

# The Banks of the Roses

*On the banks of the roses me love and I sat down.  
And I took out me fiddle to play me love a tune,  
In the middle of the tune, she smiled and she said,  
Oh me Johnny Oh me- Johnny don't you leave me.*

When I was a young lad I heard me father say,  
That he would rather see me dead, and buried in the clay,  
Sooner be married to any run away,  
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses.

Well now I am not in hurry and sure I'll let them know,  
That I can take the bottle or leave it alone,  
And if her daddy's foolish, finds his daughter at home,  
And then Johnny'll choose another from the roses.

And if e'r I get married, 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 will sit and sport and play.  
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses.

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