

Mary's Dream



The moon had climbed the high - est hill which ri - ses o'er the
riv - er Dee and o'er the east - ern sum - mit shed her sil - ver light on
tow - er and tree, When Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her
thoughts on San - dy a - way at sea. When soft and low a
voice she heard Say - ing, "Ma - ry weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand
With visage pale and hollow eye.
"Oh, Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main
And long we strove our barque to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee.
The storm is past and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

“Oh, maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.”
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
“Sweet Marry, weep no more for me.”

Note: Both my parents used to sing bits of this song, and I heard my sister say that she heard an old man sing it at an entertainment over fifty years ago. He was a friend of the family, some years older than my parents.