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Mary of the Silvery Tide

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MARY OF THE SILVERY TIDE,

It is a fair young creatûre who dwelt by the sea side,
With lovely form and featurès she was called the village
pride,

There was a young sea captain Mary's heart did gain,
And true she was to Henry while on the raging main.

It was in Henry's absence a nobleman there came,
A courting pretty Mary but she refuséd the same,
Your vows are vain for on the main there's one I love she
cried (tide.

Therefore begone, I love but one, he's on the silvery

Then mad with devótion this nobleman did say,
To prove their separation I'll take her life away,
I'll watch her late and early till when àlone he cried
I'll send hër body floating down with the silvery tide.

This nobleman was walking one morn to take the air,
Down by the roîning ocean he met that lovely fair,
Then said this artful villain if yèn refuse to be my bride
You'll sink or swim far from him who is on the silvery tide.

With trembling limbs said Mary my vows I ne'er can break,
For Henry I love dearly, I'll die for his sweet sake,
With hankerchief he bound her àrms & plunged her
o'er the side (tide.

And shrieking she went floating down with the silvery

It happèned Mary's true love soon after came from sea,
Expecting to be happy & fix the wedding day, (cried
We fear your own true love is murdered, her àged parents
Or she caused her own destruction in yonder silvery tide,

Young Henry on his pillow he could take no rest, (breast
The thoughts of charming Mary disturbed his wounded
He dream't that he was walking near the ocean side,
His true love sat a weeping on the banks of the silvery tide.

With dread arose poor Henry at midnight gloom went he
To wander o'er the sandy beach down by the raging sea,
At the dawning of the morning, Mary's corpse he spied,
As to & fro it was rolling down at the silvery tide.

He knew it was his only love by the ring on her sweet hand
He unbound the handkerchief which put him to a stand
The name of her base murderer in full on it he spied,
Which shewed who ended Mary all in the silvery tide.

The nobleman was taken—the gallows was his doom,
For murdering young Mary who scarce attained her bloom
Tho' Henry is dejected did wànder till he died,
His last words were for Mâry who died in the silvery tide

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