

Billy Boy

Where have you been all the day, Billy boy, bonny boy?
Where have you been all the day, oh my dear, darling Billy-O?
I have been all the day walking with a lady gay,
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-O?

Is she fitting for your wife, Billy boy, bonny boy?
Is she fitting for your wife, oh my dear, darling Billy-O?
Yes, she's fit to be my wife, as the haft is to the knife,
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-O?

Did she ask you to sit down, Billy boy, bonny boy?
Did she ask you to sit down, oh my dear, darling Billy-O?
Yes, she asked me to sit down as she curtsied to the ground,
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-O?

Did she light you up to bed, Billy boy, bonny boy?
Did she light you up to bed, oh my dear, darling Billy-O?
Yes, she lit me up to bed with a nodding of her head,
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-O?

Did she lie so close to you, Billy boy, bonny boy?
Did she lie so close to you, oh my dear, darling Billy-O?
Yes, she lay so close to me, as the bark is to the tree,
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-O?

Do you want to know her age, Billy boy, bonny boy?
Do you want to know her age, oh my dear, darling Billy-O?
She is twice six seven, she is twice twenty and eleven,
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-O?

I first heard this song performed by Poitín; it stayed in my head for weeks after. I decided to play a version for them at one of my gigs as a surprise, and I liked it so much that it stayed in the set.