The Banks of the Dee

The Banks of the Dee
(John Tait)

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree.
At the foot of a hill, 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 favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he has gone from me and left me thus mourning
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
But 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 rude roaring billows,
The kindest, the sweetest, of all his brave fellows
And left me to stray 'mongst these once loved willows
The loneliest lass on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him
Blest peace may restore my dear lover 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 will then flow, all its beauty displaying
The lambs on its banks will again be seen playing
Whilst I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

TUNE: Langolee