

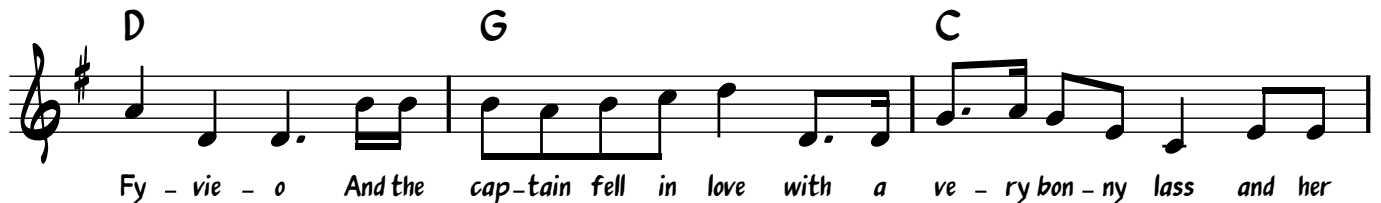
# The Maid of Fife

Scottish Folk



G

There once was a troop of I - rish dra-goons came march - ing down through.



D G C

Fy - vie - o And the cap-tain fell in love with a ve - ry bon - ny lass and her



G D G

name it was called pret - ty Peg - gy - o.

Well there's many a bonny lass, in the town of Auchterless,  
There's many a bonny lass in Garioch;  
There's many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen,  
But the flower of them all was in Fyvie-o.

So come down the stairs pretty Peggy my dear,  
Come down the stair pretty Peggy-o.  
Oh come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair;  
Bid a long farewell to your mammy-o.

Oh I never did intend soldier's lady for to be,  
I never will marry a soldier-o.  
And I never did intend to gang to a foriegn land,  
And I never will marry a soldier-o.

The colonel he cried mount, mount boys mount  
The captain he cried tarry-o.  
Oh tarry for a while, for another day or twa,  
Til I see if this bonnie lass will marry-o.

'Twas early in the morn, the day we marched away,  
And oh but the captain he was sorry-o.  
The drums they did beat o'er the bonny braes of Gight,  
And the band played the bonny lass of Fyvie-o.

Long ere we came to the town of Auchterless,  
We had our captain to carry-o.  
And 'twas long ere we came to the streets of Aberdeen,  
We had our captain to bury-o.

Green grow the birks, on bonnie Ethanside,  
And low lie the lowlands of Fyvie-o.  
The captain's name was Ned, and he died for a maid...  
He died for the chambermaid of Fyvie-o.