

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## The Banks of Sweet Dundee

It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful, I'm told  
Her parents died and left her a large amount of gold  
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe  
But you soon shall hear how this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.

Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved quite well  
In her uncle's garden, their tales of love did tell  
There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see  
But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

'Twas on a Monday morning her uncle went straightway  
He knocked on this maiden's door and this to her did say  
"Arise, arise, my pretty maid, a lady you can be  
The squire is waiting for you on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

"I care not for your squires, your lords or dukes likewise  
My Willie he appears to me as diamonds in the skies"  
"Begone, unruly female, you never shall happy be  
For I will banish Willie from the banks of Sweet Dundee."

Her uncle and the squire went out to walk next day  
"Young Willie was in favor," her uncle he did say  
"But I'll get a hemp rope, and I'll tie him to a tree  
And then I'll bribe a press gang on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

The press gang came on Willie, while he was all alone  
He bravely fought for liberty, but they were six to one  
His blood flew in torrents, "Pray kill me now," said he  
"For I will die for Mary on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

As Mary was out walking, lamenting for her love  
She met the wealthy squire, down by her uncle's grove  
He threw his arms around her, "Stand off, bad man," said she  
"You sent the only lad I loved from the banks of Sweet Dundee."

He put his arms around her, and tried to throw her down  
A pistol and sword she spied beneath his morning gown  
She took the pistol from him and the sword he used quite free  
She did fire and she shot the squire on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, and he hastened to the ground  
"If you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death wound"  
"Stand off, bad man," said Mary, "and daunted I'll ne'er be"  
The trigger she drew and her uncle slew on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

A doctor he was called upon, a man of noted skill  
After him a lawyer, for her uncle 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 Sweet Dundee.