

The Banks Of The Lee

Silly Wizard

When two lovers meet down beside the green bower
When two lovers meet down beneath the green tree
When Mary, fond Mary, declared to her lover
"You have stolen my poor heart from the Banks of the Lee"

Chorus:

I loved her very dearly, so true and sincerely
There was no one in this wide world I loved better than she
Every bush, every bower, every sweet Irish flower
Reminds me of my Mary, on the banks of the Lee.

"Don't stay out late, love, on the moorlands, my Mary
Don't stay out late, love, on the moorlands from me"
How little was our notion when we parted on the ocean
That we were forever parted from the Banks of the Lee

Chorus

I will pluck her some roses, some blooming Irish roses
I will pluck her some roses, the fairest that ever grew
And I'll leave them on the grave of my own true lovely Mary
In that cold and silent churchyard where she sleeps 'neath the
dew

Chorus