

Isobel Campbell, Are You Going To Leave Me?

Are you going to leave me, love
Are you going to leave me
Would you give up your own love true
To go with a girl you never knew

My true love stands in the bower door
Combing down his yellow hair
His bonnie face I like to see
I wonder if my love thinks of me

When I wore my apron low
Couldn't keep you from my door
But now my apron's to my shin
You pass me by and won't come in

I wish my baby - it was born
Smiling on his daddy's knee
And I a poor girl - dead and gone
And the green grass growing over me

Now there's a bird in your church yard
They say he's blind and cannot see
I wish it had been the same with me
Before I kept your company

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain
I wish I was a maid again
But a maid again I will never be
Since that young man lay still with me

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