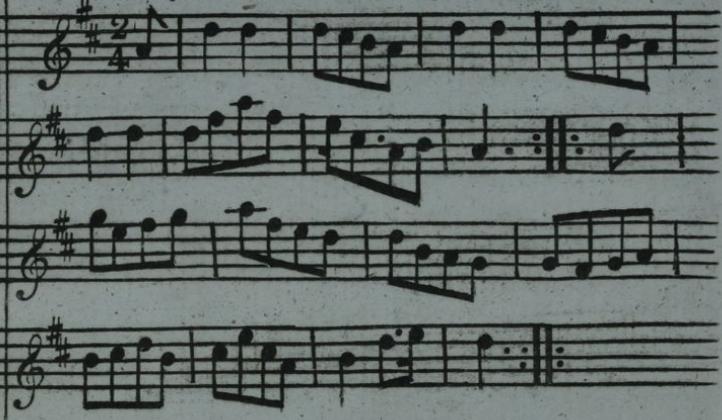


Twenty Four
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 for the Year 1782
*With proper Directions to each Dance
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Pretty Peggy of Darby O 3



Change Sides & back again ♪ Lead down
 the middle up again & cast off ♪ Allemand
 with the right & left hands ♪ Lead thro' the
 bottom & cast up lead thro' the top & cast off ♪

“Pretty Peggy of Darby O,” music and dance instructions from Thomas Skillern’s *Twenty Four Country Dances for the Year 1782*. Image from the English Folk Dance and Song Society.

16

AIR V. MR. DAVIES. PEGGY OF DERBY O!

VIVACE. 8. CRAPE. There is a chambermaid lives in the

South, So tight, fo light, fo neat, fo gay, fo handy O! Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little mouth Of pretty little

Tippet is the Jandy O!

2.

Never could I clasp the waist of Sukey, Sal or Peg,
Their arms so red, their ugly legs fo handy — O!
But slim and taper is the waist; the neat and pretty leg
Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy — O!

3.

Tippet of the South, if she gives me but a smile,
Cheers the cockles of my skipping heart, like brandy — O!
Each part, each limb, each look, would any one beguile;
But take her all together, she's the dandy — O!

Second time. { Each part, each limb, each look, would any one beguile;
And Tippet's little total is the dandy — O!

(31)

*There is a chambermaid lives in the South,
So tight, so light, so neat, so gay, so handy-o!
Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little mouth
Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy-o!*

*Never could I clasp the waste of Sukey, Sal, or Peg,
Their arms so red, their ugly legs so bandy-o!
But slim and taper is the waist; the neat and pretty leg
Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy-o!*

*Tippet of the South, if she gives me but a smile,
Cheers the cockles of my skipping heart, like brandy-o!
Each part, each limb, each look, would any one beguile;
But take her altogether, she's the dandy-o!*

40 THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.

L'Ec. Certainly, Captain, I do wish you joy, when a man has once determined upon matrimony he acts wisely to collect the congratulations of his friends beforehand, for heaven only knows, whether there may be any opportunity for them afterwards. May I take the freedom to enquire the lady?

Flor. 'Tis *She*—*L'Eclair*, 'tis *she*, the only she, the peerless, priceless Geraldine.

L'Ec. "Peerless" I grant the lady, but as to her being "priceless," I should think for my own poor particular, that when I bartered my liberty for a comely bed-fellow, I was paying full value for my goods, besides a swinging overcharge for the fashion of the make.

Flor. Tush! man, 'tis not by form or feature I compute my prize. Geraldine's *mind*, not her beauty, is the magnet of my love. The *graces* are the fugitive handmaids of youth, and dress their charge with flowers as fleeting as they are fair; but the *virtues* faithfully o'erwatch the couch of age, and when the flaunting rose has wither'd, twine the cheerful evergreen, crowning true lovers freshly to the last! [Exit.]

L'Ec. "True lovers! well, now I love Love, myself, particularly when 'tis mix'd with brandy! like the loves of the landlady of Lisle, and the bandy-legg'd Captain.*

SONG.

