The Wind Blows High

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high, The rain comes scattering from the sky.

She is handsome, she is pretty. She is the girl from London city.

She goes courting, one, two, three Pray and tell me who is she.

Went into the parlor I took her on my knee, I

said "My duck-y darling, what'll you have for tea?"

A china cup and saucer, a marigolee, A

dish to put the pudding in, a ding dong dee.