

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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