

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Batchelors Hall

Batchelors Hall

I rode seven horses all to death  
I rode them til they had no breath  
I wore five saddles to the trees  
None of those girls will marry me.

Those women will fret, those women will fuss  
They spend five hours before their glass  
The devil take all, I'll have none at all  
Always stay single, keep Batchelors' Hall.  
Stay, stay close to my door.

The women round here, they live by the door  
They hear but a word and repeat it tiwce o'er  
Then they add to it as much as they can  
Always stay single, a batchelor man.

Batchelors' Hall is always the best  
If you're sick, drunk or sober it's always a rest  
No women to scold you, no children to bawl  
Always stay single, keep Batchelors' Hall

Batchelors' Hall, Batchelors' Hall  
I'll always stay single, keep Batchelors' Hall  
Stay, stay close to my door.

From the album All Around My Hatx by Steeleye Span.

DS

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