

## The Banks of Sweet Dundee

2. Her un-cle had a plough-ing boy that Ma-ry loved fair well, It was in her un-cle's  
gar - - den, some tales of love they told; All for a weal - thy squi - er so  
of - ten come to see, Still Ma-ry she loved her plough boy on the Banks of Sweet Dun - dee.

1. All for a fair damsel I've lately been told  
Her parents died, left her a hundred pounds in gold;  
She lived all with her uncle; was the cause of all her woe,  
So, soon you'll hear the maid so fair when she proved her overthrow.
3. It was early one morning, Mary's uncle he rose,  
Straight away to Mary's bedroom so [meedily] 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 [tyrants]: "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 threwed his arms around her, trying to throw her down;  
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his mornings gown.  
(Repeat 2 last 2 lines of tune)  
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.
7. 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.
8. 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.