



The Lass of Dundee.

When first from the city of Dundee I came,
I fixed my mind on a comely fair dame,
Her eyes did invite me, her lips bid me go,
And I thought on that lassie who proved my woe.
For roses they're red when they're in their prime,
And so was bonny Betsey that sweet girl of mine,
She's red and she's white, and she's comely to see,
And she dwells in the garden of bonny Dundee.
It was on Thursday morning, we were ready for sea
My friends were all eager for me for to stay,
My crew were all merry, but sad was my mind,
For leaving my lassie, bonny lassie behind.

The moon shall be darken'd, no more to give light,
The stars from the elements shall fall down by night
The sea shall be dried up no more for to be,
If ever I prove false to the lass of Dundee.

And when I return'd from my voyage again,
I went to the parents of this comely dame,
The answer they gave me, she's married and so
You have lost your bonny lassie by courting too slow
I turn'd myself round and gave a loud sigh,
I would sooner suffer shipwreck, myself cast away
I would sooner suffer shipwreck, myself cast away
Than have lost my bonny lassie, my girl of Dundee

