

Deante

"Willie And Mary"

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As Willie and Mary met by the seaside
A long farewell for to take
Said Mary to Willie, "If you go away
I'm afraid my poor heart, it might break"
"Oh don't be afraid, dearest Mary," he said
As he clasped his fond maid to his side
"In my absence don't mourn, for when I return
I will make you, sweet Mary, my bride"

Seven long years had passed and no word at last
Mary stood by her own cottage door
A beggar came by with a patch on his eye
Bedraggled and ragged and tore
"Your charity, fair maid, bestow upon me
Your fortune I'll tell you beside
Your lad that you mourn will never return
To make little Mary his bride"

She slipped and she started, saying, "All that I have
It's freely to you I will give
If you tell me true what I now ask of you
Is my Willie dead or alive?"
"He's living," said he, "though in sad poverty
And shipwrecked he has been beside
When he'd money untold and pockets of gold
He'd have made little Mary his bride"

"Then if he is dead, no other I'll wed
No other I'll have by my side
For in riches though rolled or covered with gold
He'd have made his own Mary his bride"
Then the patch off his eye the old beggar let fly
His old coat and crutches beside
And in sailor's blue clothes and with cheeks like the
rose
It was Willie who stood by her side

"Oh don't be afraid, dearest Mary," he said
"It was only your faith that I tried
To the church we'll away by the break of the day
And I'll make little Mary my bride"

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