

# The Tan-yard Side - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE TAN-YARD SIDE.

I am a rambling hero, by love I am ensnared;  
Near to the town of Bollinglass there dwells a comely maid;  
She's fairer than Diana bright, she's free from earthly pride,  
She's a lovely maid-her dwelling place lies near the tan-yard side.

I stood in meditation, I viewed her o'er and o'er,  
I thought she was Aurora bright, descending down so low;  
"No, no, kind sir, I'm a country girl," she modestly replied,  
"I labor daily for my bread down by the tan-yard side."

Her golden hair, in ringlets rare, hangs o'er her snowy neck.  
The killing glances of her eyes would save a ship from wreck,  
Her two brown, sparkling eyes, and her teeth like ivory white,  
Would make a man become her slave down by the tan-yard side.

For twelve long months we courted, 'till at length we did agree  
For to acquaint her parents and married we would be;  
'Till at length her cruel father to me he proved unkind,  
Which makes me sail across the seas and leave my true love behind.

Farewell, my aged parents, and to you I bid adieu;  
I'm crossing the main ocean, dear, for the sake of you;  
But if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.  
And I'll roll you in my arms down by the tan-yard side.