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The Banks of Inverary

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'Twas on a summer's morning, along as I did pass
On the banks of Inverary I met a com-e-ly lass.
Her hair hung over her shoulders, her eyes like stars did shine,
On the banks of Inverary I wish'd her heart was mine.

I did embrace this fair maid as fast as e'er I could,
Her hair hung over her shoulders most like to threads of gold;
Her hair hung over her shoulders, her tears like drops of dew -
"On the banks of Inverary I'm glad to meet with you."

"Leave off, my handsome young man, do not embrace me so,
For after so much kissing there comes a dreadful woe,
And if my poor heart should be ensnared and I beguil'd by thee,
On the banks of Inverary I shall walk alone," said she.

I said, "My handsome fair maid, the truth to you I'll tell,
On the banks of Inverary twelve maidens I've beguil'd;
But I will not begin to-night, my charmer," then said he,
"On the banks of Inverary I've found my wife. " said he.

So he set this handsome fair maid on horseback very high,
"Unto some parson we will go and there the knot will tie,
And then we will sing songs of love until the day we die;
On the banks of Inverary where no-one there is nigh."

From The Constant Lovers, Purslow