

Fannerio

Judy Collins

[Chorus]

As we march down to Fannerio

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Our captain fell in love with a lady like a dove

And we called her by her name pretty Peggy-O What will your mother think pretty Peggy-O?

What will your mother think pretty Peggy-O?

What will your mother think but I hear the guineas clink?

And the soldiers marchin' behind you O. You shall ride in a coach pretty Peggy-O

You shall ride in a coach pretty Peggy-O

You shall ride in a coach with your true love by your side

As fine as any lady in the country O And when I return pretty Peggy-O

When I return pretty Peggy-O

When I return, the city I will burn

And destroy all the ladies in the country O Come trippin' down the stairs pretty Peggy-O

Come trippin' down the stairs pretty Peggy-O

Come trippin' down the stairs combin' back your yellow hair

Bid your last farewell to sweet William-O Sweet William he is dead pretty Peggy-O

Sweet William is dead pretty Peggy-O

Sweet William is dead and he died for a maid

He's buried in the Louisiana country O [Chorus]

Songwriters

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