

**Traditional Irish Music**  
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**Peggy Gordon**

**D**                      **G**        **D** **A**  
Oh Peggy Gordon you are my darling,  
**G**                      **D**                      **A**  
Come sit you down upon my knee,  
**G**                      **D**        **G** **D** **A**  
Come tell to me the very reason,  
**G**                      **D**                      **A**        **D**  
Why I am slighted,so by thee,

I wish I was in some lonesome vally,where woman kind cannot be found,  
Where the pritty small birds,do change their voices,and every moment a differend sound.

Im so in love that I cant deny it,my heart lies smothered in my breast,  
But its not for you to lrt 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 im drinking I am always thinking,and wishing Peggy Gordon was here.  
(Repeat first verse)