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The Lovely Banks of Boyne

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I am a gay young lassie and I love my Jimmy well.
My heart was ever true to him, far more than tongue can tell.
'T was at my father's castle where he gained this heart of mine,
And he causes me to wander from the lovely banks of Boyne.

He courted me some length of time and promised me to wed,
Until he gained my favors and away from me he fled.
His love it flew like the early dew when the sun begins to shine,
And he soon forgot poor Flora on the lovely banks of Boyne.

I understand this false young man to England sailed away.
I did pack up my jewelry upon that very day. .
I left my home and friends so dear in sorrow to repine,
And I quickly followed after him from the lovely banks of Boyne.

I understand this false young man arrived at London town,
And wed there with a lady fair, and her of high renown.
Young girls beware; mark what I say; mind how you spend your time;
Think on the fate of Flora on the lovely banks of Boyne.

O fare ye well, ye purly streams that now flow far away,
Where me and my bonny boy for pleasure used to stray.
Here in the walls of Dublin I will spend my youthful time,
Far from my home I loved so dear on the lovely banks of Boyne.

From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie
Collected from Neil O'Brien
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