

As we march down to Fannerio  
As we march down to Fannerio  
Our captain fell in love with a lady like a dove  
And we called her by her name pretty Peggy O

What will your mother think pretty Peggy O?  
What will your mother think pretty Peggy O?  
What will your mother think but I hear the guineas clink?  
And the soldiers marchin' behind you O

You shall ride in a coach pretty Peggy O  
You shall ride in a coach pretty Peggy O  
You shall ride in a coach with your true love by your side  
As fine as any lady in the country O

And when I return pretty Peggy O  
When I return pretty Peggy O  
When I return, the city I will burn  
And destroy all the ladies in the country O

Come trippin' down the stairs pretty Peggy O  
Come trippin' down the stairs pretty Peggy O  
Come trippin' down the stairs combin' back your yellow hair  
Bid your last farewell to sweet William O

Sweet William he is dead pretty Peggy O  
Sweet William is dead pretty Peggy O  
Sweet William is dead and he died for a maid  
He's buried in the Louisiana country O

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