A Landlady of France, she loved an officer, 'tis said,
And this officer he dearly loved her brandy, oh!
Sigh'd she, "I love this officer, although his nose is red,"
"And his legs are what his regiment call bandy, oh."

But when the bandy officer was order'd to the coast;
How she tore her lovely locks that look'd so sandy, oh?
"Adieu my soul!" says she, "if you write, pray pay the post,"
"But before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, oh!"

* For this speech, and the song that follows, the author is indebted to the pen of George Colman, Esq.

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST. 41

3
She fill'd him out a bumper, just before he left the town,
And another for herself, so neat and handy, oh!
So they kept their spirits up, by their pouring spirits down,
For love is, like the cholick, cured with brandy, oh!

4
"Take a bottle on't," says she, "for you're going into camp;
"In your tent, you know, my love, 'twill be the dandy, oh!"
"You're right," says he, "my life!" for a tent is very damp;
"And 'tis better, with my tent, to take some brandy, oh!"

SCENE II. *The Cottage.*

Enter MONICA and BERTRAND.

Mon. In truth, Sir, I have told you every circumstance I know concerning my poor lodger. But wherefore so particular in your enquiries?

Bert. Trust me, I have important motives for my curiosity—Seventeen years ago, I think you said—and in the woods near *Albi*?

Mon. Aye, aye, I was accurate both in time and place.

Bert. Every incident concurs. Gracious heaven! should it prove—my good woman, I suspect this unfortunate person is known to me—bring me directly to the sight of her!

Mon. Hold! Sir, I must know you better first; I fear me, this poor creature has been hardly dealt with, who knows, but you may be her enemy?

Bert. No, no, her friend—her firm and faithful friend—suspence distracts me, lead me to her presence instantly!

Mon. Well, well, truly, Sir! you look and speak like an honest gentleman; but tho' I consent, I doubt whether my lodger will receive you, her mind is ill at ease for visitors—All last night I overheard her pacing up and down her chamber,

*A Landlady of France, she loved an officer, 'tis said,
And this officer he dearly loved her brandy, oh!
Sigh'd she, "I love this officer, although his nose is red,"
"And his legs are what his regiment call bandy, oh."*

*But when the bandy officer was order'd to the coast;
How she tore her lovely locks that look'd so sandy, oh?
"Adieu my soul!" says she, "if you write, pray pay the post,"
"But before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, oh!"*

*She fill'd him out a bumper, just before he left the town,
And another for herself, so neat and handy, oh!
So they kept their spirits up, by their pouring spirits down,
For love is, like the cholick, cured with brandy, oh!*

*"Take a bottle ou't," says she, "for you're going into camp;
"In your tent, you know, my love, 'twill be the dandy, oh!"
"You're right," says he, "my life!" for a tent is very damp;
"And 'tis better, with my tent, to take some brandy, oh!"*

Act II] OF THE FOREST 39

grove?" while a third, in all the ripe round plumpness of uneasy health, calls the modest blood to my finger's ends, by requesting me, "to adjust some error in the pinning of her kerchief." O, captain, captain, heroes are but men, men but flesh, and flesh is but weakness; therefore, let us briefly put on a parthian valor, and strive to conquer by a flight!

Flor. Knave! prate of deserting these dear precious scenes again, and I'll finish your career myself by a coup-de-main. No, no; change churlish drums and braying trumpets to melodious flutes. I am to be married—varlet, wish me joy.

L'Ec. Certainly, captain, I do wish you joy. When a man has once determined upon matrimony he acts wisely to collect the congratulations of his friends beforehand; for heaven only knows, whether there may be any opportunity for them afterwards. May I take the freedom to inquire the lady?

Flor. Tis she, L'Eclair, tis she, the only she, the peerless, priceless Geraldine.

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L'Ec. True lovers! well, now I love Love myself, particularly when tis mixed with brandy! like the love of the landlady of Lisle, and the bandy-legg'd captain.*

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40 FOUNDLING [Dimond

SONG—L'ECLAIR.

A landlady of France, she lov'd an officer, tis said,
And this officer he dearly loved her brandy, o!
Sigh'd she, "I love this officer, although his nose is red,
And his legs are what his regiment call bandy, o!"

