Banks of the Nile

Banks of the Nile

Farewell, my dearest Nancy, farewell I must away.
I hear the drums a-beating and no longer I can stay.
For we're orders out of Portsmouth Town and for many a long mile
For to fight the blacks and heathens on the banks of the Nile.

Oh, I'll cut off my curly locks and along with you I'll go
I'll dress meself in velveteen and go and see Egypt, too.
I'll fight and bear thy banners well, kind fortune upon thee smile.
And we'll comfort one another on the banks of the Nile.

Oh, your waist it is too slender, love, and your waist it is too small.
I'm afraid that you won't answer me, if l should on you call
Your delicate constitution will not stand the unwholesome soil.
Nor the dark, nor the sandy climate on the banks of the Nile.

O Willie, dearest William. don't leave me here to mourn,
You'll make me curse and rue the day for whenever I'd been born.
For the parting of my own true love and the parting of me life-
Now stay at home, dear William, and I will be thee wife.

O now the war is over and back I'll then return
Until my wife and family I've leave behind to mourn.
We'll call them in around, me boys, and there's no end of toil.
And no more we'll go a'roving on the banks of the Nile.

Other verses:
My curse upon the war and the hour that it began
For it has robbed our counterie of many a gallant man
It took from us our old sweethearts, protectors of our soil
And their blood does steep the grass that's deep on the banks of the Nile

Let a hundred days be darkened and let maidens give a sigh
It would melt the very elements to hear the wounded cry
Let a hundred days be brightened and let the maidens give a smile
But remember Abercrombie on the banks of the Nile

Recorded by Sidney Richards on A Soldier's Life For Me
(Folksongs of Britain, Vol 8)
Also recorded by Ewan MacColl
DT #442

Laws N9
SOF

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