

Lord Gregory

Judy Collins

I am a queen's daughter
I come from Capakin
In search of Lord Gregory
Pray God I find him

The rain beats on my yellow head
The dew wets my skin
My wee babe's cold in my arms
Lord Gregory, let me in

Lord Gregory, he is not here
I swear can't be seen
He's gone to bonny Scotland
For to bring home a fair queen

So leave now these portals
And likewise this hall
For it's deep in the sea
You should find you downfall

Oh don't you remember, love
That night in Capakin
When we exchanged rings, love
And I against my will

Yours was pure silver
And mine was but tin
Yours cost a guinea
And mine but a pin

My curse on you, mother
My curse being sore
I dreamed that my true love
Come a knocking at the door

Lie down now, my foolish son
Lie down and sleep
Twas only a servant girl
Lies drowned in the deep

Go saddle my black horse
The brown or the bay
Go saddle the fastest horse
In my stable this day

I'll ride over mountains
And valleys so wide
I'll find the girl that I love
And ride by her side