

John Reilly

The Walkabouts

Fair young maiden
All in the garden
Strange young man
Passed her by
Said: "Fair maid
Will you marry me?"
This, then, sir,
Was her reply
"Oh no, kind sir
I cannot marry thee
For my beloved
Who sails out on the sea
He's been gone
For seven years
And still no man
Shall marry me
Well if he's in
Some battle salin

Well I will die
When the moon
Or if he's drowned
In the dark salt sea
I'll be true
To his memory."
He picked her up
All in his arms
And kisses gave her
One, two and three
Said: "Weep no more
My own dear true love
I am your love
Lost John Reilly"
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My own dear true love
I am your love
Lost John Reilly"
sallysally@usa.net