

On the Banks of a River

As I went a walk - ing, one eve - ning a - long. On the
3 banks of a riv - er I heard a sweet song. It was sung by a fair maid and her
6 voice it was clear, say - ing, "Hap - py would I be if my true love was here."

In a short time after her true love came by
With his red rosy cheeks and his dark rolling eye;
I knew by her blushes that her true love was near,
And soon he saluted her and sat down by his dear.

"My darling, my jewel, my own heart's delight
Before I would leave you I would die at the stake;
I'll marry you my jewel and make you my wife,
And we'll live together quite happy for life.

There are rocks on this mountain no man can remove,
So sure will I prove true to the girl that I love;
As the stars in the heavens they do shine so bright
So sure will I prove true to you, my own heart's delight.

Some say I am rakish, some say I am wild;
Some say I am guilty fair maids to beguile.
But to prove them all liars if you'll come with me,
When we get to Jamaica, my bride you shall be.

Farewell lovely Polly, I must bid you adieu
To fight for my country once more I must go;
But if e'er I return I will make you my wife
And we'll live together, quite happy for life."