

# Fyvie-O

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la - dy like a dove. And they call her by name — Pret - ty Peg - gy - O.

1. It was a troop of Irish Dragoons,  
Came marching down into Fyvie-O.  
And the Captain fell in love with a lady like a dove.  
And they call her by name Pretty Peggy-O.

2. "It's braw, it's braw, a soldier's wife to be,  
It's braw to be a captain's lady-o.  
It's braw to gae and ride with your true love by your side,  
As fair as any lady in the aree-o."

3. "I never did intend a soldier's wife to be,  
I never will marry a soldier-o.  
I never did intend to gang to a foreign land,  
And I never will marry a soldier-o."

4. "Come tripping down the stair, Pretty Peggy-o.  
Come tripping down the stair, Pretty Peggy-o.  
Come tripping down the stair, combing back yer yellow hair,  
And bid farewell to your soldier-o."

5. "If ever I return pretty, Peggy-o,  
If ever I return, pretty Peggy-o,  
Oh, if ever I return, all your cities I will burn,  
Destroying all the ladies in the aree-o!"

6. Oh, there's many a bonnie lass in the hills of Inverness.  
There's many bonnie ladies in the aree-o.  
Sure, there's many bonnie Jeans in the streets of Aberdeen,  
But the fairest of them all still dwells in Fyvie-o.