

ON THE BANKS OF THE LEE

WHEN TWO LOVERS MEET DOWN BESIDE THE GREEN BOWER

WHEN TWO LOVERS MEET DOWN BENEATH GREEN TREES

WHEN MARY FOUND MARY, DECLARED TO HER LOVER

YOU HAVE TO LEARN MY POOR HEART FROM THE BANKS OF THE LEE

I LOVED HER VERY DEARLY, SO TRUE AND SINCERELY

THERE WAS NO GIRL IN THIS WHITE WORLD I LOVED BETTER THAN SHE

EVERY BUSH, EVERY BOWER, EVERY SWEET IRISH FLOWER

REMINDS ME OF MY MARY ON THE BANKS OF THE LEE

DON'T STAY OUT LATE, LOVE, ON THE MOOR LANDS MY MARY

DON'T STAY OUT LATE, LOVE, ON THE MOOR LANDS FOR ME

HOW LITTLE WAS OUR NOTION WHEN WE PARTED ON THE OCEAN

THAT WE WERE FOREVER PARTED, FROM THE BANKS OF THE LEE

I WILL PLUCK HER SOME ROSES, SOME BLOOMING IRISH ROSES

I WILL PLUCK HER SOME ROSES, THE FAIREST THAT EVER BLOOM

AND I'LL LEAVE THEM ON THE GRAVE OF MY OWN TRUE LOVELY MARY

IN THAT COLD SILENT CHURCHYARD WHERE SHE SLEEPS 'NEATH THE DEW

I LOVED HER VERY DEARLY, SO TRUE AND SINCERELY

THERE WAS NO GIRL IN THIS WHITE WORLD I LOVED BETTER THAN SHE

EVERY BUSH, EVERY BOWER, EVERY SWEET IRISH FLOWER

REMINDS ME OF MY MARY ON THE BANKS OF THE LEE

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**