

Kris Drever

"The Banks of the Nile"

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O hark, the drums do beat, my love, we can no longer
tarry
The bugle calls are sounding and we must march away
We're ordered down to Portsmouth town for many a
weary mile
To join the British Army on the banks of the Nile

O Willie, dearest William, don't leave me here to mourn
For I must curse and rue the day that ever I was born
For parting from our love would be like parting from my
life
So stay at home, dear William, and I will be your wife

O my Nancy, dearest Nancy, sure that would never do
The government has ordered and we are bound to go
The government has ordered, and the Queen, she
gives command
And I am bound away, my love, to serve in a foreign
land

Then I'll cut off my yellow hair and go along with you
I'll dress myself in uniform and I'll see Egypt too
I'll march beneath your banner while fortune it do smile
And we'll comfort one another on the banks of the Nile

My curse attend the cruel war and the hour that it
began
For it has robbed our countrie of many a gallant man
They've robbed us of our sweethearts, protectors of
the soil
Their blood does steep the grass that's deep on the
banks of the Nile

And when the war is over, love, back home I'll then
return
Until my wife and family I've left behind to mourn
We'll take up the plough, my boys, and till the fertile
soil
No more we'll go a-roving on the banks of the Nile

