

Dervish, The Banks Of Sweet Viledee

Well met, well met, my own true love
Well met, my love, by thee
I've just arrived from the salt, salt sea
And it's all for the love of thee

Now I could have married a great king's daughter and have myself to blame
And it's tons of gold I have refused and it's all for the love of you, my love
All for the love of you.

Well, if you could have married a great king's daughter you have yourself to blame
Well, I have married my house-carpenter and I think he's a nice young man.

Well, if you do leave you house-carpenter
And come along with me,
I'll take you to where the grass grows green on the banks of the Sweet Viledee, my love
Banks of the Sweet Viledee.

If I was to leave my house-carpenter
And go along with thee
What have you there to support me with
And keep me from slavery?

Well, I have six ships now sailing out
And seven more on sea
Three hundred and ten all jolly sailsmen
All to wait on thee, my love
All for to wait on thee

She dressed her baby all neat and clean
And gave him kisses three
Saying, "Stay, stay here, my darling baby boy
With you father for company"

She dressed herself in a suit of red and her maiden waist was green
And every town they passed by
They took her to be some queen, my love
Took her to be some queen

They were not two days out at sea
And I'm sure they were not three
When this fair maid began to weep
And she wept most bitterly

My curse, my curse, and all sailsmen
Who brought me out on sea
And deprived me of my house-carpenter
On the banks of the Sweet Viledee, my love
Banks of the Sweet Viledee

They were not three days out at sea
And I'm sure they were not four
When this fair maid disappeared from the deck
And she sank to rise no more, my love
Sank to rise no more