

Banks Of The Roses

G C G
By the banks of the roses my love and I sat down,
C D7
And I took up my violin to play my love a tune,
G C D7
In the middle of the tune, ah, she sighed and she cried,
G C D7 G
"Oh-o, Johnny, lovely Johnny, would you leave me?"

When I was a young man I heard my father say,
I'd rather see you dead and a-buried in the clay,
Sooner than to see you with any run-away,
By the lovely, sweet banks of the roses.

Well, then I am to run away and soon I'll let them know,
That I can take a good glass or leave it well alone,
And the man that does not like me,
he can keep his girl at home,
And young Johnny will go roamin' with another.

And if ever I get married, 'twill be the month of May,
When all the trees are budding
and the meadows bright and gay,
And me and my true love can run and sport and play,
By the lovely, sweet banks of the roses.