

The Night Visit

Christy Moore

Who are you, me pretty fair maid
Who are you, me honey?
Who are you, me pretty fair maid
Who are you, me honey?
She answered me modestly
"Well I am me mammy's darling"

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh

And will you come to me mammy's house
When the moon is shining clearly
And will you come to me mammy's house
When the moon is shining clearly
I'll open the door and I'll let you in
And devil the one will hear us

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh

So I went to her house in the middle of the night
When the moon was shining clarely
So I went to her house in the middle of the night
When the moon was shining clarely
She opened the door and she let me in
And devil the one did hear us

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit
And she led him to the stable
She took me horse by the bridle and the bit
And she led him to the stable
Saying "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse
To eat it if he's able"

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh

She took me by the lily-white hand
And she led me to the table
She took me by the lily-white hand
And she led me to the table
Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy
Drink it if you're able"

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah

Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh

She got up and she made the bed
And she made it nice and aisy
She got up and she made the bed
And she made it nice and aisy
Then she took me by the hand
Saying "Blow out the candle!"

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh

There we lay till the break of the day
And devil the one did hear us
There we lay till the break of the day
And devil the one did hear us
She arose and put on her clothes
Saying "Darling, you must leave me"

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh

When can I return again
When will we get married
When can I return again
When will we get married
When broken shells make Christmas bells
We might well get married

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh