

## 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