

Banks of the Schuylkill

On the banks of the schuylkill so pleasant & gay
There blessed with my true love I spent the short day
When the sun shed his rays through the mulberry tree
And the stream formed a harbor for my true love & me
On a spot of green clover we sat ourselves down
Not envying the greatest of monarchs that's around
My name in the sand with his finger he drew
And he swore by the stream he would never prove true
To which I beheld the gay pride of my fair
I gazed on his face while he played with my hair
He need not have told me his love with a sigh
For the Schuylkill secures my dear fellow to me
Oft times he told me the stories of love
He would sing me a song my affections to move
My lips were solicited my hands gently pressed
On the banks of the schuylkill where justice was blessed
Whenever we leave this enchanting retreat
With wishes she says when next shall we meet
Next Sunday he says if the weather proves clear
On the banks of the schuylkill I'll meet you my dear
Now all these innocent pleasures are over
The murmuring river can please me no more
Since the banks of the schuylkill have lost all their charms
And the soldiers have torn my dear boy from my arms
But should ever I see him again to my heart
No more shall my true love and I ever part
No more shall the river take my true love away
And the banks of the schuylkill shall ever be gay