Lord Gregory

White Raven

I am a king's daughter,
That's straight from Capakin.
In search of Lord Gregory,
May God I find him in.

The rain beats at my yellow locks,
And the dew wets me still.
The babe is cold in my arms,
Lord Gregory let me in.

Lord Gregory is not here,
And henceforth can't be seen.
He's gone to bonny Scotland,
To bring home his new queen.

Leave now those windows,
And likewise this hall.
For it's deep in the sea,
You should hide your downfall.

Who'll shoe my baby's little feet?
Who'll put gloves on her hands?
Who'll tie my baby's middle,
With a long and green band?

Who'll comb my baby's yellow locks,
With an ivory comb?
Who'll be my baby's father,
Till our Gregory comes home?

I'll shoe your baby's little feet.
I'll put gloves on her hands.
And I'll tie your baby's middle,
With a long and green band.

I'll your comb you baby's yellow locks,
With an ivory comb.
And I'll be your baby's father,
Till our Gregory comes home.

Leave now, those windows,
And this hall
For deep in the sea,
You should hide your downfall.

Do you remember Lord Gregory,
That night at Capakin?
When we both changed pocket handkerchiefs,
And that against my will?

Yours was pure linen, love,
And mine was coarse cloth.
Yours cost one guinea, love,
And mine but one groat.

Do you remember Lord Gregory,
That night at Capakin?
When we both changed rings of our fingers,
And that against my will?

For yours was pure silver, love,
And mine was block tin.
Yours cost one guinea, love,
And mine but one cent.

Do you remember Lord Gregory,
That night in my father's home?
When you stole away my poor heart,
And that was worse than all?

Leave now, those windows,
And likewise this hall.
For it's deep in the sea,
You should find your downfall.

I curse on you, Mother,
And my curse, it being sore.
For I dreamt the lass of Aughrim,
Came knocking at my door.

Lie down now, you foolish son,
Lie down and sleep,
For it's long ago her weary locks,
Were waving in the deep.

Come saddle me the black horse,

The brown or the bay.
Come saddle me, the best horse,
In my stable this day.
Till I range over valleys,
Over mountains so wide.
Till I find the lass of Aughrim,
And lie by her side.

Lyrics Submitted by Fiona Fergusson

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/