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"Twas of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,  
Her parents died and left her, five thousand pounds in gold.  
She lived with her uncle, who caused her all her woe,  
And soon you'll hear how this maiden fair came by her overthrow.  
Her uncle had a ploughing boy young Mary loved right well,  
And in her uncle's garden, her tales of love did tell.  
There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,  
But still she loved her ploughing boy, on the banks of sweet Dundee."<sup>ii</sup>  
"Twas on one summer morning, her uncle went straitway,  
He knocked at her bedroom door, and these words to her did say:  
"Come arise my pretty Mary, for a lady you shall be,  
The squire is waiting to take you from the banks of sweet Dundee."

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"A fig for all your squires, your dukes and lords likewise!  
My William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."  
"Begone, you foolish female, for you never shall happy be,  
For I will banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee."  
Her uncle and the squire rode out that summer day,  
Young William in her favor, her uncle then did say:  
"Indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree  
Or else to bribe the press gang<sup>iii</sup> on the banks of sweet Dundee."  
The press gang came on William as he was all alone,  
He boldly fought for liberty though they were six to one.  
The blood did flow in torrents, "Come kill me now" says he  
"For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

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One morning as young Mary was 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,  
"For you have sent the one I love, from the banks of sweet Dundee."  
He put his arms around her and tried to throw her down.  
Two pistols and a sword she spied, beneath his morning gown.  
Young Mary seized the pistols, his sword he used so free,  
She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.  
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! stand off!" said Mary "For daunted I'll not be."  
She the trigger drew and her uncle slew, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

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A doctor he was sent for, a man of noted skill  
And likewise came a lawyer for him to sign his will  
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully  
And he closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.  
Young William he was sent for and speedily did return  
As soon as he arrived on shore, young Mary ceased to mourn.  
The banns were quickly published, their hands were joined so free,  
She now enjoys her ploughing boy on the banks of sweet Dundee."<sup>iv</sup>

*Finis*

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"Twas of a beautiful damsel, as I have heard it told,  
 Her father died and left her five thousand pounds in gold.  
 She livèd with her uncle as you may plainly see,  
 And she loved a ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.  
 Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved him well,  
 And in her uncle's garden her tales of love would tell.  
 There was a lofty squire oft times came her to see,  
 But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.  
 One morning very early just at the break of day,  
 Her uncle came to Mary and these words to her did say,  
 "Arise you sweet young fair one and come along with me,  
 For the squire's waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

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"A fig for all your squires, your noble dukes likewise,  
 For Willie, he appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."  
 "Begone! you unruly female! unhappy for to be,  
 And I'll have young Willie banished from the banks of sweet Dundee."  
 The press gang came on Willie, as he was all alone.  
 He boldly fought for liberty, though they were six to one.  
 The blood did flow in torrents. "Pray kill me now" said he,  
 "For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."  
 One morning very early, as Mary she walked out,  
 She spied the lofty squire down in her uncle's grove.  
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He clasped his arms around her, afore to throw her down.  
 He spied two pistols and a sword beneath her morning gown.  
 Her pistols she used manfully, her sword she handled free,  
 She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.  
 Her uncle overheard the noise, he hastened to the ground  
 Saying "Since you've killed the squire, I'll give you your death wound."  
 "Stand off! Stand off!" cried Mary "for daunted I'll not be."  
 Her sword she drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.  
 A doctor he was sent for a man of noted skill,  
 Likewise there came a lawyer to write the uncle's will.  
 He willed his gold to Mary, she fought so manfully,  
 And he shut his eyes, no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

*Finis.*



### **Notes**

i. Ballad also known by alternate title "Undaunted Mary" or "The Banks of the Sweet Dundee" (According to *Cox's Folk-Songs of the South, 2013, West Virginia University Press: Morgantown, WV*).

ii. **Dundee:** Located in Scotland, U.K.

iii. **Press gangs**, also known as the "impress service", were used as a forced recruitment method by the Royal Navy in the 18th and 19th centuries. Men who had been seized had two options: volunteer for service and receive the related benefits or be forced into service receiving nothing (According to the *Royal Naval Museum Library, Impressment: The Press Gangs and Naval Recruitment, 2001, Retrieved from [http://www.royalnavalmuseum.org/info\\_sheet\\_impressment.htm](http://www.royalnavalmuseum.org/info_sheet_impressment.htm)*).

iv. See the ballad, *Answer to Undaunted Mary, or The Banks of Sweet Dundee*, for more about the story of William and Mary.