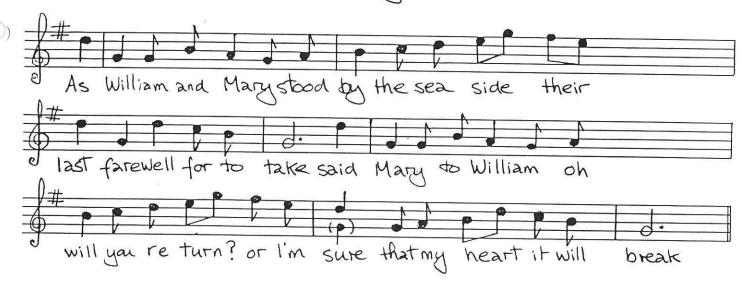
WILLIAM AND MARY

As William and Mary stood by the sea side Their last farewell for to take Said Mary to William will you return Or I am sure that my heart it will break

William and Mary



LITTLE MARY THE SAILOR'S BRIDE

PRINTED BY SUCH No 357

As William and Mary walked by the seaside
Their last farewell for to take
Should you never return little Mary she cried
My poor heart it will surely break
Be not thus dismayed young William he said
As he pressed the dear maid to his side
Nor my absence don't mourn for when I return
I will make little Mary my bride

Three years passed away without news when at last As she sat at her own cottage door An old beggar came by with a patch on his eye Quite lame and did pity implore. If your charity you'll bestow said he I will tell you your fortune besides. The lad that you mourn will never return. To make little Mary his bride.

Mary started and trembled 0 tell me she cried All the money I've got I will give
To what I ask you if you will tell me true
Only say does my William live
In poverty he lives said he
And shipwrecked he has been besides
And return he'll no more because he is poor
To make little Mary his bride

That he lives Heaven knows the great joy that I feel Yet still his misfortunes I mourn
For he'd been welcome to me in poverty
In his blue jacket tattered and torn
For I love him so dear so true and sincere
That no other I swear beside
If in riches he rolled and was clothed in gold
Should make little Mary his bride

The patch from his eye the beggar then threw His old coat and his crutch too besides With cheeks like a rose and in jacket so blue 'Twas William stood by Mary's side For give me dear maid then William he said Your love it was only I tried To church let's away for 'ere the sun sets I'll make little Mary my bride