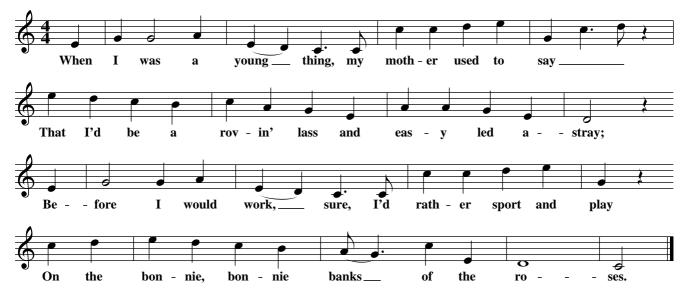
## The Banks of Red Roses



When I was a young thing, my mother used to say That I'd be a rovin' lass and easy led astray; Before I would work, sure, I'd rather sport and play On the bonnie, bonnie banks of the roses.

## (Chorus)

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down, He's ta'en oot his German flute to play his love a tune; In the middle o' the tune, noo, the bonnie lassie cried: "O, it's Johnnie, dear, O Johnnie, dinna leave me!"

For he's ta'en oot a wee penknife as sharp as ony lance, And he's plunged it right tae yon bonnie lassie's hairt; He plunged it right in tae yon bonnie lassie's hairt, And he left her lyin' low amang the roses.

Noo, come a' ye traivellin' lasses, a warnin' take by me, It's never let a Gorgi lad an inch abune your knee; For if ye dae, ye'll be sure to rue For he'll leave ye lyin' low amang the roses.

(Final chorus omitted)