

Peggy March

"Young Peggy"

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YOUNG PEGGY

Whaur hae ye been, Peggy
Whaur hae ye been?
In the garden 'mong the gillyfloors
'Tween the hours o' twelve and ane
Ye were nae yoursel', Peggy
No' there your lane
Your faither saw ye in Jamie's arms
'Tween the hours o' twelve and ane
Whit though we were seen, mither
Though we were seen?
I would sleep in Jamie's airms
Though his grave was growing green
Your Jamie's a rogue, Peggy
Your Jamie's a loon
For the trysting o' oor ae dochter
And her sae very young
Jamie's noo tae blame, mither
The blame lies on me
For I wad sleep in Jamie's airms
Though a' the world should dee
She's gane tae her ain chaulmer
Jamie was there
I'm blithe tae see ye, Jamie dear
Though we maun meet nae mair
We'll tak' a pairtin' glass, laddie
Pour oot the wine
And since we maun meet nae mair, my love
We'll drink your health and mine
Tak' me in your airms, laddie
Here's kisses five
And since we maun meet nae mair, my love
We'll drink weel may we thrive
Come tae my airms, lassie
Close tae me hairt
And as lang's the sun hangs i' the lift
I swear we'll niver part
Your faither keeps a crawin' cock
Divides nicht frae day
And in the middle watch o' the nicht
In greenwood ye'll meet me

When mass was sung and bell were rung
And a' bound for bed
She's kilted up her gay clothing
Met Jamie in the wood
'Twas early in the morning
The clock chappit twa
Her faither rose up in his bed
Cryin' Peggy, she's awa
They've mounted their horses
And fast they did rin
But lang e'er they wan tae the tap o' the hill
The lad and lass were ane
Child #298
Recorded by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger
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