Andy M. Stewart, The Banks Of Sweet Dundee

There was a fair young lady so lately I've been told
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woes;
Her uncle had a ploughboy, which Mollie liked quite well
And in her uncle's garden their tender love did tell.

So early one morning this old man he arose
And at Mollie's room door he hastened on his clothes,
Saying, " Arise you handsome female, and married you shall be
For the squire is a-waiting on the banks of sweet Dundee.

"A fig to all your squires, to lord and Jews likewise,
For William 'pears like diamonds a-glittering in my eyes."
"You never shall have Willie, nor happy shall you be
For I mean to banish Willie from the banks of sweet Dundee."

The first crowd came on Willie when he was all alone,
He fought full hard for his liberty, but there were eight to one;
"Pray kill me now," says Willie, "Pray kill me now," says he
"For I'd rather die for Mollie on the banks of sweet Dundee."

As Mollie was walking, lamenting for her love
She meets the wealthy squire, all in her uncle's grove.
"Stand off, stand off!" says Mollie, "Stand off, you man," says she,
"For I'd rather die for Willie on the banks of sweet Dundee."

He threw his arms around her and crushed her to the ground,
There she spied two pistols and a sword beneath his morning-gown;
The pistols she slipped slyly, and the sword she used free
She shot and killed the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard them, come hastening to the grove
Saying, "You've killed the wealthy squire, prepare for your death-blow,"
"Stand off, stand off!" says Mollie, "Stand off, you man, says she,"
So the trigger drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

The doctor being sent for, he knew that they were killed
Also there came a lawyer to write the old man's will.
He willed his gold to Mollie, because she fought so free
Then closed his eyes to write no more on the banks of sweet Dundee