

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### The Banks of Sweet Dundee (2)

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It's of a wealthy farmer, lived on the banks of sweet Dundee,  
He died and left his daughter ten thousand pounds in gold.  
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He left it with her uncle, her uncle to control.

Her uncle had a plowboy that Mary loved quite well;  
Into the garden all alone all tales of love they'd tell.

One morning very early, her uncle, he arose;  
He tapped at her bed-window: "Arise, put on your clothes.  
Arise, my lovelie Mary, a Lady you shall be,  
For there's a Squire waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee

"I care not for your squires, your lords nor dukes likewise  
For William's eyes like diamonds shine, and they sparkle to my eyes,  
"Go 'way, you unruly female, happy you never shall be,  
I will press young William from the banks of sweet Dundee."

The press gang, it was sent for, poor Bill was all alone;  
He boldly fought for liberty, but there were ten to one  
"Kill me now," says William, "Kill me now, " said he,  
"For here I will die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

Mary went a-walking, lamenting for her love,  
She met there with the Squire down in her uncle's grove.

He put his arms around her, he thought to set her down;  
Two pistols and a sword she saw beneath his morning-gown.  
She put her hand on one of them she could use quite free:  
The trigger she drew and the Squire slew on the banks of sweet Dundee

Her uncle, hearing that report, down to the grove he ran,  
Saying, "You have killed a squire, I'll give you a deadlie wound  
"Stand off, stand off," cried Mary, "daunted I never shall be!"  
The trigger she drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee

A doctor, he was sent for, a man of noble skill;  
Likewise a noble lawyer for to write down the Will.  
They willed all the gold to Mary, who'd fought so valiantly,  
Willed all of the gold to Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee.

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Collected from George Edwards