When I Was On Horseback

Steeleye Span

When I was on horseback, wasn't I pretty?
When I was on horseback, wasn't I gay?
Wasn't I pretty when I entered Cork City
And met with my downfall on the fourteenth of May?Six jolly soldiers to carry my coffin
Six jolly soldiers to march by my side
And it's six jolly soldiers, take a bunch of red roses
Then for to smell them as we march alongBeat the drum slowly and play the pipes only
Play up the dead-march as we go along
And bring me to Tipperary and lay me down easy
I am a young soldier that never done wrongWhen I was on horseback, wasn't I pretty?
When I was on horseback, wasn't I gay?
Wasn't I pretty when I entered Cork City
And met with my downfall on the fourteenth of May?

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