

Fiddler's Green, Tarry Trousers

Yonder stands a pretty maiden
Who she is I do not know
I'll go and court her for her beauty
Let her answer yes or no
Pretty girl I've come to court you
Open your favour I'm again
If you make me truly welcome
I will call this way again

Pretty girl I've gold and riches
Pretty girl I've house and lands
Pretty girl a worldly treasures
All will be at your command
What do I care for gold and riches
What do I care for house and lands
What do I care for worldly treasures
All I want is a nice young man

My love wears the tarry trousers
My love wears a jacket blue
My love sails upon the ocean
So young man away with you

Why do you wish for so much beauty
This is the flower that must decay
Like the rose that blooms in summer
When winter comes it fades away
What do I care for gold and riches
What do I care for house and lands
What do I care for worldly treasures
All I want is a nice young man

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My love
My love
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My love