

Lothlorien

"Willie And Mary"

Visit "[Willie And Mary](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 torn
'Your charity fair maid bestow upon me, your fortune I'll
tell you beside
The 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 would give
If you tell me true what I 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 on 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 you sweet Mary my bride'

Visit [Lothlorien](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.