

Nancy McCallion, On We Go

There was an older woman and there was an old man
They lived upon the high road
He once sat as a jockey for his pay
And she was her mother's darlin', oh

And on we go, and on we go
Can you recall the day we married, oh?
On we go, and on we go
Wouldn't you be frightened to die alone?
Come a little closer to me, darlin', oh

'Come with me, ye silly old man
'Cozy as a codfish, oh
'I never seen anyone sour as you
'At least not after breakfast, oh'

She grabbed the old man by the hand
She led him 'cross a moonlit night
She took him to the public house
And filled him full a'whisky, oh

And on we go, and on we go
Can you recall the day we married, oh?
On we go, and on we go
Wouldn't you be frightened to die alone?
Come a little closer to me, darlin', oh

And on the way back home from town
Oh, oh, my darlin', oh
She pushed him in the water and she held him down
Can you recall the day we married, oh?

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