

O My Johnny (On The Banks Of The Roses)

Trad. Irish Song

A A D D D F A F E E D E D
On the banks of the ro - ses my love and I sat down.

D' D' C D' B A A F E E D E F D D
I took out my fidd - le for my love to play a tune. In the

D D' C D' B A F E D E F D D
midd - le of the tune she smiled and she said: O my

D D' C D' B A A F E D
John - ny, o my John - ny won't you leave me.



Chorus:

**On the Banks of the Roses me love and I sat down
And I took out me fiddle for me love to play a tune
And in the middle of the tune she smiled and she said
O my Johnny, lovely Johnny won't ya leave me**

1) When I was a young one I heard me father say
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
On the Banks of the Roses...

2) And then I am no runaway and soon I'll let them know
That I can take a bottle or can leave it alone
And if her daddy doesn't like it he can keep his daughter at home
And young Johnny will go rovin' with some other
On the Banks of the Roses...

3) And when I get married t'will be in the month of May
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay
And me and me true love we'll sit and sport and play
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses.
On the Banks of the Roses...