

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Tha Banks of the Pamanaw

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While strolling out one evening
In the latter part of June
The sun had sunk far in the west
And brightly shone the moon.

I strolled away from camp, my boys,
To view the scenery 'round;
'Twas there I spied this Indian maid
A-sitting on the ground.

As I advanced up towards her
She did not seem afraid
I boldly stepped up to her
And unto her I said:

"You do surprise me very much
ALthough you're but a squaw
To see you here so lonely on
The banks of the Pamanaw."

"Draw nigh to me, young man," she said,
"And I will tell you all.
The truth I will unfold to you
And the cause of my downfall.

My brother and my sister died
Likewise my pa and ma
They left me here so lonely on
The banks of the Pamanaw.

And that's not all, young man," she said,
"A lover once was mine
He was a true, bold Indian scout
On the British bounty line

He courted me and flattered me
Called me his lovely squaw,
But now he's gone and left me on
The banks of the Pamanaw."

Said I, "My pretty fair maiden,
Come and go along with me.

I'll take you to a better land
To a pale-face countree

I'll dress you up in costly robes
The likes you never saw,
No more you need to ramble on
The banks of the Pamanaw."

"Oh no, oh no, young man," she said,
"This you may very well know
For I have taken, oh, my oath
To live with the red deer and doe,

For the white folks may break their oaths,
Though I am but a squaw,
I'll live and die and keep my vows
On the banks of the Pamanaw."

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