

# Walkabouts, John Reilly

Fair young maiden  
All in the garden  
Strange young man  
Passed her by  
Said: "Fair maid  
Will you marry me?"  
This, then, sir,  
Was her reply

"Oh no, kind sir  
I cannot marry thee  
For my beloved  
Who sails out on the sea  
He's been gone  
For seven years  
And still no man  
Shall marry me

Well if he's in  
Some battle slain  
Well I will die  
When the moon  
Or if he's drowned  
In the dark salt sea  
I'll be true  
To his memory."

He picked her up  
All in his arms  
And kisses gave her  
One, two and three  
Said: "Weep no more  
My own dear true love  
I am your love  
Lost John Reilly"

Said: "Weep no more  
My own dear true love  
I am your love  
Lost John Reilly"