

# George Riley

When I ar - rived in the coun - ty An-trim To  
view the banks of sweet har - mo - ny, I es -  
pied a dam-sel so fair and hand - some You would  
real - ly have thought she was the queen of May.

I stepped up to her, I did salute her,  
I gently asked her to be my wife.  
Most modestly she made me answer,  
“Kind sir, I choose a sweet single life.”

“You, fair young creature, you pride of nature,  
What makes you differ from all female kind?  
Your cherry cheeks, your eyes like amber,  
It seems to marry you must incline.”

“’Tis youth and folly makes young folks marry,  
And when you’re married, then you must obey,  
Since what can’t be cured must be endured.  
So farewell, Riley, I am going away.”