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## Banks of the Nile

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A MUCH ADMIR'D LOVE SONG  
CALL'D THE  
BANKS OF THE NILE

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Hark the drums are beating love no longer can I stay  
I hear the bugle sounding that call I must obey  
We are order'd out to Portsmouth a many a long mile,  
To join the British army on the Banks of the Nile,

Wily dearest Willy don't leave me here to mourn,  
You will make me curse & rue the day that ever I was born,  
For the parting of you my love is the parting of my life  
So stay at home dear Willy & I will be your wife

Oh Nancy lovely that's a thing that can't be so,  
For our Colonel he gave order that no woman here can go  
We must forsake our own sweet hearts likewise our native  
soil  
To fight the blacks and Negroes on the Banks of the Nile

Then I'll cut off my yellow locks and go a long way with you,  
I'll dress myself in velvet and gold and see the Captain to  
I will fight and bear your banner while fortune on us smiles  
And we'll comfort one and another on the banks of the Nile

Your waist it is so slender and your fingers are so small,  
I fear you would not answer me when on you I would call  
Your delicate constitution would not bear that unwholesome  
climate,  
The cold and sandy deserts on the banks of the Nile,

My curse attend the war and the hour it began,  
For it has rob'd old Ireland of many a gallant man,  
It took from me My own sweet heart the protection of my  
While their blood streams the grass does weep on the banks  
of the Nile,

But when the war is over its home we will return,  
To our wives and sweet hearts we left behind to mourn,  
We'll embrace them in our arms until the end of time  
And we'll go no more to battle on the banks of the Nile

---

P. BRERETON 1. Lr Exchange St Dublin