2

But when the bandy officer was order'd to the coast;
How she tore her lovely locks that look'd so sandy, o?
"Adieu my soul!" says she, "if you write, pray pay the
post,
But before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, o!"

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She fill'd him out a bumper just before he left the town,
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Mon. Ay, ay, I was accurate both in time and place.

Bert. Every incident concurs. Gracious heaven!

“The Constitution and the Guerriere” (c.1812)

*It often has been told that the British seamen bold
Could thrash the tars of France quite neat and handy-O;
But they never met their match till the Yankees they did tach
For the Yankee tars at fighting are the dandy-O.¹*

Cox, John Harrington, *Folk-songs of the South*, 1925, 257.

¹ Cox includes the following footnote after his transcription, about the unreadability of this particular word: “MS. illegible. *Star* has: *did them catch*.” Obviously, “catch” would rhyme better here and make more sense in context, and I’m inclined to think that the 1817 *American Star* printing had better judgement on this than a 1925 songster. It is unclear why Cox chose to change the word in his transcription.

“The Chesapeake and the Shannon” (c.1813)

*The Chesapeake so bold, Out of Boston as we're told,
Came to take the British frigate neat and handy O.
The people all in port, They came out to see the sport
And their music played up Yankee Doodle Dandy O*

Laws, George. *American Balladry from British Broad-sides*, 1957, 138.

Pitts (c.1802-1870), London



Pretty Peggy of DERBY

Printed and sold by J. Pitts 1. Great at the
drew street seven Dials

THERE was a regiment of Irish Dragoons
They were all marching to Derby O,
The Captain fell in love with a young chamber-
And her name it was pretty Peggy O. [maid]
Oh come down stairs pretty Peggy O,
Oh come down stairs pretty Peggy O,
Oh come down stairs and comb back your hair,
and take the last farthing of your darling O.

I'll tell you now as I told you before,
And why should you leave me O ease me no more
What will your mammy think when she hears
you are sick.
And hautboys are playing before you go,
A soldier's wife never will be,
and a soldier shall never lay in bed with me,
For I will make him stand with hat in his hand,
When he stands in presence of my company.

Then spoke his a brother a stout young man,
a stout soldier as he was,
Saying if she'll not go we shall get sweethearts a-
new.
When we come to Kilkenny O,
When we come to the water that runs so clear,
That joins the town of Kilkenny O. [way]
The captain sigh'd and said we are many miles a-
Here's a health to the pretty girl of Derby O.
When they came to the town to the very last town,
The town they call Kilkenny O.
His name was captain Wade he died for a maid,
And he died for the pretty girl of Derby O.

90



A PRETTY LITTLE DEAR

AIR. OUI CRUEL!

ONE morning very early a strange thought came in
my head, [wed]
Says I, I think its really time that I should go and
So I started up to Lunnun—to the Quadrant did repair,
And there by gum! my eyes beheld—such a pretty
little dear! [Tol de riddle, &c.]
She was drest in silks and satins—she had frills and
furbelows, [were like a rose]
Her eyes were black and sparkling, and her cheeks
She was young and she was blooming, such a grace
and such an air,
And really altogether, such a pretty little dear.
My heart was captivated, so I thought as how I'd
speak, [her cheek]
I boldly prest her hand, and at the same time prest
I kiss'd her once, I kiss'd her twice, and I felt so very
queer, [dear]
I laugh'd and said, 'pray take a walk my pretty little
Then I took her arm—we walk'd about, and chatted
wi' much joy, [saveloy]
When says she, 'I feels so peckish, I could wolf a
I bought her four, four penny loaves, besides three pots
of beer, [dear]
And she gulp'd em in a twinkling did this pretty little
When the victuals and the gatter she had finished with
a grin,
Says she I feel quite poorly I should like a drop of gin!
She drank a dozen glasses—not a drop came to my share,
Besides two goes of brandy—did this pretty little dear.
Two glasses more of rum then she did swallow down I vow
And all at once the lady got as drunk as David's sow;
I took her on my shoulders 'cause she was so very queer,
And folks wi' mud and eggs did pelt my pretty little dear.
But far we had not travelled, when a cove on us did spring
Says he, 'that gal a month ago purloined my watch
and ring; [repair]
You are her pal, I know you well, so to quod you must
'Then he took me off to limbo wi' my pretty little dear.
In vain before the magistrate I stated down my case,
He said I were a scoundrel for he seed it in my face—
Six months unto hard labour he declared should be my
share,
So he sent me to pick oakum wi' my pretty little dear.
But now I'm out of prison, and no more I'll go astray,
I'll court a lass that's homely and ne'er look at one that's
gay. [beware]
And youngsters all take warning of the ladies pray
Or like me you'll pay most dearly for a pretty little dear.

