Dervish "The Banks Of The Sweet Viledee"

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Well met, well met, my own true love Well met, my love, by thee I've just arrived from the salt, salt sea And it's all for the love of thee

Now I could have married a great king's daughter And have myself to blame And it's tons of gold I have refused And it's all for the love of you, my love All for the love of you

Well, if you could have married a great king's daughter You have yourself to blame Well, I have married my house-carpenter And I think he's a nice young man

Well, if you do leave you house-carpenter And come along with me I'll take you to where the grass grows green On the banks of the Sweet Viledee, my love Banks of the Sweet Viledee

If I was to leave my house-carpenter And go along with thee What have you there to support me with And keep me from slavery?

Well, I have six ships now sailing out And seven more on sea Three hundred and ten all jolly sailsmen

All to wait on thee, my love All for to wait on thee

She dressed her baby all neat and clean And gave him kisses three Saying, "Stay, stay here, my darling baby boy With you father for company"

She dressed herself in a suit of red And her maiden waist was green And every town they passed by They took her to be some queen, my love Took her to be some queen

They were not two days out at sea And I'm sure they were not three When this fair maid began to weep And she wept most bitterly

My curse, my curse, and all sailsmen Who brought me out on sea And deprived me of my house-carpenter On the banks of the Sweet Viledee, my love Banks of the Sweet Viledee

They were not three days out at sea And I'm sure they were not four When this fair maid disappeared from the deck And she sank to rise no more, my love Sank to rise no more

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