Pleasant and Delightful

The Irish Rovers

It was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn
When the green fields and meadows were burried in corn
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green tree
And the lark, he sang melodious at the dawning of the day.

Well a sailor and his true lover were out walkin' on day
Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away.
I am bound for the East Indies, where the loud cannons roar...
And I'm leaving my Nancy...she's the one that I adore!"

Said the sailor to his true love, "Well, I must be on my way,
for the topsails are hoisted and the anchors are weighed.
Our big ship lies waiting for to sail on the tide...
And if ever I return again, then I'll make you my bride!"

Then the ring from her finger she instantly drew,
saying, "Take this, dear Geordie, and m'heart will go too!"
And as he was embracing her, tears from her eyes fell,
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, m'love, farewell."

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Saying "May I go along with you?" "Oh, no, m'love, farewell."

Lyrics submitted by Dan Ryan.

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