

The Banks of Sweet Dundee

Source info:

Singer: Amos Ash - supplemented by Jane Gulliver

Place: Combe Florey

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Collector: Henry and Robert Hammond

Tune noted by H. A. Jeboult

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1. It's of a farmer's daughter so beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold.
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
And soon you'll hear how this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.
2. Her uncle had a ploughboy who Mary loved full well,
And down in her uncle's garden their tale of love did tell.
There was a wealthy s-qui-er who oft came there to see,
But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of the sweet Dundee.
3. It was one Summer's morning her uncle went straightway,
He knocked at her bedroom door and unto her did say,
"Arise, you pretty maiden, a lady you may be,
For the squire is waiting for you on the banks of the sweet Dundee."
4. "Oh! a fig for your squires and lords and dukes likewise,
Young William's hand it shines to me like diamonds in my eyes."
"Then begone, unruly female, unhappy you must be,
For I mean to banish William from the banks of the sweet Dundee."
5. The pressgang came to William when he was all alone,
He freely fought for liberty, but they were six to one.
The blood did flow in torrents, "Pray, kill me now," said he,
"For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of the sweet Dundee."
6. This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her love,
She saw the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove,
He put his arms around her, "Stand off! base man," said she,
"For you sent the only lad I love from the banks of the sweet Dundee."
7. He put his arms around her waist and tried to throw her down,
A pistol and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown.
Young Mary took the pistol, the sword she used so free;
She did fire and shot the squire on the banks of the sweet Dundee.
8. Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground,
"Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death wound."
"Stand off!" then said young Mary, "undaunted I will be."
She the trigger drew, and her uncle slew on the banks of the sweet Dundee.
9. A doctor was sent for, the man of noted skill,
Likewise came in his lawyer, for him to sign his will.
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully;
He closed his eyes, no more to rise, on the banks of the sweet Dundee