

Incrave

"Banks Of Sweet Italy"

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And must you go my flower my gem
My laughter and my hope of joy
To follow fortune through all the world
Make luck pursue you my darling boy

The sun shines bright in France
Yellow it shines on high barbaree
O be my light of day
Tarry not long on the banks of sweet Italy

A golden ring is a precious thing
Red stockings and shoes of green
A dwelling place with painted door
A wide white bed to love you in

Summer's gone with calm days
Ungentle now is Biscay Bay
A cold fear claims my heart
God save all sailors from the cruel waves

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