The Banks of the Roses

C G C
On the banks of the roses my love and I sat down
F C G C
and I took out my fiddle to play my love a tune
F C G C
In the middle of the tuen-o she smiled and she said
C G C
Ah Johnny, lovely Johnny don't you leave me

When I was a young one, I heard my father say
that he would rather see me dead and burried in the clay
sooner than be married to any runaway
on the lovely sweet banks of the roses

On the banks of the roses...

Oh then I'm a runaway and soon I'll let you know
that I can take a bottle or leave it alone
If her daddy dosn't like it he can keep her daughter at home
Then Johnny will go roving with some other

On the banks of the roses...

If ever I get married will, be in the end of May
when the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay
and me and my truelove will sit and sport and play
by the lovely sweet banks of the roses

||: *On the banks of the roses...* :||

Visen er fra slutningen af 1800 tallet og har startet sin udvikling som Limerick og findes i mange forskellige versioner.