

John Reilly - Mr Jay



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is a cold - and - stor - my night,' these words I heard - her say, 'My



love is on the oc - ean wide, bound for A - mer - i - cay.'

1
As I walked out one evening clear down by yon riverside,
I overheard a fair maid, the tears rolling down did glide,
'This is a cold and stormy night,' these words I heard her
say,
'My love is on the ocean wide, bound for Americay.'

2
John Reilly they do call him; reared near the town of Rea,
he is as nice a young man as ever my eyes did see.
my father he has riches, and Reilly, he is poor;
because I loved a sailor, they could not me endure.

3
My mother took me by the hand and this to me did say,
'Your father says he'll have his life - so shun his company.
If you be fond of Reilly let him leave this country;
for your father says he'll have his life, so take advice from
me.'

4
'Oh mother dear, don't be severe, where must I send my
love;
my very heart lies in his breast, as constnt as the dove.'
'Oh daughter dear, I'm not severe, here is one thousand
pounds;
send Reilly to America to purchase there some ground.'

5
Soon as she got the money, to Reilly she did run;
'This very night to take your life my father has charged a gun.
Here is one thousand pounds in gold my mother sent to you.
Sail you to America and I'll soon follow you.'

6
As soon as he got the money, next day he sailed away;
before he'd got a foot on board, these words to him did say,
'Here is a token of true love we'll break it into two.
You have my heart and half my ring until I find out you.'

7
In the course of three months after she was walking on the
quay,
when Reilly he came home again and stole his love away.
The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost; her father wept
full sore
when he saw Reilly in her arms all drowned upon the shore.

8
And in her breast these lines were found and they were
wrote with blood,
'Cruel was my father that went to shoot my love.
And may this be a warning to all fair maidens gay,
never to let the boy you love sail to Americay.'