

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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When I Was on Horseback (2)

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When I was on horseback, wasn't I pretty?
When I was on horseback, wasn't I gay?
Wasn't I pretty when I entered Cork City
And met with my downfall on the fourteenth of May?

Six jolly soldiers to carry my coffin,
Six jolly soldiers to march by my side,
It's six jolly soldiers take a bunch of red roses
Well for to smell them as we go along.

Beat the drums slowly and play the pipes lowly
Play up the dead march as we go along,
And bring me to Tipperary and lay me down easy
I am a young soldier that never done wrong.

When I was on horseback, wasn't I pretty?
When I was on horseback, wasn't I gay?
Wasn't I pretty when I entered Cork City
And met with my downfall on the fourteenth of May?

DT #350

Laws B1

Recorded by Steeleye Span

Note: Another Unfortunate Rake variant.

AL,KT