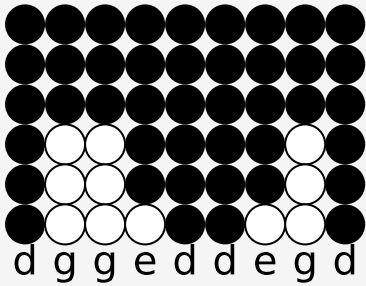
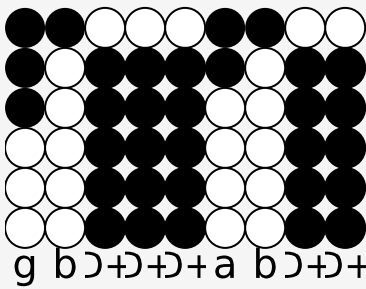


Tin whistle tabs for: Fennario

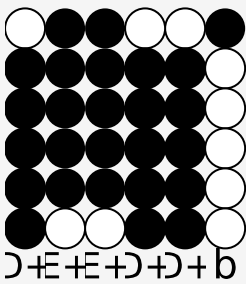
Appalachian folk song



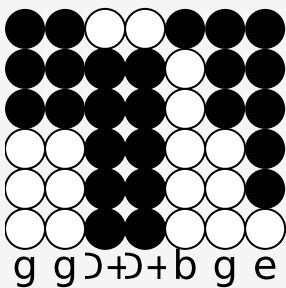
As we marched down to Fen-na-ri-o,



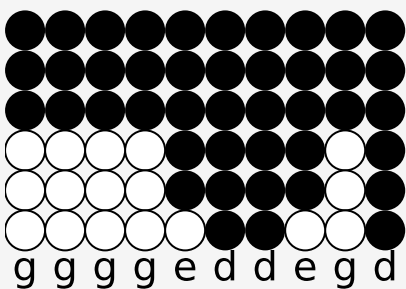
As we marched down to Fen-na-ri-o,



Our cap-tain fell in love



with a la-dy like a dove.



They call her by name pret-ty Peg-gy-o.

What will your mother think pretty Peggy-o?
What will your mother think pretty Peggy-o?
What will your mother think
when she hears the guineas clink,
The soldiers all marchin' before you-o?
In a carriage you will ride, pretty Peggy-o.
In a carriage you will ride, pretty Peggy-o.
In a carriage you will ride
with your true love by your side,
As fair as any maiden in the are-o.
Come skippin' down the stair, pretty Peggy-o.
Come skippin' down the stair, pretty Peggy-o.
Come skippin' down the stair
combin' back your yellow hair,
And bid farewell to sweet William-o.
Sweet William is dead, pretty Peggy-o.
Sweet William is dead, pretty Peggy-o.
Sweet William is dead, and he died for a maid,
The fairest maid in the are-o.
If ever I return, pretty Peggy-o.
If ever I return, pretty Peggy-o.
If ever I return all your cities I will burn,
Destroying all the ladies in the are-o.
Destroying all the ladies in the are-o.