

## On The Banks Of The Roses

The Corries

O when I was a young man, I heard my mother say  
That she'd rather see me dead aye and buried in the clay  
Than to see me get married to any runaway  
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down  
I took out my fiddle for to play my love a tune  
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said  
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, Would you leave me

O when I was a young man, I heard my father say  
That he'd rather see me dead, aye and buried in the clay  
Sooner than be married to any runaway  
By the bonny sweet banks of the roses

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down  
I took out my fiddle for to play my love a tune  
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said  
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, Would you leave me

O well then I am no runaway and soon I'll let them know  
I can take a good glass or leave it alone  
And the man that doesn't like me, he can leave his daughter at  
home  
And young Johnny will go roving with another

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down  
I took out my fiddle for to play my love a tune  
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said  
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, Would you leave me

If ever I get married, twill be in the month of May  
When the leaves they are green and the meadows  
They are gay  
And me and my true love we will sport and play  
By the bonny sweet banks of the roses

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down  
I took out my fiddle for to play my love a tune  
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said  
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, Would you leave me