G
'Twas in the year of '92,
C G
In the merry month of June,

I left my mother and a home so dear

D7 G
For the girl I loved on the greenbriar shore.

My mother dear, she came to me
And said "Oh son, don't go,"
"Don't leave your mother and a home so dear
To trust a girl on the greenbriar shore."

But I was young and reckless too,
And I craved a reckless life;
I left my mother with a broken heart,
And I choosed that girl to be my wife.

Her hair was dark and curly too,
And her loving eyes were blue;
Her cheeks were like the red red rose,
The girl I loved on the greenbriar shore.

The years rolled on and the months rolled by,
She left me all alone;
Now I remember what mother said,
Never trust a girl on the greenbriar shore.

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