

LOREENA MCKENNITT

From the Quinlan Road recording *The Wind That Shakes The Barley*

As I Roved Out

Who are you, my pretty fair maid,

Who are you, me honey?

And who are you, my pretty fair maid,

And who are you, me honey?

She answered me quite modestly, I am me mother's darling

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 moon is shining clearly?

And will you come to me mother's house

When the moon is shining clearly?

I'll open the door and I'll let you in

And divil 'o one will hear us

With me

Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

So I went to her house in the middle of the night

When the moon was shining clearly

So I went to her house in the middle of the night

When the moon was shining clearly

She opened the door and she let me in and divil the one did hear us

With me

Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit

And led him to the stable

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit

And led him to the stable

Saying "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse,

To eat it if he's able"

With me

Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

Then she took me by the lily-white hand

Led me to the table

Then she took me by the lily-white hand

Led me to the table

Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,

To drink if he is able"

With me

Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

Then I got up and I made the bed

I made it nice and aisy

Then I got up and I made the bed

I made it nice and aisy

The I got up and I laid her down

Saying "Lassie, are you able? "

With me

Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

And there we lay till the break of day

Divil the one did hear us

And there we lay till the break of day

And divil the one did hear us

Then I arose and put on me clothes

Saying "Lassie, I must leave you"

With me

Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

And when will you return again

When will we get married?

And when will you return again

When will we get married?

When broken shells make Christmas bells

We might then get married

With me

Too-ry-ay Fol-de-diddle-day Di-re fol-de-diddle Dai-rie oh

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