

Paddy Schmidt

"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 deep in love that I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
But it's not for you to let the world know it
A troubled mind can find no rest
I leaned myself on a cask of whiskey
It was my fancy, I do declare
For when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking
Wishing Peggy Gordon was there
I wished I was in a lonesome valley
Where womankind cannot be found
where all the birds do change their voices
And every moment a different sound
I wish I was away in Ingo
Far away across the sea
Sailing over deepest waters
Where love nor care never trouble me

