

## Banks of Sweet Primroses

*Sung by Phil Tanner*

Oh, as I walked out one mid-summers morning  
For to view the fields and the flowers so gay  
'Twas there on the banks of the sweet prim-a-roses  
That I beheld a most pleasant maid

I said, "Fair maid what makes you wander?  
What is the cause of all your grief?  
I will make you as happy as any lady,  
If you will grant me one small relief"

Stand off young man and don't be so deceitful  
For it is you that is the cause of all my pain.  
It is you that have caused my poor heart to wander  
And to find me comfort it's all in vain

I will go down in some lonely valley  
Where no man on earth there shall me find  
Where the pretty little birds do change their voices  
And every moment blows lustrous wind

So come all fair maidens from me take warning  
And pay attention to what I say  
There's many a dark and cloudy morning  
Turns out a bright and sunshiny day