

## Connie Dover "Lady Keith"

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I may sit in my wee old house  
At the spinning wheel to toil so dreary  
I may think of a day that is gone  
And sigh and some till I grow weary  
I ne'er could brook I ne'er could brook  
A foreign king to own or flatter  
And I will sing a ranting song  
The day our king comes o'er the water

I have seen the good old day  
The day of pride and chieftain's glory  
When royal Stuart held the sway  
And none heard tell of Whig or Tory  
Though silver be my hair one day  
And age has struck me down what matter  
I'll dance and sing the happy day  
The day our king comes o'er the water

If I live to see the day  
That I have begged and begged from Heaven  
I'll fling my rock and reel away  
And dance and sing from morn till evening  
For there is one I will not name  
Who comes the be-engine bike to scatter  
And I'll put on my bridal gown  
The day our king comes o'er the water

A curse on dull and drawling Whig  
The whining ranting low deceiver  
With heart so black and lies so big  
The canting tongue of clish mclaver  
My father was a good lord's son  
My mother was an earl's daughter  
And I'll be Lady Keith again  
The day our king comes o'er the water

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