

I would take up a bandura
And play, that which I know,
Because of that girl
A bandurist I've become.

On account of those eyes,
When I could have had them,
For those there brown eyes
My soul I'd have given up.

Oh Dear Mary's, heart,
Now take pity on me,
Here do take my heart,
And do give yours to me.

I would take up a bandura
And play, that which I know,
Because of that girl
A bandurist I've become.