

William and Mary

As Wil-iam and Ma - ry stood by the sea-side Their last fare-well for to take. A -
sigh - ing and say - ing, "If you nev - er re - turn A - las my poor heart it will break." "Fear
noth - ing, dear maid," young Wil - liam he said As he pressed the fair maid to his side, "For
me do not mourn for when I re - turn I will make lit - tle Ma - ry my bride.

When six years had passed and no news, at last
As she stood by her own cottage door,
A beggar came by with a patch on his eye,
He was lame and did pity implore.
"If your charity you'll bestow upon me,
I will tell you your fortune," he cried,
"If the lad whom you mourn will ever return
To make little Mary his bride."

Oh, then said she, "If you will tell me,
It is all that I have I will give,
If what you tell me you tell me true.
Oh, say does my William live?"
"He lives and," says he, "in great poverty,
All shipwrecked and worn beside.
He'll return no more, because he is poor,
To make little Mary his bride."

"Heaven knows," she cries, "all the joy that I feel,
While yet his misfortune I mourn.
He is welcome to me in his great poverty
With his blue jacket tattered and torn,
For I love him so dear, so true and sincere,
And no other, I swear it, beside.
For if in riches he rolled or was covered in gold
He would make little Mary his bride."

Then the beggar threw by the patch from his eye,
His old clothes and crutches beside,
In a suit of new clothes and his cheek like the rose,
It was William stood by Mary's side.
"Forgive me, dear maid," young William he said,
"It was but your true love that I tried."
So to church away without further delay
And he made little Mary his bride.