

Mary at the Garden Gate

Mrs Baker

Collected by Francis Collinson, Maidstone, 16th February 1946

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Roud 418

The sun was set and the moon shone bright, The
village clock struck eight Young
Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate; And
to the garden gate; And
what was there that made her sad the
gate was there but not the lad which
made poor Mary say and sigh Was there
ever a poor girl so sad as I?

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The gate was there but not the lad
Which made poor Mary say and sigh
Was there ever a poor girl so sad as I?