

# Peggy Gordon

## The High Kings

O Peggy Gordon, You are my darling  
Come sit you down upon my knee  
And tell to me the very reason  
Why I am slighted so by thee I'm so in love that I can't deny it  
My heart lies smothered in my breast  
But it's not for you to let the world know it  
A troubled mind can know no rest I put my head to a glass of brandy  
It was my fancy, I do declare  
For when I'm drinking, I'm always 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 never bother me  
I wish I was in some lonesome valley  
Where womankind cannot be found  
Where little birds sing upon the branches  
And every moment has a different sound O Peggy Gordon, You are my darling  
Come sit you down upon my knee  
And tell to me the very reason  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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