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# Little Mary the Sailor's Bride

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# LITTLE MARY

## THE

# SAILOR'S BRIDE

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AS William and Mary strayed by the sea side  
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 by his side,  
Nor my absence don't morn, for when I return  
I will make little Mary my bride.

Three years pass'd away, without news, when at  
As she sat at her cottage door, (last,  
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 your fortune beside,  
The lad that you morn will never return,  
To make little Mary his bride.

Mary started, and trembling, tell me she cried,  
All the money I've got I will give,  
If what I ask you, you will tell me true,  
Only say, does my William live ?  
In poverty he lives, said he,  
And shipwreck'd he has been beside,  
And return will no more, because he is poor,  
To make little Mary his bride.

That he lives heaven knows the great joy that I  
Yet still his misfortunes I morn, (feel,  
For he'd been welcome to me in poverty,  
In his blue jacket ragged and torn.  
For I loved him so dear, true and sincere,  
That no other I swear beside,  
If in riches he roll'd, 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 beside,  
With cheeks like a rose and in jacket of blue,  
'Twas William stood by Mary's side.  
Forgive me, dear maid, then William he said  
Your love it was only I tried,  
To church let's away for e'er the sets,  
Little mary my sad bride.