The Rosy Banks So Green

Sung by O.J. Abbott, Hull, Quebec, July 1957

Oh come all you good people, I pray you will attend
To those few lines that in sorrow I have penned,
Concerning a young sailor that ploughed the raging main
And his darling Josephine on the rosy banks so green.

It was on a summer’s evening down by her uncle’s grove
This lady sat conversing with a lad she dearly loved.
A-kissing and embracing, he cried, “Dear Josephine,
This night we will be far from the rosy banks so green.”

Her old father overheard until he could no longer stand;
He rushed upon those lovers with a loaded gun in hand,
Saying, “Die, you cursed youth, no more you'll plough the main.
For this night I'll separate you on the rosy banks so green.”

He aimed the deadly weapon, the fatal trigger drew;
Then Josephine like lightning to her lover’s arms she flew,
But the fatal ball had sped its course, so true had been its aim
That they fell side by side on the rosy banks so green.

As young Josephine lay dying, those words I heard her say,
“It’s well that my old mother did not live to see this day,
But from the high seat of glory, a witness she has been
To the murdering of her daughter on the rosy banks so green.

As young Willie he lay dying, those words I heard him say,
“Soon we will be lying in the cold and silent grave.”
He embraced her in anguish and kissed both cheek and chin
And they died side by side on the rosy banks so green.

“Oh, fare you well, dear Willie, no more you will return
To your poor old aged mother, who will never cease to mourn,
But you'll rise up in glory with your own dear Josephine,
And you'll never be forgotten on the rosy banks so green.”

So come all you good people, I pray you will draw near
To the graves of those lovers and in silence shed a tear,
For beneath the marble tombstone down by yon purling stream
Lie those innocent young lovers on the rosy banks so green.