

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