

Banks of the Roses

The Dubliners

On the Banks of the Roses me love and I sat down
And I took out me fiddle for to play me love a tune
And in the middle of the tune-o she sighed and she said
Oro Johnny, lovely Johnny don't ya leave me

When I was a young boy I heard me father say
That he'd rather see me dead and buried in the clay
Sooner than be married to any runaway
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses

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Oro Johnny, lovely Johnny don't ya leave me

And then I am no runaway and soon I'll let them know
That I can take a bottle or can leave it alone
And if her daddy doesn't like it he can keep his daughter at ho
me
And young Johnny will go rovin' with some other

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And when I get married t'will be in the month of May
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay
And me and me true love we'll sit and sport and play
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses

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