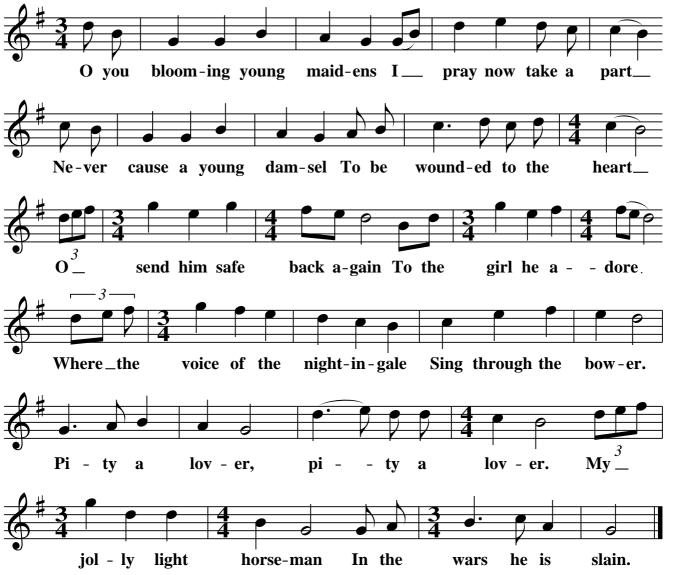
The Bonny Light Horseman



O you blooming young maidens
I pray now take a part
Never cause a young damsel
To be wounded to the heart
O send him safe back again
To the girl he adore
Where the voice of the nightingale
Sing through the bower.
Pity a lover, pity a lover,
My jolly light horseman
In the wars he is slain.

O eighteen month long by her I've been courted Where sweethearts do walk and young lambs are sporting Where me and my true love passed many long hours Where the voice of the nightingale sang through the bower.