

# 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