

The Bonny Boy

June Tabor

I once loved a boy, a bonny, bonny boy
And I loved him, I will vow and protest.
I loved him so well, so very, very well,
That I built him a bower on 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.