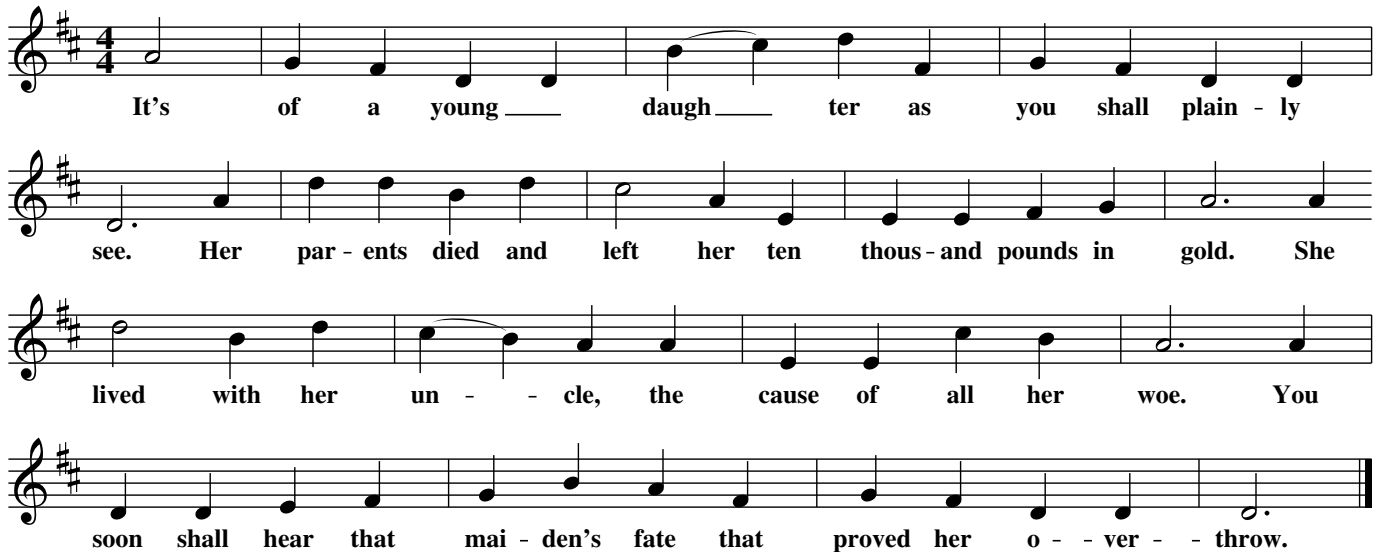


Banks of Sweet Dundee, The (Lane)



It's of a young daughter as you shall plain - ly
see. Her par - ents died and left her ten thous - and pounds in gold. She
lived with her un - - cle, the cause of all her woe. You
soon shall hear that mai - den's fate that proved her o - - ver - - throw.

1. It's of a young daughter as you shall plainly see
Her parents died and left her ten thousand pounds in gold
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe
You soon shall hear that maiden's fate that proved her overthrow.
2. Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved so well.
Down in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell.
It's of a wealthy squire so often come to see,
But Mary loved her ploughboy on the banks of the sweet Dundee
3. Well, early next morning to Mary went straightway
bedroom door and unto her did say
You rise you pretty maiden and a lady you may be
For the squire he's waiting for you on the banks of the sweet Dundee
4. A fig for all your squires, nor your lords, dukes likewise,
Young William he appeared to me like diamonds in my eyes
Be gone you unruly female, undaunted I will be
And I shall send the press gang on the banks of the sweet Dundee.
- [5. Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day
'Young William is in favour' her uncle he did say
'Indeed 'tis my intention to tie him to a tree
Or else to bribe the pressgang on the banks of the sweet Dundee.']
6. The press gang came to William when he was all alone
He boldly fought for liberty but there was ten to one
The blood flew in torrents "Now kill me now," says he,
For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of the sweet Dundee.

[7. As Mary was walking all through her uncle's grove,
There she met the wealthy squire dressed in his morning clothes;
He put his arms around her, "Stand off, stand off," says she,
"You've sent the only lad I love from the Banks of Sweet Dundee."]

[8. He threw his arms around her, trying to throw her down;
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning's gown.
She took the weapons from him and the sword she used it free,
She boldly fired and shot the squire on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.]

[9. Soon as her uncle heard of it he made haste to the ground
He said "Since you've killed the squire I will give you your death wound."
"It's stand you off," young Mary cried, "undaunted I will be."
The trigger drew and her uncle slew on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.]

[10. The doctor was sent for a man of noted skill,
And likewise a lawyer to sign up his will;
He willed his gold to Mary, 'cos she fought so manfully,
He closed his eyes, no more could rise, on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.]

Source: Sung by George "Daddy" Lane at Winchcombe workhouse. Collected by Percy Grainger 5th April 1908

Notes: The recording of Mr Lane has only verses 1-4 and 6. Other verses from other local versions.