

## The Banks of Sweet Dundee

All for a fair damsel, I've lately been told. Her parents died and  
left her a hundred pounds in gold. She lived with her uncle, was the  
cause of all her woe, So, soon you'll hear the maid so fair when she proved her over-throw

2. Her uncle had a ploughing boy that Mary loved fair well  
It was in her father's garden, some tales of love they told  
All for a wealthy squire, so often came to see  
Still Mary she loved her ploughboy on the banks of Sweet Dundee.
3. It was early one morning, Mary's uncle he rose,  
Straight away to Mary's bedroom so speedily did go;  
"It's rise you up young Mary, a lady you may be,  
The squire's waiting for you on the Banks of Sweet Dundee."
4. "I don't want none of your squires, nor your lords, dukes likewise,  
Young Willie he appeared to me like diamonds in my eyes."  
"We'll have young Willie 'headed, we'll chain him to a tree,  
And we'll send the pressgang to him on the Banks of Sweet Dundee."
5. The press gang came to William as he sat all alone,  
There he boldly fought for liberty where there was ten to one;  
The blood flew in torrents. "Now kill me now," says he,  
"I would rather die for Mary on the Banks of Sweet Dundee."
6. As Mary was walking all through her uncle's grove,  
There she met the wealthy squire dressed in his mornings clothes;  
He threw his arms around her, trying to throw her down;  
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his mornings gown.
7. [He put his arms around her, "Stand off, stand off," says she,  
"You sent the only lad I love from the Banks of Sweet Dundee."]  
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.
8. 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.
9. 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 Danny Brazil, Staverton. Collected by Gwilym Davies December 1977.

(c) Gloucestershire Traditions