

My Bonny Boy

Anne Briggs

I once loved a boy and a bonny, bonny boy,
Who would come and would go at request.
And this handsome young boy was my pride and my joy,
And I built him a bower in my breast.

Well, up the long alley and down the green valley,
Like one that was troubled in mind.
I hollered and I whooped and I played upon my flute,
But no bonny boy could I find.

I sat myself down on a green mossy bank,
Where the sun it shone wonderful warm,
And who did I spy but my own bonny boy
Fast locked in some other girl's arms.

Well, the girl who's the joy of my own bonny boy.
Let her make of him all that she can.
And whether he loves me or whether he don't,
I'll walk with that boy now and then.