

## **Sandy Denny**

### **"Banks of The Nile"**

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Oh hark, the drums do beat, my love, no longer can we  
stay  
The bugle-horns are sounding clear and we must  
march away  
We're ordered down to Portsmouth and it's many is the  
weary mile  
To join the British Army on the banks of the Nile

Oh Willie, dearest Willie, don't leave me here to mourn  
Don't make me curse and rue the day that ever I was  
born  
For the parting of our love would be like parting with my  
life  
So stay at home, my dearest love, and I will be your  
wife

Oh my Nancy, dearest Nancy, sure that will 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 on oath, my love, to serve in a foreign  
land

Oh, but I'll cut off my yellow hair, and I'll 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

But your waist it is too slender, and your fingers they  
are too small  
In the sultry suns of Egypt, your rosy cheeks would  
spoil  
Where the cannons they do rattle, when the bullets they  
do fly  
And the silver trumpets sound, so loud to hide the  
dismal cries

Oh, cursed be those cruel wars, that ever they began  
For they have robbed our country of many's the  
handsome men  
They've robbed us of our sweethearts while their

bodies they feed the lions  
On the dry and sandy deserts which are the banks of  
the Nile

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