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Trooper Watering His Nagg

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There was an old woman liv'd under a hill,
Sing Trolly lolly lolly lo,
She had good beer and ale to sell,
Ho ho, had she so, had she so, had she so.

She had a daughter her name was Siss
She kept her at home for to welcome her Guest

There came a Trooper riding by
He called for drink most plentifully

When one pot was out he call'd for another
He kiss'd the daughter before the Mother

And when Nightcame on to bed they went
It was with the Mothers own consent

Quoth she, "What is this so stiff and warm?"
"'Tis Ball, my Nag, he will do you no harm."

"But what is this hangs under his chin?"
"'Tis the bag he puts his Provender in."

Quoth he, "What is this?" Quoth she, "'Tis a well
Where Ball, your Nag can drink his fill."

"But what if my Nag should chance to slip in?"
"Then catch hold of the grass that grows on the brim."

"But what if the grass should chance to fail?"
"'Shove him in by the head, pull him out by the tail."

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