

# 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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