

# The Silvery Tide

The musical score is written on four staves in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "There was a fair young crea - ture who lived by the sea - side. For beau - ty form and fea - ture she was called the vil - lage pride. There was a young sea cap - tain who Mar - y's heart did gain, And so true was she to Hen - ry whilst on the rag - ing main." The melody is simple and melodic, with a final cadence at the end of the fourth staff.

All in this young man's absence a nobleman there came  
A-courting pretty Mary, but she refused the same,  
Saying, "Your vows are vain while on the main, I love but one," she cried,  
"So, far begone, I love but one; he's on the silvery tide."

Then made to desperation this nobleman did say,  
"To prove a separation her life I'll take away.  
I'll watch her late and early until alone," he cried,  
"And I'll send her body floating all on the silvery tide."

Said Mary, in a trembling voice, "My vows I ne'er can break.  
My Henry I love dearly and I'll die for his sweet sake."  
With a handkerchief he bound her hands, he flung her o'er the side  
And a-shrieking she went floating all on the silvery tide.

In the course of three days after, young Henry returned from sea  
Expecting to be happy and to fix his wedding day.  
"I'm afraid your true love's murdered," her aged father cried,  
"Or has proved her own destruction all on the silvery tide."

Young Henry threw his body down and, weary, could not rest;  
The thoughts of drowned Mary disturbed his aching breast.  
He dreamed that he was walking down by the ocean wide  
And his own true love saw floating all on the silvery tide.

Young Henry arose, put on his clothes, and at midnight gloom went he  
To wander the sand banks over down by the roaring sea.  
At daybreak in the morning poor Mary's corpse he espied  
As she to and fro was floating all on the silvery tide.

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He knew it was his Mary by his own ring on her hand.  
He unbound the silken handkerchief, which put him to a stand;  
The name of this base murderer in full thereon he espied  
Who had drowned pretty Mary all on the silvery tide.

This nobleman was taken and the gallows was his doom  
For drowning pretty Mary who scarce was in her bloom.  
Young Henry looked dejected, and he wandered till he died  
And his last words were, "Poor Mary died on the silvery tide."