Lame Soldier

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There was a lame soldier in time of the war,
He had a lame leg and his face were a scar,
He marched up the street in Dublin so fair,
And in his arms an infant bear.

"Pretty Peggy, pretty Peggy, would you agree
To leave your old husband and baby to be,
To leave your old husband and baby to be,
And go with a soldier and sail on the sea?'

Pretty Peggy, pretty Peggy, she did agree
To leave her old husband and baby to be,
To leave her old husband and baby to be,
And go with the soldier and sail on the sea.

John bridled his horses and away he did ride,
Expecting to see Peg down by the seaside,
But when he got there it was late in the day−
And Peg and her soldier had sailed far away.

They had not been sailing more than two weeks or three,
Till Peg and her soldier they two disagreed;
He kicked her and he cuffed her and he called her whore,
He bid her adieu to her own country.

Now, when Peg got back it was late in the night,
Because she was ashamed to be seen in daylight,
She crept to the window to listen awhile,
To hear her old husband sing to her dear child.

"Rock−a−bye, baby, and don’t you cry,
Your mamma’s gone and left you and I cannot tell why;
But if she comes back here, she can’t stay with me,
She may go with her soldier and sail on the sea."

"Open my door and let me in,
And I will never be called a false wench again."
"Go way from my door and leave me alone,
Go sail with your soldier, he’ll find you a home"