

# Fiddler's Green, Tarry Trousers

Yonder stands a pretty maiden  
Who she is I do not know  
I'll go and court her for her beauty  
Let her answer yes or no  
Pretty girl I've come to court you  
Open your favour I'm again  
If you make me truly welcome  
I will call this way again

Pretty girl I've gold and riches  
Pretty girl I've house and lands  
Pretty girl a worldly treasures  
All will be at your command  
What do I care for gold and riches  
What do I care for house and lands  
What do I care for worldly treasures  
All I want is a nice young man

My love wears the tarry trousers  
My love wears a jacket blue  
My love sails upon the ocean  
So young man away with you

Why do you wish for so much beauty  
This is the flower that must decay  
Like the rose that blooms in summer  
When winter comes it fades away  
What do I care for gold and riches  
What do I care for house and lands  
What do I care for worldly treasures  
All I want is a nice young man

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My love  
My love  
My love  
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