

Peggy Gordon

The Dubliners

O 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 troubles mind can know no rest

I did put my head to a cask of brandy,
'Twas my fancy I do delcare,
For when I'm drinking I am thinking,
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was away in Ingol,
Far across the briny sea,
Sailing o'er the deepest ocean,
Where love nor care never bother me

I wish I was in some lonesome valley,
Where woman-kind cannot be found,
Where the pretty small birds that change their voices,
And every moment a different sound

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Come tell to me the very reason,
Why I am slighted so by thee

Lyrics submitted by Paul.

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