The Banks of Sullane

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It was early on a bright harvest morning,
I strayed by the banks of Sullane
To gaze on such beauties of nature
As grace every woodland and lawn
Oh the prospect was surely enchanting,
As gay lassies in juvenile plume
Promenaded by the banks of that river
That flows by the town of Macroom

I being airy and fond of recreation
To the river(side) I ventured to rove
When weary of my ramblings and roving
I sat myself down by a grove
I sat there some time meditating
Till the sun its bright rays had withdrawn
And a damsel of queenly appearance
Came down by the banks of Sullane

I rose with great joy and admiration
And accosted this damsel most fair
For to me she appeared like Venus
Adorned with jewels so rare
RWere I ruler of France or of Prussia
It's with me you'd soon wear the crown
And I'd join you in wedlock my darling
You're the beauty of sweet MasseytownS

We walked and we talked on together
Inhaling the bright pleasant air
Until in a voice most alarmed
She said RSee my father goes thereS
His presence to me was appalling
With his cross angry look and his frown
Which pierced through my heart like an arrow
On my way back to sweet Masseytown

And its now I've retired from my roving
With a heart full of sorrow and grief
There is no one on earth can console me
Or give me one moment's relief
I will roam through the African Desert

Until death summons me to my tomb
For the sake of that charming fair Helen
That I met near the town of Macroom

Traditional Author unknown. Sullane is a river in noth Cork.
MR
apr97

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