

The Dubliners

"Peggy Gordon"

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

I'm so in love, I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
It's not for you to let the world know it,
A troubled mind can know no rest!

I leaned but my head to a cask of brandy
It was my fancy I do declare
For when I'm drinking, I am thinking
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here.

I wish I was away in Ingo
Far across the briny sea,
Sailing o'er the deepest ocean,
Where love nor care never bother me!

I wish I was in some lonesome valley,
Where womankind cannot be found
Where the pretty small birds do change their voices
And every moment a diff'rent sound!

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Come tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee.

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