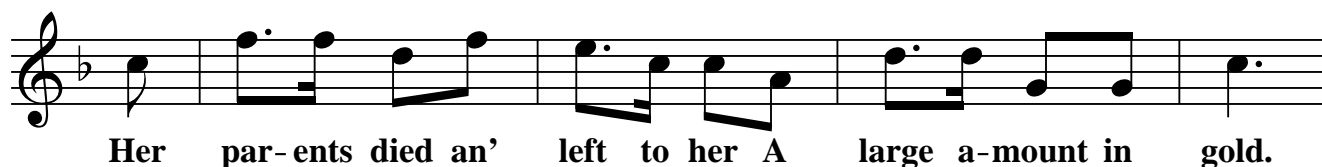


On The Banks Of Sweet Dundee

Oh Who will shoe my Foot?



This is of a farmer's daughter,
Most beautiful, I'm told;
Her parents died and left to her
A large amount of gold.
She lived with her uncle,
Th' cause of all her woe;
But soon you'll hear this maiden fair
Did prove his overthrow.

Her uncle had a plow-boy,
Young Mary loved him well,
An' in her uncle's garden
Their tales of love would tell.
There was a wealthy squire
That oft her came to see,
But still she loved her plow-boy
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle an' the squire
Rode out one summer's day,
He knocked at this fair maid's door
An' unto her did say,
"Arise, arise, my pretty maid,
A lady you may be;
The squire is waitin' for you
On the banks of sweet Dundee."

"I care not for no squires,
Nor dukes nor lords likewise;
My Willie's eyes appear to me
Like diamonds in the skies."
"Begone, unruly female,
You ne'er shall happy be;
I intend to banish Willie
From the banks of sweet Dundee."

Her uncle an' the squire
Rode out one summer's day,
Young Willie was in favor,
Her uncle he did say.
"Indeed, it's my intention
To tie him to a tree,
An' then to bribe the press-gang
On the banks of sweet Dundee."

A press-gang came to William
When he was all alone;
He boldly fought for liberty
But they was six to one.
The blood did flow in torrents,
"Pray kill me now," says he,
"An' I will die for Mary
On the banks of sweet Dundee."

This maid was out a-walkin',
Lamentin' for her love.
When she met the wealthy squire
Down in her uncle's grove.
He put his arms around her,
"Stand off, base man," says she,
"For you have sent the lad I love
From the banks of sweet Dundee."

He put his arms around her
An' tried to throw her down;
Two pistols an' a sword she saw
Beneath his morning gown.
She took the weapons from him,
The sword he used so free,
An' she did fire an' killed the squire
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise
An' hastened to the ground,
Sayin', "Since you've went an' killed the squire
I'll give you your death wound."
"Stand off again," cried Mary,
"Undaunted I will be."
She the trigger drew an' her uncle slew
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for,
A man of noble skill,
An' there then come a lawyer
For him to sign his will.
He willed his gold to Mary,
Who fought so manfully;
Then he closed his eyes, no more to rise
On the banks of sweet Dundee.