

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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