

# Rosemary Lane

## Bellowhead

If you will go down to Rosemary Lane  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
Oh you'll pick me out the finest girl there  
And I will make her a true love of mine  
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
To be done without needle or needlework  
Then she will be a true lover of mine  
And tell her to wash it in yonder well  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
Where water ne'er sprung and rain never fell  
Then she will be a true lover of mine  
Tell her to dry it on yonder green thorn  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
Where bloom never grew since Adam was born  
Then she will be a true lover of mine  
And when she has finished all of her work  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
Oh tell her I'll call for my cambric shirt  
Then she will be a true lover of mine  
If you will go down to Rosemary Lane  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
Oh you'll pick me out the finest boy there  
And I will make him a true love of mine  
Tell him to get me an acre of land  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
Between the salt sea and the salt sea strand  
Then he will be a true lover of mine  
Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
And sow it all over with one grain of corn  
And then he will be a true lover of mine  
Tell him to reap it with a cock's feather  
Where every rose grows merry and fine  
And bind it all over with strappings of leather  
Then he will be a true lover of mine  
Tell him to draw it home on a snail  
Where every rose grows merry and fine,  
Thrash it all over with an ox's tail  
Then he will be a true lover of mine  
Every rose grows merry and fine  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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