

## As I Roved Out

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

cho: 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 sun is shining clearly ( repeat )  
I'll open the door and I'll let you in  
And divil 'o one would hear us.

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

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

Then she took me by the lily-white hand  
And she led me to the table ( repeat )  
Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,  
To drink it if you're able."

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

And there we lay till the break of day  
And divil a one did hear us ( repeat )  
Then I arose and put on me clothes

Saying "Lassie, I must leave you."

And when will you return again

And when will we get married ( repeat )

When broken shells make Christmas bells

We might well get married.

From Folksongs and Ballads popular in Ireland, Ossian Publications

Note: An Irish variant of Trooper and the Maid