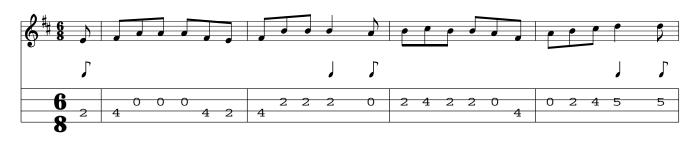
## I Bridled My Nag

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk.







I bridled my nag and away I did ride
Till I came to an alehouse hard by a town side,
There I saw three gentlemen throwing at dice,
And they took me to be some noble knight:
With a right fol—ol de diddle, right fol—lee,
And in my pocket but one pen—nee.

I ordered a quart of the beer that was strong, And in that quart I ordered a dram; I fell drinking and they looking on, And they took me to be some noblemaW: Chorus.

I took the dice and I threw one,
And as it happened I chanced to wiW:If they should win and I to lose,
What had they to take but an empty purse:
With my right fol—ol de diddle right fol—lee
And in my pocket I've gold plen—tee.