

Lady of Catrine

Marmalade

Oh the Geese fly and the Peewhit sing
As I ride on my Horse, on the first day of Spring
And the river flows o'er the grass so green,
As I fly to my Lady, of Catrine And in my mind, the Church bell rings,
Could it be, just for me, on the first day of Spring?
Some wedding scene, upon a village green,
Wish it were me, and my Lady of Catrine Well the wind is fresh and my eyes are bright,
As I see my Lady's castle come into sight,
And I'll bow to her, like a King to Queen,
Then I'll kiss my sweet Lady, of Catrine

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