John Riley

Ann' Sannat

Fair young maid all in a garden
Strange young man, passerby
He said, "Fair maid, will you marry me?"
This then, sir, was her reply
Oh, no, kind sir, I cannot marry thee
For I've a love who sails all on the sea
He's been gone for seven years
Still no man shall marry me
What if he's in some battle slain
Or drowned in the deep salt sea?
What if he's found another love
And he and his love both married be?
If he's in some battle slain

I will go and mourn all on his grave
And if he's drowned in the deep salt sea
I'll be true to his memory
And if he's found another love
And he and his love both married be
I'll wish them health and happiness
Where they dwell across the sea
He picked her up all in his arms
And kisses gave her one, two, three
Said, we've no more, my own true love
I am your long lost John Riley!
Said, we've no more, my own true love
I am your long lost John Riley!

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