



I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Sung by Miss Abbey, of the Theatre, Durham.

I am my mammy's ain bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary yet,
An' I wad hae ye learn my lads,
That ye for me maun tarry yet.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young.
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
'To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

For I hae had my ain way,
Name dare to contradict me yet;
Sae soon to say I wad obey,
In trowth, I darna venture yet.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind,
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir,
But if you come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gain simmer, Sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

George Walker, Jun., 46, Sadler-Street, Durham.

301



POOR MARY, OF THE SILVERY TIDE.

It is of a fair young creature who dwelt by the sea side,
For lovely form and features she was called the village pride,
There was a young sea captain who 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,
Courtin' pretty Mary but she refused the same,
Your vows are vain, for on the main there's one I love, she cried,
Therefore be gone, I love but one, he's on the silvery tide.

Then mad with desperation, this nobleman did say,
To cause a separation, I'll take her life away;
I'll watch her late and early, till when alone, he cried,
I'll send her body floating along with the silvery tide.

This nobleman was walking one morn to take the air,
Down by the rolling ocean he met this lovely fair,
He said my dearest maiden, consent to be my bride,
Or you'll sink or swim far, 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 a handkerchief he bound her arms, and plung'd her o'er
the side,
And shrieking she went floating along with the silvery tide.

It happened soon after young Henry came from sea,
Expecting to be happy, and fix the wedding-day.
We fear your true-love's murdered her aged parents cried,
She's caused her own distruction down in the silvery tide.

Young Henry on his pillow he could not take his rest,
For the thoughts of pretty Mary disturb'd his wounded breast;
He dreamt that he was walking down by the sea side,
His true-love he saw weeping, on the banks of the silvery tide.

With fright arose young Henry, at midnight gloom went he,
To wander o'er the sand banks, down by the raging sea;
At day-break in the morning poor Mary's corpse he spied,
As too and fro it was rolling down with the silvery tide.

He knew it was his Mary by the ring on her right hand,
He untied the silk handkerchief which put him to a stand;
The name of her base murderer in letters there he spied,
Which proved who killed poor Mary, down in the silvery tide.

This nobleman was taken, the gallows was his doom,
For ending pretty Mary, who had scarce attained her bloom;
Young Henry, so dejected, he wandered till he died.
His last words were for Mary, who had died in the silvery tide.

