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The Banks of the Dee

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THE
BANKS
 OF THE
DEE.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,
 At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
 Flow on, lovely Dee—flow on thou sweet river
 Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever,
 For there I first gained the affection and favour,
 Of Jammie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourn-
 ing,
 To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he :
 And ah, there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once lov'd willows.
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
 him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
 The lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing,
 While I with my Jammie am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

The Jolly
SKIFFSMAN.

His skiff is on de deep, I gaze o'er de sea,
 But not a daring skiffsman is steering for me ;
 I rise at break of day, I quit my sad pillow,
 To look for my lover o'er de blue billow.
 Tra, la, la, la, &c.

His skiff is on de deep, I gaze on de sea,
 But not a daring skiffsman is steering to me ;
 And as his sail I seek, my song shall be,
 My dearest Sambo, I lub but dee.
 Tra, la, la, la, &c.

His skiff has gain'd de shore, it grates on de strand,
 I see my jolly skiffsman preparing to land ;
 My fears are now all o'er, I'll hasten to meet him,
 And with sweet smiles and warm welcome greet him.
 Tra, la, la, la, &c.

His skiff has gain'd de shore, it grates on de strand,
 I see my jolly skiffsman preparing to land ;
 And as his hand I press, my song it shall be,
 My dearest Sambo, I lub but dee.—Tra, la, la, &c.

I'M GOING OBER
DE MOUNTAIN.

De queerest chap I eber see,
 Was nigger Jack of Tennesse ;
 His nose was flat, his cheeks were thin,
 And his under lip hung over his chin,—

Re, ro, my true love ;
 Do come along, my darling :
 I'm going for to leave you :
 Don't let our parting grieve you,
 Yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha.
 Come along my darling, ober de mountain !

Jack buying hosses did engage,
 Look'd in dere ears to tell dere age ;
 Thought a donkey better and stronger,
 'Cos him ears were so much longer.—Re, ro, &c.

Boss gave him a sov'reign ; Jackey said,
 ' I'd rather have a crown instead ;
 A crown him bigger, and not suspicious ;
 Dem yaller coin dey look so bilious.'—Re, ro, &c.

Jack was sent for doctor's stuff,
 Thought 'twas rum, and swallow'd enough,
 Got so bad he roared wid pains out,
 Took up a knife to blow him brains out.—Re, ro, &c.

One morning when this nigger rose,
 He put him mittens on him toes,—
 Clean'd his teeth with an apple scoop,
 And shav'd himself with an iron hoop.—Re, ro, &c.

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