

August 2019

The Constant Lovers

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Constant Lovers" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1196.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1196

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The Banks of INVERARY.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials

EARLY one summer's morning, along as I did pass,
On the banks of Inverary I met a bonny lass,
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, her eyes like stars did shine,
On the banks of Inverary I wish'd she had been mine.
I did embrace this fair maid, as long as e'er I could,
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, just like threads of gold,
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, her eyes like drops of dew,
On the banks of Inverary I'm glad to meet with you.
I said young man give over embracing of me so,
For after kissing then comes sorrow, after that comes woe;
I, my poor heart should be ensnar'd, and I beguil'd by thee,
On the banks of Inverary I am glad you for to see.
Some people say, I know you not, but I know you, said she,
On the banks of Inverary to flatter maids like me.
For once I us'd to flatter maids, but now it must not be,
On the banks of Inverary I have found my wife said he.
I put my hand into my mouth, and blew both loud and shrill.
When my servant men came out, to wait their master's will,
Now, will you not consent, this night, my charming maid, said he,
On the banks of Inverary my wedded wife to be?
I'll set my love on horseback, on horseback very high, [delay:
We'll go unto some parson without any more
I then will sing all sorts of love until the day I die,
On the Banks of Inverary, I first my love did spy.



THE

Constant Lovers.

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2, Monmouth-Court, Dial

A SAILOR courted a farmer's daughter,
That liv'd convenient on the Isle of Man
But mark good people what followed after,
A long time courting against his parents will.
A long time courting, and still discoursing,
All things concerning the ocean wide,
He said my darling, at our next meeting,
If you will consent I'll make you my bride.
Why as for sailors I don't admire
Because they sail in so many par
The more we love them, the more they slight us,
Leave us behind with broken hearts.
Don't you say so, my dearest jewel,
I ne'er intend to serve you so,
I have once more to cross the ocean,
You know my darling I must go.
This news was carried unto his mother,
Before he set his feet on board,
That he was courting a farmer's daughter
Whose friends and parents doth afford,
One penny portion going to the ocean.
Like one distracted his mother ran, [make her
If you don't forsake her, and your bride never
I will disown you to be my son.
My mother, he said, you are in a passion,
I'm very sorry you've spoke too late,
Don't you remember your first beginning,
My father married you a servant maid:
Don't you despise her, I mean to rise her,
As my own father with you has done,
So I will take her, and my bride I will make her
You may disown me to be your son.
But when his love did hear the story,
Away to the ocean she did run,
Saying in you passion you need not mind it,
For I have had money and you have had none,
Money or not money, you are my ot,
You have my heart and affections still,
So I will take her, and my bride I will make her.
Let my scolding mother say what she will