

46- Peggy Gordon

Irish Folk

Violin

Oh, Peg - gy Gor - - - don you are my
dar - - - ling, Come sit you down
up - on my knee, And tell to me
the ve - ry rea - son, Why I'm
slight ed 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 troubled mind can know no rest

I did put my head to a cask of brandy
It was my fancy I do declare
For when I'm drinking I am 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 can not be found
Where the pretty small birds do change their voices
And every moment a different sound

Oh, 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