Laddie With the Golden Hair

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O, laddie with the golden hair
In wavy ringlets flowing;
O, laddie with the golden hair
Thy locks were my undoing.

THy beauty drew ny heart to thee,
Though now I am deceived;
The promises you made to me,
My too fond heart believed.

O, would I were in yonder glen,
A-roaming with my dearie;
My heart would wake to joy again,
Though now tis sad and weary.

If I were dressed in satins rare,
Although of lowly station,
I'd to thy stately halls repair,
And face each proud relation.

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In wavy ringlets flowing;
O, laddie with the golden hair,
Thy locks were my undoing.

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