

# Alasdair Roberts, Lord Gregory

I am a poor young girl  
That's straight from Callander.  
I'm in search of Lord Gregory--  
Pray God I find him!  
The rain beats my yellow locks  
And the dew wets me still,  
My babe is cold in my arms--  
Lord Gregory, let me in!"

"Lord Gregory's not here and  
Henceforth can't be seen,  
For he's gone to bonny Scotland  
For to bring home his new queen.  
So leave now these windows  
And likewise this hall,  
For it's deep in the sea  
You should hide your downfall."

"Who'll shoe my babe's little feet?  
Who'll put gloves on her hand?  
Who will tie my babe's middle  
With a long linen band?  
Who'll comb my babe's yellow hair  
With an ivory comb?  
Who will be my babe's father  
Till Lord Gregory comes home?"

Do you remember, love Gregory,  
That night in Callander  
Where we changed pocket handkerchiefs,  
And me against my will?  
For yours was pure linen, love,  
And mine but coarse cloth;  
For yours cost a guinea, love,  
And mine but one goat.

Do you remember, love Gregory,  
That night in Callander  
Where we changed rings on our fingers,  
And me against my will?  
For yours was pure silver, love,  
And mine was but tin;  
For yours cost a guinea, love,  
And mine but one cent."

"And my curse on you, Mother,  
My curse being sore!  
Sure, I dreamed the girl I love  
came a-knocking at my door."

"Sleep down you foolish son,  
Sleep down and sleep on:  
For it's long ago that weary girl  
Lies drownin' in the sea."

"Well go saddle me the black horse,  
The brown, and the gray;  
Go saddle me the best horse  
In my stable to-day!  
And I'll range over mountains,  
Over valleys so wide,  
Till I find the girl I love  
And I'll lay by her side."