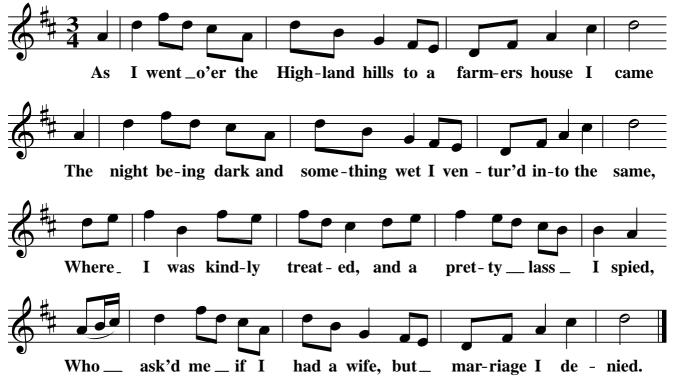
Peggy Bond [Peggy Bawn]



As I went o'er the Highland hills
To a farmer's house I came.
The night being dark and something wet,
I ventured into the same,
Where I was kindly treated,
And a pretty lass I spied,
Who asked me if I had a wife,
But marriage I denied.

I courted her the lae long night Till near the dawn of day, When frankly she did say to me "Alang with you I'll gae; For Ireland is a fine country, And the Scots to you are kin, So I will gang along with you My fortune to begin." Day being come and breakfast o'er
To the parlour I was ta'en;
The gudeman kindly asked me
If I'd marry his daughter Jane.
"Five hundred marks I'll give her
Besides a piece of lan';"
But scarcely had he spoke the word
Till I thought of Peggy Bawn.

"Your offer, Sir, is very good,
And I thank you too," said I,
"But I cannot be your son-in-law,
And I'll tell you the reason why:
My business calleth me in haste,
I am the King's servant bound,
And I must gang awa' this day
Straight to Edinburgh town."

Oh, Peggy Bawn, thou art my own, Thy heart lies in my breast; And though we at a distance are Yet I love thee still the best. Although we at a distance are And the seas between us roar, Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn, To thee for evermore.