

The Banks of Sweet Dundee

'Tis of a far-mer's daugh-ter, most beau-ti-ful, I'm told. Her par-ents died and
6 left her ten thou-sand pounds in gold; She lived with her un-cle, the
11 cause of all her woe. Now list-en here and you shall hear how she proved his ov-er-throw.

Her uncle had a plowboy that Mary loved right well,
Down in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell;
There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see
But Mary loved the plowboy best on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

'Twas on a summer's morning her uncle went straightway,
He rapped on Mary's window and unto her did say
"Arise my pretty fair maid, a Lady you may be
For the Squire is waiting for you on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

"I care not for your Squires, your Dukes and Lords like-wise,
My Willie's eyes appear to me like diamonds in the skies."
"Begone unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be!
I intend to banish William from the banks of Sweet Dundee."

A press gang went to William, when he was all alone,
He boldly fought for liberty, but they were six to one;
The blood, it flowed in torrents, "Pray kill me now," said he,
"I would rather die for Mary on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

As this maiden fair was walking, lamenting for her love
She met this wealthy Squire, down in her uncle's grove;
He put his arms about her, "Stand off, base man!" said she,
"For you sent the only man I love from the banks of Sweet Dundee."

He put his arms about her and tried to throw her down.
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown;
She took the weapons from him, the sword she used so free.
Then Mary fired and shot the Squire on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground.
“Now since you’ve shot the Squire I’ll give you your death wound.”
“Stand off, then,” cries young Mary, “undaunted will I be,”
She trigger drew, her uncle slew, on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for, a man of noted skill.
Likewise, there came a lawyer for him to sign his will;
He left his gold to Mary who fought so manfully
Then closed his eyes, no more to rise, on the banks of Sweet
Dundee.