

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Young Peggy

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Whaur hae ye been, Peggy

Whaur hae ye been?

In the garden 'mong the gillyfloors

'Tween the hours o' twelve and ane

Ye were nae yoursel', Peggy

No' there your lane

Your faither saw ye in Jamie's arms

'Tween the hours o' twelve and ane

Whit though we were seen, mither

Though we were seen?

I would sleep in Jamie's airms

Though his grave was growing green

Your Jamie's a rogue, Peggy

Your Jamie's a loon

For the trysting o' oor ae dochter

And her sae very young

Jamie's noo tae blame, mither

The blame lies on me

For I wad sleep in Jamie's airms

Though a' the world should dee

She's gane tae her ain chaulmer

Jamie was there

I'm blithe tae see ye, Jamie dear

Though we maun meet nae mair

We'll tak' a pairtin' glass, laddie

Pour oot the wine

And since we maun meet nae mair, my love

We'll drink your health and mine

Tak' me in your airms, laddie

Here's kisses five

And since we maun meet nae mair, my love

We'll drink weel may we thrive

Come tae my airms, lassie

Close tae me hairt

And as lang's the sun hangs i' the lift
I swear we'll niver part

Your faither keeps a crawin' cock
Divides nicht frae day
And in the middle watch o' the nicht
In greenwood ye'll meet me

When mass was sung and bell were rung
And a' bound for bed
She's kilted up her gay clothing
Met Jamie in the wood

'Twas early in the morning
The clock chappit twa
Her faither rose up in his bed
Cryin' Peggy, she's awa

They've mounted their horses
And fast they did rin
But lang e'er they wan tae the tap o' the hill
The lad and lass were ane

Child #298
recorded by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger
SOF