

The Banks of the Roses

Irish

Whistle

D A7 A D

On the banks of the Ro - ses my love and I sat down — And I took out my

F#m A D F#m A

6

whis-tle for to play my love a tune. In the mid-dle of the tune Oh, she sighed and she

A7 D A7 A D

12

siad, "Oh my John-ny, love - ly John-ny. would you leave me?"

"Oh, when I was a young girl, I heard my father say
That he'd rather see me dead and buried in the clay
Sooner than be married to any runaway
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses."

Oh then I am no runaway and soon I'll let them know
I can take a good glass or leave it alone;
And the man that doesn't like me, he can keep his daughter home
And young Johnny will go roving with another.

And if ever I get married, twill be in the month of May
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay,
And I and my true love can sit and sport and play
On the lovely sweet banks of the roses.