

Courting is a Pleasure

Traditionnal

Bm

Courting is a pleasure between my love and I
And it's down in yonder valley I'll meet her by and by
Oh it's down in yonder valley, she is my heart's delight
And it's with you, lovely Molly, I will stay 'till broad daylight

Going to church last Sunday my true love she passed me by
I knew her mind was altered by the roving of her eye
Well I knew her mind was altered by a lad of higher degree
Molly, lovely Molly, your looks have wounded me

O woe unto you, Molly, you've proved to me unkind
For you plucked the bonny briar left the sweet red rose behind
But the briar it will wither and the day it will come soon
When the lovely blushing red rose will flourish and will bloom

I then took out a bottle and I held it in my hand
Saying, Raise your glass, dear Molly, our friendship's at an end
Saying, Raise your glass, dear Molly, drink this bottle dry to me
For there are ten guineas wagered that married we ne'er shall be

Now never trust a wee girl with a dark and roving eye
Just court her and embrace her, never tell her the reason why
Just court her and embrace her till you'll cause her heart to yield
For a faint-hearted soldier never won on a battlefield

So farewell Ballymoney and County Antrim too
Likewise to you, dear Molly, I bid you a fond adieu
America lies far away across the ocean blue
I'm bound for there, dear Molly, so again I bid adieu