

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Irish Dragoons

The Irish Dragoons

It fell about a Martimas time when the sun was on borders
There came a troop of soldiers here to take up their winter quarters

Wi my right fa lal de deedle addle illy dal
Wi my right fa lal de deedle addlie

As they were walking up and down a little below the border
'Twas there they met a wee-fared maid and she was a farmer's daughter

It's money from you that we must have, money we must have all o
Money from me you cannot get for I've got none at all o

It's money from you that we must have, money or than your life o
Money from me ye cannot get for I'm but a poor man's wife o

Money from me ye cannot get for I'm a poor man's wife o
And my family they live in a cottage near by and they live a very sober life o

They made her swear a solemn oath Wi' the saut tear in her e'e o
That she would come to their quarters before she winket an e'e o

As she was walking up and down and thinking on her voo o
Thinking how she'd beguile young men and prove a maiden true o

She's gone to a barber's shop to a barber's shop she went o
And she's caused them cut her yellow locks a little above her e'e o

Then she went to a tailor's shop, to a tailor's shop went she o
She dressed herself in men's clothing and a very pretty boy was she o

Now she's mounted on a high high horse, on a high high horse rode she o
A pair of pistols by her side and a gallant boy was she o

She rode up and she rode down and she rode through the town o
And she rode to the quarter's gate to keep her tryst wi' them o

When she came to the quarter's gate sae loud as she did call o
Room o room for gentlemen and we must have quarters all o

Quarters here ye canna get for there is nae room o
There comes a maid to oor chambers, an' she'll be here very soon o

Quarters here ye canna get, we are quartered here weresel o
And there comes a maid to our chambers and she comes at the evening call o

She's ta'en the garters fae her legs and garlands to her hair o
And she's tied them roun' the porter's gate for a token she had been there o

She rode up and she rode down until the evening call o
Said You're right good fellows o' your purse, but ye choose not a maid at all o

Out then spoke the Colonel bold, an angry man was he o
Said if I had you where ye once was a maid ye shidna gane free o

Ye're like a steed my father had was tethered on the loan o
He hung his head abone the grass but he dursna lay it on o

Ye're like a cock my father had, he wore a double comb o
He clapped his wings but never crew and you are much the same o

printed in the Greig-Duncan Folk Song Collection, vol 1,p 397, version A
SOF