

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Banks of Brandywine

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One morning very early, in the pleasant month of May  
As I walked out to take the air, all nature being gay;  
The moon had not yet veiled her face, but through the trees did shine  
As I wandered forth to take the air on the banks of Brandywine.

At such an early hour I was surprised to see  
A lovely maid with downcast eyes upon those banks so gay  
I modestly saluted her, she knew not my design  
And requested her sweet company on the banks of Brandywine.

"I pray, young man, be civil, my company forsake  
For in my real opinion I think you are a rake,  
My love's a valiant sailor, he's now gone to the main  
While comfortless I wander on he banks of Brandywine.

"My dear, why do you thus give up to melancholy cries?  
I pray give up your weeping, and dry those lovely eyes,  
For sailors in each port, my dear, they do a mistress find  
He will leave you to wander on the banks of Brandywine.

"O leave me, sir, do leave me! Why do you me torment?  
My Henry's wont to see me, therefore I am content.  
Why do you thus torment me, and cruelly combine  
To fill my heart with horror on the banks of Brandywine?"

"I wish not to afflict your mind, but rather for to ease  
Such dreadful apprehensions, they soon your heart will seize.  
Your love, my dear, in wedlock bands, another one has joined."  
She swooned into my arms on the banks of Brandywine.

The lofty hills and craggy rocks reechoed back her strains;  
The pleasant groves and rural shades were witness to her pains.  
"How often has he promised me in Hymen's chains to join!  
Now I'm a maid forsaken on the banks of Brandywine."

"O no, my dear, that ne'er shall be. Behold your Henry now!  
I clasp you to my bosom, love, I've not forgot our vow.  
It's now I know you're true, my dear, in Hymen's chains we'll join  
And bless the happy morn we met on the banks of Brandywine."

From From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie  
Collected from Ellen Bigney, Pictou

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