

## 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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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 home  
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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