The Banks of Sweet Loch Ray

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I am as poor a distressed maid
As ever yet was known.
By love I'm captivated
Wbich is proved my ovcrthrow.
When herding out my father's flocks
By accidence did stray
It was there I met my sailor bold
On the banks of sweet Loch Ray.

"Good morning to you, fair maid," he said,
With a heart so free
"And would you be contented
To go along with me?
I will dress you like queen Helen
All in your Grecian style
And when we'll go to the town of Boyle
I will there make you my bride."

With a modest blush this fair maid said,
"Your suit I must deny
For I am no way fitting
To be a sailor's bride.
Far from my native country
I am not inclined to stray
For my heart would break were I to leave
The banks of sweet Loch Ray."

"Fair maiden I will not ask you
To leave your native place.
We will here set down and court awhile
All in this silent place,
We will set down and court awhile
Among the flowers so gay
And herd your sheep as they do feed
On the banks of sweet Loch Ray."

Rolled up in the rapture of the night
The time stole slowly on.
My love has taken flight
And from me he has gone.
I'll never love a young man,

I never loved any young man half so well
And where to find my sailor bold
I'm sure I cannot tell.

My sailor bold he's gone from me
And he's crossed o'er the main.
I mean for to live single
Until he returns again.
A crown of gold I would bestow
And at his feet I'd lay.
I'd bid adieu forevermore
To the banks of sweet Loch Ray.

From The New Green Mountain Songster, Hrkness et al.

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