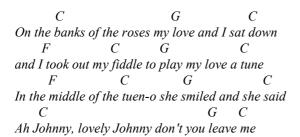
The Banks of the Roses



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...:||