Peggy Gordon

The Corries

O Peggy Gordon, You are my darling Come sit you down upon my knee And tell to me the very reason Why I am slighted so by thee

I am so in love that I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
it's not for you to let the whole world know it
A troubled mind can find no rest

I leaned myself on a cask of brandy
It was my fancy, so to do
For when I'm drinking, I'm seldom thinking
Wishing Peggy Gordon was there

I wish I was away in Ingo Far away across the briny sea Sailing over deepest waters Where love nor care never trouble me

I wished I was in a lonesome valley Where womankind cannot be found And the pretty little birds do change their voices And every moment a different sound