

The Banks of the Roses

CHORUS

D A D
On the banks of the roses me love and I sat down,
G D A D
And I took out me fiddle for to play me love a tune,
G D A D
In the middle of the tune-o she sighed and she said,
A D
"Yerra Johnny, lovely Johnny would you leave me."

D A D
When I was just a young one, I heard me father say
G D A D
That he would rather see me dead and buried in the clay,
G D A D
Sooner than be married to any runa-way,
A D
By the lovely sweet banks of the ro-ses. Chorus

D A D
Well then I am a runaway and soon I'll let them know,
G D A D
That I can take the bottle or leave it a-lone. If her
G D A D
Daddy doesn't like it he can keep his daughter home
A D
And young Johnny will go roving with a-noth-er. Chorus

D A D
If ever I get married, 'twill be in the month of May,
G D A
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are
D
gay
G D A D
And me and me true love will sit and sport and play,
A D
By the lovely sweet banks of the ro-ses. Chorus