

Corries

"Peggy Gordon"

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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

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