

Pleasant and Delightful

The Irish Rovers

It was pleasant and delightful
On a midsummer's morn
Where the green fields and meadows
Were buried in the corn
And the blackbirds and thrushes
Sang on every green tree
And the larks they sang melodious
At the dawning of the day

Well a sailor and his true love
Were out walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love
I am bound for the Easy Indies
Where the loud cannons roar
And I'm leaving my Nancy
She's the one that I adore

Said the Sailor to his true love
Well I must be on me way
The topsails are hoisted
And the anchors are weighed
Our big ship lies waiting for to sail on the tide
And if ever I return again
Then I'll make you my bride

Then the ring from her finger
She instantly drew
Saying take this dear Geordie
And me heart will go too
And as he was embracing her
Tears from her eyes fell
Saying may I go along with you
Oh no me love farewell