Banks of the Roses (2)

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When I was a wee thing, I heard my mother say
That I was meant for rambling and would easy go astray
And before that I would work, I would rather sport and play
With my Johnny on the banks of red roses

On the banks of red roses, my love and I sat doon
He took out his tuning box to play his love a tune
In the middle of the tune, his love got up and cried
Oh Johnny, lovely Johnny, would you leave me?

So they walked and they talked until they came upon a cave
Where the night before her darling had spent digging on her grave
Aye, the night before her darling had spent digging on her grave
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of red roses

Oh no, oh no, cried she, that grave's not meant for me
Yes, oh yes, my darling, that your bridal bed shall be
Yes, oh yes, my darling, that your bridal bed shall be
And he's made her to lie down on red roses

And all on his way homeward, his heart was filled with fear
Every maid he came upon, he thought it was his dear
Yes, every maid he came upon, he thought it was his dear
Who he made to lie down on red roses

Recorded by Jean Redpath. Probable source : Hamish Henderson.
also by Buffy Ste Marie on Many a Mile
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