



Lovely Banks of Boyne.

I am a youthful damsel I love my laddy well,
I thought his heart was true to me more than tongues can tell,
'Twas in my father's castle he won this heart of mine,
But he's left me to wander on the lovely banks of Boyne.

His hair it flowed in ringlets, His cheeks were like the rose,
His teeth as white as ivory, his eyes as black as sloes,
His promises they seemed sincere and his aspect bold and true,
He left me here to wander on the lovely banks of Boyne.

He courted me a year or two he promised me to wed,
First he gained my favor and then he from me fled;
His love it flies like morning dew when the sun begins to shine,
And he quite forgot young Flora on the lovely banks of Boyne.

I understand that false young man to London went away,
I packed up all my jewellery upon that very day,
I took farewell of my parents who for me does pine,
And left my father's castle on the lovely banks of Boyne.

With post haste then I started to fair London town,
And there I got married to a lady of rhino,
Young ladies guess my feelings and shun all like designs
Don't be tempted like young Flora on the lovely banks of Boyne.

Farewell unto those lovely streams that are so far away,
Where me and my bonny boy so oft did sport and play,
It's in the walls of Bedlem I'll spend my youthful time,
With iron bolts and rattling chains far from the banks of Boyne.