"Pretty Peggy of Darby" from a London broadside by John Pitts. Image from the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library.

Unknown Printer (c.1802-1870), London



PRETTY PEGGY OF
DERBY.

THERE was a regiment of Irish dra-
goons,
They were all marching to Derby O,
The captain fell in love with a young
chambermaid,
And her name it was pretty Peggy O,
Oh come down stairs pretty Peggy O.
Oh come down stairs and comb back your
hair, [sing O.
And take the last farewell of your dar-
I'll tell you now as I told you before,
And why should you leave me O tease
me no more, [hears you are sick,
What will your mammy think when she
And hautboys are playing before you go.
A soldier's wife I never will be, [with me
And a soldier shall never lay in bed
For I will make him stand with hat in his
hand, [pany.
When he stands in presence of my com-
Then spoke his brother a stout young man
A valiant soldier as he was,
Saying if you shall not go we shall get
sweethearts anew
When we come to Kilkenny O.
When we came to the water that runs so
clear,
That joins the town of Kilkenny O,
The captain sighed and said we are many
miles away,
Here's a health to the pretty girl of Der-
by O.
When they came to the town the very
last town,
The town they call Kilkenny O,
His name was captain Wade he died for
a maid, [Derby O.
And he died for the pretty girl of



Plains of THE Waterloo
Loss of One Hero.

Printed by T. BIRT, 39, Great St. Andrew
Street, Seven Dials.

COME all you lovers that are true and constant
Attend unto my mournful song,
Come pity my sad situation,
For in this world I can't live long,
All for the loss of my sweet William,
He is the lad I do adore.
But in the wars he has got wounded
I never shall see sweet William more.
When first my lover he enlisted,
He went on board to cross the main,
And like a hero fought so boldly,
Through Portugal and Sp in,
Until the last decisive battle,
'Twas there was struck the fatal blow,
There my sweet William was mortally wounded,
All on the plains of Waterloo.
My William wrote to me a letter,
As he lay bleeding in his gore,
Farewell Nancy my charming creature,
Never alive shall I see you more,
I know that you did love me dearly,
Though inconstant I have been,
If I had lived to have seen it over,
Married to you I would have been.
Farewell Nancy, my charming creature,
My mortal breath I must resign,
I know that thou didst love me dear y.
But do not now for me repine,
Farewell vain world, I must give up,
And to all joys I bid adieu,
For here my shattered bones must moulder,
All on the plains of Waterloo.
My William he was tall and handsome,
I speak no lies but tell the truth,
Near six feet high, made in proportion.
Indeed he was a clever youth.
Now Nancy she lies broken hearted,
She is full of sorrow, grief, and woe,
All for the loss of her sweet William,
Who was killed at Water'oo.
This news was hard for lovely Nancy,
When these few lines she did receive,
To hear her love was mortally wounded,
And never to have a silent grave.
O cruel death why didst thou rob me,
Of the lad I do adore,
Now stop my breath and let me follow,
For in this world I can rest no more.

"Pretty Peggy of Darby" from a London broadside by an unknown printer. Image from the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library.

Moore's Irish Melodies (1852, first printing c.1807), Ireland

46

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—UNKNOW.*

Moderately

1. Oh! weep for the hour, When to E-ve-leen's bow'r The Lord of the Valley with
 2. The white snow lay, On the narrow path-way, Where the Lord of the Valley crost

false vows came; The moon hid her light From the heavens that night, And
 o-ver the moor; And many a deep print On the white snow's tint, Shew'd the

* Our claim to this Air has been disputed: but they who are best acquainted with national melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The pretty Girl of Derby, O."

