

Peggy Gordon

The Dubliners

Oh, 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 did put 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 ever 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 ev'ry moment a diff'rent sound

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