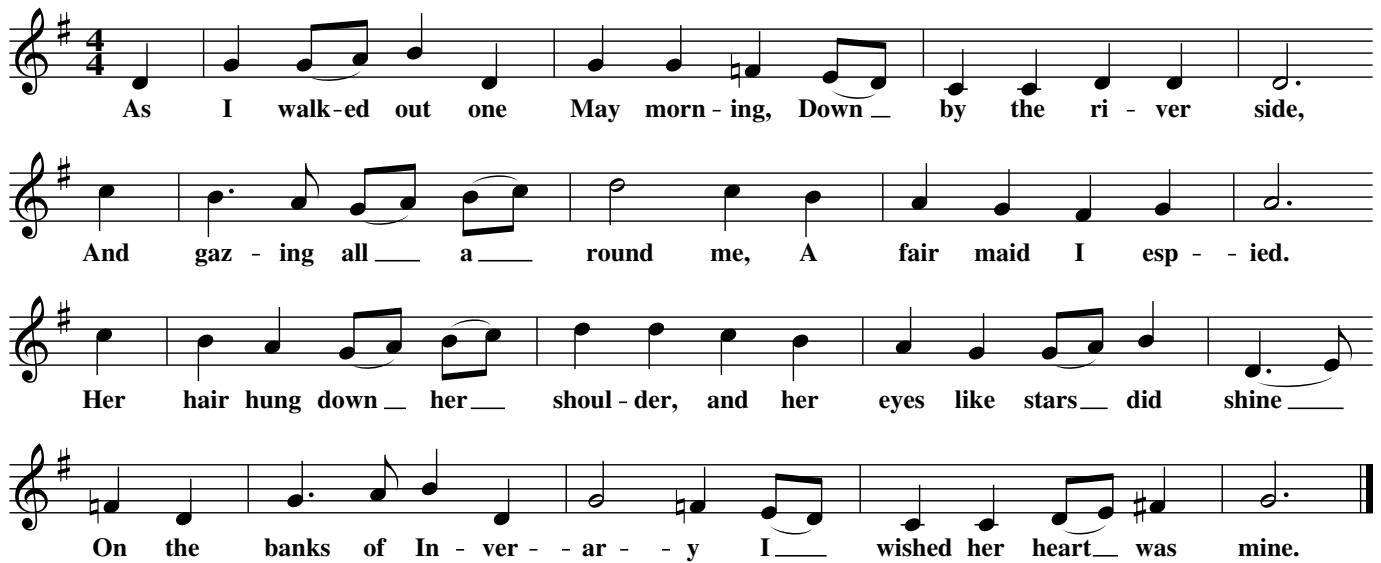


Banks of Inverary



As I walk-ed out one May morn - ing, Down _ by the ri - ver side,
 And gaz - ing all _ a _ round me, A fair maid I esp - - ied.
 Her hair hung down _ her _ shoul - der, and her eyes like stars _ did shine _
 On the banks of In - ver - - ar - - y I _ wished her heart _ was mine.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. I did salute this fair young girl
 As much as I could do
 Her hair hung over her shoulders
 Just like the threads of dew.
 Her hair hung over her shoulders
 And her eyes like drops of dew
 On the banks of Inverary
 I will walk along with you.</p> | <p>4. He put his fingers in his mouth
 And blew both sharp and shrill
 And full six hundred armed men
 Came at their master's will
 I used to flatter all the young girls
 But now that must not be
 On the banks of Inverary
 I've met my bride said he.</p> |
| <p>3. Come come young man she said
 Don't you embrace me so
 </p> | <p>5. We'll put this fair girl on horseback
 On horseback very high
 And to some parson we will ride
 And married we will be
 And then we'll sing the song of love
 Until the day we die
 On the banks of Inverary
 For there's no-one coming nigh.</p> |

Source: Charles Benfield (68) at Bould, Oxfordshire, 11th September 1909, collected by Cecil Sharp