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES. 47

went be-hind her clouds o'er the mal-den's shame! The clouds past soon, From the chaste cold moon, And
 track of his foot - step to E-ve-leen's door. The next sun's ray Soon melt-ed a - way Ev'ry

heav'n smil'd a - gain with her ves - tal flame; But none will see the day When the
 trace on the path where the false Lord came; But there's a light a-bove Which a

clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left up-on Eveleen's fame.
 lone can re - move That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Note: tempo marking is "Plaintively"

*Oh! weep for the hour,
 When to Eveleen's bower,
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
 The moon hid her light,
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.*

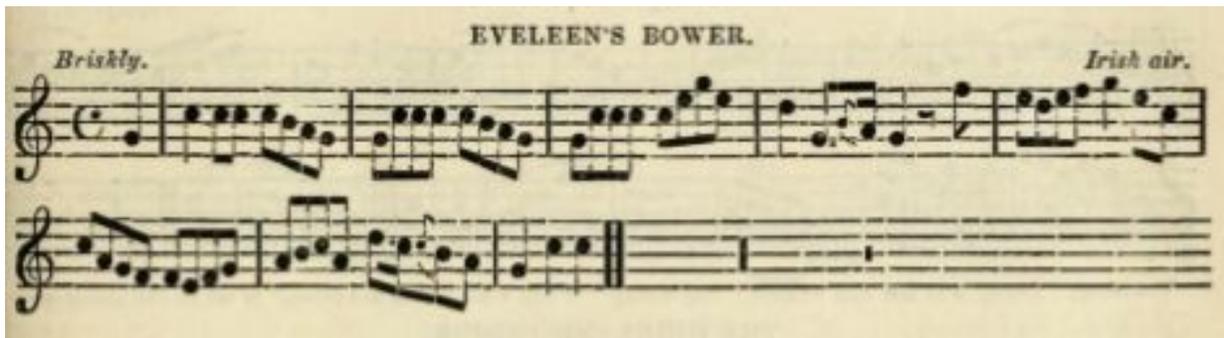
*The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
 But none will see the day,
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.*

*The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way,
 When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.*

*The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.*

Moore's Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson. Stevenson, John, comp. and arr. and Thomas Moore, Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. (1852), 46-47.

“Eveleen’s Bower” in *Hamilton’s Universal Tune-Book: A Collection of the Melodies of all Nations* (Glasgow - 1853)



Note: tempo marking is “Briskly”

Image from the Internet Archive: <https://archive.org/details/hamiltonsunivers00ingl>

“Eveleen’s Bower” in P.M. Haverty’s *One Hundred Irish Airs* (New York - 1858)

Note: tempo marking is “Allegretto”

Image from the Internet Archive: <https://archive.org/details/onehundredirisha00pmha>

“The Bonny Lass O’ Fyvie” as it appears in Christie’s *Traditional Ballad Airs* (1876)

(276)

The bonny Lass o’ Fyvie.

Slowly and smoothly

Green, green grows the birks on sweet Ythan side, And low lies the bonny Lewes o' Fy-vie; In

Fy - vie there's bon - ny, in Fy - vie there's braw. In Fy - vie there's bonny las - ses mo - ny.

There cam' a troop o' Ir - ish Dra - goons, And they were quarter'd in Fy-vie; Their

Cap-tain has fa'en in love wi' a lass, That by a' was ca'd pret - ty Peg-gy.

The Editor arranged this Air from two sets,—one sung by his paternal grandmother to “The bonny Lass o’ Fyvie?—the other sung to “Barbara Allan” by his maternal grandmother. The Ballad is given from the recitation of a native of Monquhitter, with some alterations from a native of Banffshire, who knows many of the traditional Ballad Airs and Ballads sung in the three north-eastern Counties of Scotland. He was of opinion that the Ballad was composed after a company of Dragoons had escorted the O’Connors to Fort - George, who had been engaged in the Irish rebellion in 1798. If so, this would account for the “Irish Dragoons” in the Ballad. The Dragoons may have been at “Lewes of Fyvie” on their way to, or from Fort - George. The Ballad and Air are still known in different forms in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. Eight lines of the ballad are omitted.

