**The Sands of Dee**

**“O Mary go and call the cattle home,**

**And call the cattle home,**

**And call the cattle home Across the sands of Dee.**

**The western wind was wild and dank with foam ,**

**And all alone went she.**

**The western crept tide up along the sand,**

**And O”er and O”er the sand,**

**And round and round the sand,**

**As far as eye could see.**

**The rolling mist came down and hid the land**

**And never home came she.**

**“Oh? Is it weed ,or fish ,or floating hair,**

**A tress of golden hair, A drowned maiden’s hair Above the nets a sea?**

**Was never salmon yet that shone so fair among the stakes of Dee.”**

**They rowed her in across the rolling foam, The cruel crawling foam, The cruel hungry foam, To her grave beside the sea. But still the boatman hear her call the cattle home across the sands of Dee.**