

Banks of the Roses

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down
And I took out me fiddle to play me love a tune
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, Would you leave me

O when I was a young man, I heard my father say
That he'd rather see me dead and buried in the clay
Sooner than be married to any runaway
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses

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Well then I am no runaway and soon I'll let them know
That I can take the bottle or leave it alone
And her Daddy that doesn't like it, he can keep his daughter home
And young Johnny will go roving with another

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And when I get married, t'will be in the month of May
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay
And Me and me true love can sit and sport and play
On the lovely sweet banks of the roses

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