(277)

The Bonny Lass o' Fyvie.

GREEN, green grows the birks on sweet Ythan side,
 And low lies the bonny Lewes o' Fyvie ;
 In Fyvie there's bonny, in Fyvie there's braw,
 In Fyvie there's bonny lasses mony.
 There cam' a troop o' Irish Dragoons,
 And they were quarter'd in Fyvie ;
 Their captain has fa'en in love wi' a lass,
 That by a' was ca'd pretty Peggy.

"I've gi'en you my answer, kind sir," she said,
 "And you needna ask me nae farther ;
 I do not intend to go to a foreign land,
 And I'd scorn to follow a soldier."
 Then out did speak the drum-major's wife,—
 "Oh dear, but ye are saucy,
 There's mony a bonnier lassie than you,
 Has follow'd a soldier laddie.

"Come down the stair, pretty Peggy," he said,
 "Come down the stair, pretty Peggy ;
 Come down the stair, comb back your yellow hair,
 Tak' fareweel o' your mammy and your daddie.
 What would your mammy think to hear the guineas clink,
 And the hautboys playing before you ?"
 "Little would my mammy think to hear the guineas clink,
 If I follow'd a soldier laddie."

"A single soldier's wife you shall never be.
 For you'll be the captain's lady ;
 I'll make my men stand, with their hats in their hand,
 In the presence of you, pretty Peggy."
 But the colonel he cried "Come, mount, boys, mount,"
 The captain he cried, "Let us tarry ;
 Oh, gangna awa' this day yet or twa,
 Till we see gin the bonny lass will marry."

"But gin I were on my high horse set,
 And riding on to old England,
 I would ne'er turn my horse's head about,
 For a' your Fyvie women."
 Then the pipes play'd on by Ythan side,
 Awa' frae the bonny Lewes o' Fyvie ;
 And every man on horseback did ride,
 But behind them they left pretty Peggy.

And ere they cam' to the brig o' Dyce,
 They got their captain to carry ;
 And when they cam' to bonny Aberdeen,
 They got their captain to bury.
 He was ca'd Captain Ward, and he died on the guard,
 He died for love of pretty Peggy ;
 And said, "When I am gone, you'll let it be known,
 That I died for the bonny lass o' Fyvie."

In one of the copies of the Ballad sent to the Editor, the hero is called "Captain Ned," in another "Captain Ade." He has given the name "Captain Ward," from the copy referred to in the note.

Pitts (c. 1802-1870)	Lyle (1827)	Christie (1876)
		<p><i>Green, green grows the birks on sweet Ythanside, And low lies the bonny Lewes o' Fyvie; In Fyvie there's bonny, in Fyvie there's braw, In Fyve there's bonny lasses mony.</i></p>
<p><i>There was a regiment of Irish Dragoons They were all marching to Derby O, The Captain fell in love with a young chambermaid And her name it was pretty Peggy O.</i></p> <p><i>Oh! come down stairs pretty Peggy O, Oh come down stairs pretty Peggy, O, Oh come down stairs and comb back your hair, and take the last farewell of your darling O.</i></p> <p><i>I'll tell you now as I told you before, And why should you leave me O, leave me no more, What will you mammy think when she hears you are sick. And hautboys are playing before you go,</i></p>	<p><i>A Captain of Irish Dragoons on parade, While his regiment was stationed in Derby, O, Fell in love, as it is said, with a young blooming maid, Though he sued in vain to win pretty Peggy, O.</i></p> <p><i>To-morrow I must leave thee, pretty Peggy, O, Though my absence may not grieve thee, pretty Peggy, O, Braid up thy yellow hair, ere thou tripp'st it down the stair, And take farewell of me, thy soldier laddie, O.</i></p> <p><i>Ere the dawn's reveillie sounds to march, I'm ready O To make my pretty Peg a Captain's lady, O, Then, what would your mammy think, to hear the guineas clink, And the hautboys playing before thee, O.</i></p>	<p><i>There cam' a troop o' Irish Dragoons, And they were quarter'd in Fyvie; Their captain has fa'en in love wi' a lass, That by a' was ca'd pretty Peggy.</i></p> <p><i>"Come down the stair, pretty Peggy," he said, "Come down the stair, pretty Peggy; Come down the stair, comb back your yellow hair, Tak' fareweel o' your mammy and your daddie.</i></p> <p><i>What would your mammy think to hear the guineas clink, And the hautboys playing before you?" "Little would my mammy think to hear the guineas clink, If I follow'd a soldier laddie."</i></p>
		<p><i>"A single soldier's wife you shall never be. For you'll be the captain's lady; I'll make my men stand, with their hats in their hand, In the presence of you, pretty Peggy."</i></p> <p><i>But the colonel he cried, "Come, mount, boys, mount," The captain he cried, "Let us tarry; Oh gagna awa' this day yet or twa, Til we see gin the bonny lass will marry."</i></p>
<p><i>A soldier's wife I never will be, And a soldier shall never lay in bed with me, For I will make him stand with hat in his hand, When he stands in presence of my company.</i></p> <p><i>Then spoke his a brother a stout young man, A valiant soldier as he was, Saying if she'll not go we shall get sweethearts anew When we come to Kilkenny O,</i></p>	<p><i>Must I tell you, says she, as I've told you before, With your proffers of love, not to tease me more, For I never do intend, ere to go to foreign land, Or follow to the wars a soldier laddie, O.</i></p> <p><i>Out spake a brother officer, the gallant De Lorn, As he eyed the haughty maiden, with pity and scorn, Never mind, we'll have gallore, of pretty girls more, When we've come to the toon of Kilkenny, O.</i></p>	<p><i>"I've gi'en you my answer, kind sir," she said, "And you needna ask me nae farther; I do not intend to go to a foreign land, And I'd scorn to follow a soldier."</i></p> <p><i>Then out did speak the drum-major's wife, "Oh dear, but ye are saucy, There's mony a bonnier lassie than you, Has follow'd a soldier laddie."</i></p>

*"But gin I were on my high horse set,
And riding on to old England,
I would ne'er turn my horse's head about,
For a' your Fyvie women."*

*Then the pipes play'd on by Ythanside,
Awa' frae the bonny Lewes o' Fyvie;
And every man on horseback did ride,
But behind them they left pretty Peggy.*

*When we come to the water that runs so
clear,
That joins the town of Kilkenny O.
The captain sigh'd and said we are
many miles away
Here's a health to the pretty girl of Derby
O,*

*But when they had come to Kilkenny, O,
Where the damsels were lovely and many, O,
Sighing deeply, he would say, though we're
many miles away,
Let us pledge a health to pretty Peg of Derby,
O.*

*And ere they cam' to the brig o' Dyce,
They got their captain to carry;
And when they cam' to bonny Aberdeen,
They got their captain to bury.*

*When they came to the town to the very
last town,
The town they call Kilkenny O.
His name was captain Wade he died for
a maid,
And he died for the pretty girl of Derby
O.²*

*He was ca'd Captain Ward, and he died on
the guard,
He died for love of pretty Peggy;
And said, "When I am gone, you'll let it be
known,
That I died for the bonny lass o' Fyvie."*

See Appendix I for more detailed citations of each source.

² Pitts broadside, VWML

Year	Song Number	Melodic Group
1908	007_Combs	Generic American
1911	016_Shearin	N/A
1916	008_Gentry	Minor
1916	058_Campbell	Generic American
1935	023_Johnson[1]	Generic American
1936	028_Swetnam	N/A
1992	060_Wallin[2]	Generic American

Field Recordings of “Peggy” that contain the “lady like a dove” line.

[1] This version actually has the line “Davy Jones fell in love with a pretty little dove.”

[2] This version actually has the line “Our captain fell in love with a maiden like a dove.”