

August 2019

Highland Mary

Author Unknown

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Highland Mary" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 589.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/589

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HIGHLAND MARY

Printed at Pitt's Wholesale Toy Warehouse
6, Great St. Andrew street. 7dials

YE banks and braes and streams around,
The Castle O' Montgomery
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never Drumlie,
Whose summer first unfaid her robes,
and there the langest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell,
Of my sweet highland Mary,

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I elasp'd her to my bosom,
The golden hours of angel's wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' money a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' and tender
and pledging oft to meet again
We tore ourselves asunder
But Oh! fell Deaths untimely fate
That tore my flowers so early
Now greens the sod and cauld the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary

O pale pale now those ruby lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly
and clos'd for aye the sparkling g'ance
That dwell on me sae kindly
And mouldering now in silent dust
that heart that lo'ed me dea'ly
But still within my bosoms core
Shall live my Highland Mary.