The Banks of the Roses (5)

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Oh, if ever I get married, it will be in June,
When the fields and the flowers are out in full bloom,
For 'twas there I spied my true love by the light of the moon,
All on the banks of the roses.
For 'twas there I spied my true love by the light of the moon,
All on the banks of the roses.

Oh, her dark rolling eyes they were nothing to compare
With her red rosy cheeks and her long yellow hair;
And the dew that fell down from her long yellow hair.
Was like the dew that falls in the summer.
And the dew etc.

Oh, I says, "My dearest dear, if you'll come along with me
From your daddy and your mammy it's I will set you free
And I'll roll you in my ar-rums while sleeping you may be
All on the banks of the roses.
And I'll roll etc.

Oh, her daddy and her mammy, it's they do plainly say
That I am a scalawag or some runaway,
And they'd rather that their daughter wouldn't live another hour (day?),
Than a rake like me to enjoy her.
And they'd rather etc.

In my own counteree I am very well known,
I can take a glass of liquor, I can let it alone.
She's the farmer's pretty daughter; I can leave her at home,
And I can go and court some other!
She's the farmer's etc.

From Shantymen and Shantyboys, Doerflinger
Collected from Archie Lant, Ontario
DT #513

apr96