

03 Banks of Sweet Dundee - Mrs Benerfer

'Tis of a farm - er's daugh - ter, so beau - ti - ful I'm - told; her
 pa - rents died - and left her five hun - dred pounds - in gold. She -
 li - vèd with - her un - cle, the cause - of all - her woe - ; you
 soon - shall hear - this mai - den fair did prove - an o - ver - throw.

1
 'Tis of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told;
 her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold.
 She livèd with her uncle, the cause of all her woe;
 you soon shall hear, this maiden fair did prove an
 overthrow.

2
 Her uncle had a ploughboy young Mary loved full well,
 and in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell.
 There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
 but still she loved her ploughboy on the Banks of Sweet
 Dundee.

3
 'Twas on one summer's morning her uncle went straight
 way,
 he knocked on her bedroom door and unto her did say,
 Come rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be
 the squire is waiting for you on the Banks of Sweet
 Dundee.'

4
 'A fig for all your Squires, your Lords and Dukes likewise;
 my William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my
 eyes.'
 'Beware unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,
 for I mean to banish William from the Banks of sweet
 Dundee.'

5
 Her uncle and the Squire rode out one summer's day,
 'Young William, he's in favour,' her uncle he did say.
 'Indeed 'tis my intention to tie him to a tree,
 or else to bribe the Press Gang on the Banks of Sweet
 Dundee.'

6
 The Press Gang came to William while he was all alone;
 he bravely fought for liberty, but they were six to one.
 The blood did flow in torrents; 'Pray kill me now,' said he,
 'I'd rather die for Mary on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.'

7
 The maid one day was a-walking, lamenting for her love,
 she met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove.
 He put his arms around her; 'Stand off, base man!' said she,
 'You sent the only lad I love from the Banks of Sweet
 Dundee.'

8
 He clasped his arms around her and tried to throw her down;
 two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown.
 Young Mary took the weapons, his sword he used so free;
 and then did fire and shot the squire on the Banks of Sweet
 Dundee.

9
 Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground.
 'Since you have killed the squire I'll give you your death
 wound.'
 'Stand off,' then cried young Mary, 'undaunted I must be.'
 The trigger she drew and her uncle she slew on the Banks
 of Sweet Dundee.

10
 A doctor soon was sent for, a man of noted skill;
 likewise there came his lawyers for him to make 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.