

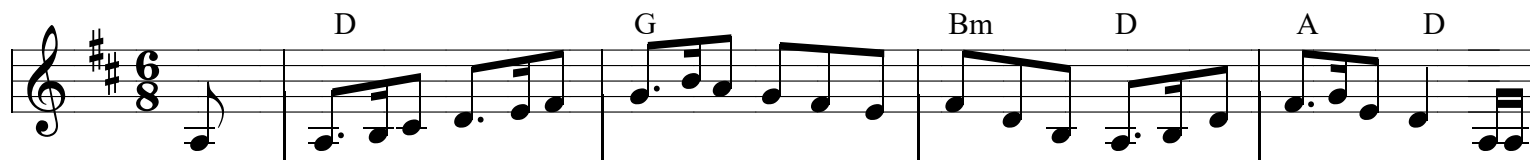
The Banks of the Dee

A Revolutionary War tune for a lad who came to America from Scotland to fight for the British.

1775 John Tait lyrics
Tune "Langoolee"

DAD

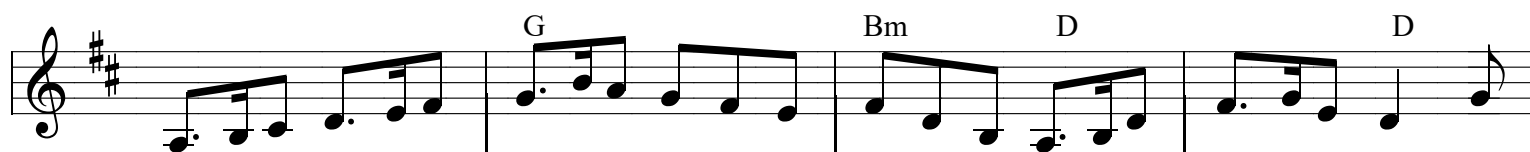
D G Bm D A D



'Twas sum-mer and soft-ly the breez-es were blow-ing, and sweet-ly the night-in-gale sang from the tree At the

	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	1	2
0	0	1 2 0	3	1	1	1 0 1	0	0	0 0
		0 1 2	3 5 4 3 2 1		2 0	0	2	3 1 0	

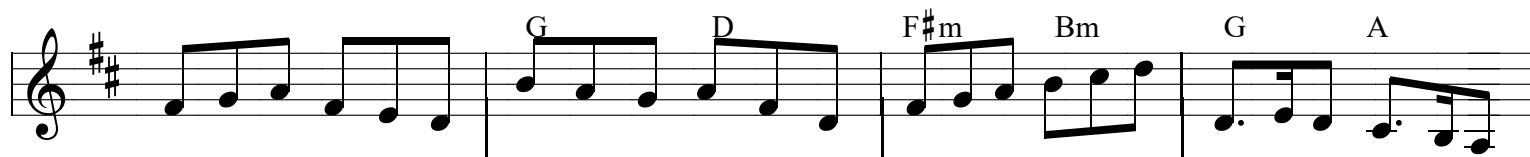
G Bm D D



foot of a hill where the riv-er was flow-ing I sat my-self down by the banks of the Dee Flow

	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	1	2
	0	1 2 0	3	1	1	1 0 1	0	0	0
		0 1 2	3 5 4 3 2 1		2 0	0	2	3 1 0	3


G D F#m Bm G A



on love-ly Dee, flow on thou sweet riv-er; Thy banks, purest stream shall be dear to me ev-er, For

	0	0	3	2	2	5	3	1	
	0	0	3	3	2	5	3	4	2 1 0
	2	3 4 2 1 0	5 4 3 4 2 0		2	3 4 5 6+ 7	0	0	

G D A Bm G D A D



there I first gained the af-fec-tion and fav-or of Ja-mie the glo-ry and pride of the Dee

	3	0	1	0	3	0	0	1	2
	3	0	0	1	1	2 1 0	0	0	0
	3	5 3 2 4 2	1 0 1 2 0		0	4 3	2	3 1 0	

But now he's 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
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 then will 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.