

## Silly

### "The Banks Of The Lee"

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When two lovers meet down beside the green bower  
When two lovers meet down beneath the green tree  
When Mary, fond Mary, declared to her lover  
"You have stolen my poor heart from the Banks of the  
Lee"

Chorus:

I loved her very dearly, so true and sincerely  
There was no one in this wide world I loved better than  
she  
Every bush, every bower, every sweet Irish flower  
Reminds me of my Mary, on the banks of the Lee.

"Don't stay out late, love, on the moorlands, my Mary  
Don't stay out late, love, on the moorlands from me"  
How little was our notion when we parted on the ocean  
That we were forever parted from the Banks of the Lee

Chorus

I will pluck her some roses, some blooming Irish roses  
I will pluck her some roses, the fairest that ever grew  
And I'll leave them on the grave of my own true lovely  
Mary  
In that cold and silent churchyard where she sleeps  
'neath the dew

Chorus

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