

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Come All You Garners Gay

Come All You Garners Gay
(William Bartle)

Come all you Garners Gay,
That are just now in your prime
I wish I was in that bonny girl's arms
Where I've been many a time
Where I've been many a time,
Where I've been many a time
I wish I was in that bonny girl's arms
Where I've been many a time

Well it's very nice drinking ale,
But it's much better drinking wine
And it's far better sleeping in that bonny girl's arms
That stole away the heart of mine.

Green willows they will twist,
Green willows they will twine
I wish I was in that bonny girl's arms
Where I've been many a time

Once I had time enough
To flourish night and day
Until that girl, that bonny, bonny girl
Come and stole all my time away

So now my whole time is gone,
And I cannot plant any new
For the very same place where the old thyme grew,
It's all over running, running rue

Oh the rue, that running, running rue,
That's not the flower for me
I will pluck up all that running, running rue
And plant down the sturdy oak tree

Stand you fast, stand you fast sturdy oak,
Stand you fast, don't ever die
I will prove as true to my own true love
As the stars prove true to the sky

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