able? "

With me
Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

And there we lay till the break of day
Divil the one did hear us
And there we lay till the break of day
And divil the one did hear us
Then I arose and put on me clothes
Saying "Lassie, I must leave you"

With me
Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

And when will you return again
When will we get married?
And when will you return again
When will we get married?
When broken shells make Christmas bells
We might then get married

With me
Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh