

Step It Out

In the village of Kildore, there's a maiden young and fair
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, she had long and golden hair
When the countryman came riding, he came to her father's gate
Mounted on a milkwhite stallion, he came at the stroke of eight

Step it out Mary, my fine daughter
Step it out Mary, if you can
Step it out Mary, my fine daughter
Show your legs to the country man

I've come to court your daughter, Mary of the golden hair
I have wealth and I have money, I have goods beyond compare
I will buy her silks and satins and a gold ring for her hand
I will build for her a mansion, she'll have servants to command

But kind sir I love a soldier, and I've pledged to him my hand
I don't want your goods and money, I don't want your house nor land
Mary's father spoke up sharply: you'll do as you are told
You'll be married on the Sunday, you'll wear the ring of gold

In the village of Kildore, there's a deep stream running wild
They found Mary there at midnight, she drowned with her soldier boy
In the cottage there is music, you can hear her father say
Step it out Mary, my fine daughter, Sunday is your wedding day