

William and Mary Anne

Tune—My Mary Anne.

Upon the beach two lovers strayed,
While a gallant ship lay out afar
A young sailor bold and his dark-
eyed maid,

And he was going abroad to the
wars;

Come dry your tears the young sailor
cries

As he took her lilly white hand,
I will soon return and make you my
bride

My constant my kind Mary Anne
Then fare you well my old my bonny
bird,

I must sail to a foreign land,
But if to return your William is
spared

I'll be true to my own Mary Anne
See yonder lays with white sails
spreading

The ship that is to bear me from
thee

She is mann'd by brave hearts that
never yet failed

To drive England's foes from sea
So fear for me my own darling girl,
though I go to an enemies land,
Though the bullets may fly all dan-
ger I defy,

For the of my own Mary Anne
Accept this ring my own mary Anne
From your william so gallant and
true,

And on your finger for my sake it
wear

As a token of love for you ;
And when that I return again,

To claim you with heart and with
hand

I will never again attempt the briny
sea

But live happy with my own Mary

Anne.

One last kiss before we part
For my messmates are waiting
for me,

She whispered as he took her to his
manly heart

Yes dear I will be true to thee ?
He leapt into the boat which soon

from the shore

And she waved her lily white hand
And far far above the billows loud
roar,

Were the words, ' Farewell; Mary
Anne



What will you do, Love !

What will you, love, when I am going,
With white sail flowing the seas beyond ?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us
And friends may chide us for being fond ?"

"Though the waves dived us and friends be chiding
In faith abiding, I'll still be true,
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion ;—That's what I'll do !"

"What will you love if distant tidings,
Thy fond* confidings should undermine
And I abiding 'neath the sultry skies,
Should think other eyes as bright as thine ?"

"Oh name it not ; though guilt and shame,
Were on thy name, I'd still be true ;
But that heart of thine, should another share it,
I not bear it ;—What would I do ?"

"What would you, do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high burning, with wealth for you,—
If my bark, that bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near some—ah what would you do

"So though wert spared I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow that left me you
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
My heart thy pillow !—that's what I'd do

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