

# Reilly's Daughter

Irish Folk

G C

As I was sit-ting by the fire, talk-ing to old Reil - ly's daugh - ter,

G C

sud-den-ly a thought came in-to my head, I'd like to mar-ry old Reil - ly's daugh - ter.

G C G

Gid-dy-I - ae, gid-dy-I - ae, Gid-dy-I - ae for the one eyed Reil - ly, gid-dy-I - ae,

D G

(bang, bang, bang) Try it on you're own big drum!

*Reilly played on the big bass drum,  
Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter,  
Reilly had a bright red, glittering eye,  
And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter.*

*Her hair was black and her eyes were blue,  
The colonel, and the major, and the captain sought her,  
The sergent, and the private, and the drummer boy too,  
But they never had a chance with Reilly's daughter.*

*I got me a ring and a parson too,  
Got me a scratch in a married quater,  
Settled me down to a peaceful life,  
Happy as a king with Reilly's daughter.*

*Suddenly a footstep on the stairs,  
Who should it be but Reilly out for slaughter,  
With two pistols in his hands,  
Looking for the man who had married his daughter.*

*I caught old Reilly by the hair,  
Rammed his head in a pail of water,  
Fired his pistols into the air,  
A darned sight quicker than I married his daughter!*