

The Banks of the Sweet Dundee

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AFS 1615 B1

[Note: Nye begins the song and then starts over. This transcript begins at the point the song is restarted.]

I'll tell you a story of this land, Of a female so handsome, grand. Her mother, though, she never knew, But her young man so brave and true.

Her father left her ten thousand pounds, But her uncle hedged her 'round. He had ploughboy Mollie loved, And to Mollie the same he ???.

Early one morning her uncle arose, To Mollie's door hastened on his cloths. "Rise, handsome queen, wedded, you'll be, To the squire of sweet Dundee."

"A fig to your squires, lords all likewise, Sweet William's like diamonds in my eyes." "Happy with him you shall not be, I'll banish from the sweet Dundee."

His crowd caught William when alone, William fought but there were eight to one. "Pray kill me, kill me," then he said, "I'd rather die than lose Mollie."

As Mollie was lamenting her love, The rich squire met her in her uncle's grove. "Stand off, stand off, you man," says she, "I'd rather die for Willie than for thee."

He grabbed her, crushed her to the ground, She saw his pistol sword beneath his gown. She slipped them away, used them free, Shot him on the bank of sweet Dundee.

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Her uncle heard, hastened to the grove, Saying, "Now prepare for your death blow."
"Stand off, stand off, you man." says she, And shot him on the banks of sweet Dundee.

So the doctor came knew they were killed, And the lawyer read the old man's will. Willed
all to Mollie who fought so free, On the banks of sweet Dundee.