

THE BANKS OF THE ROSES

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On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down
And I took out my fiddle for to play my love a tune
In the middle of the tune, she sighed and she said
"Yerra Johnny, lovely Johnny - would you leave me?"

When I was just a young lad I heard my father say
"I'd sooner see you dead and buried in the clay
Rather than be married to any runaway
On the lovely sweet banks of the roses."

Oh well now I am a runaway and sure I'll let you know
That I can take a bottle and drink with anyone
If her father doesn't like me, he can keep his daughter at home
Then young Johnny will go roving with another!

If ever I get married 'twill be in the month of May
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay
And me and my true-love will sit and sport and play
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses!