

Mary at the Garden Gate

Mrs Oliver

Collected by Francis Collinson, Bethersden

Francis Collinson Collection COL/1/22

Roud 418

The sun was set and the moon shone bright, The_ vil- lage clock struck eight. Young

Ma- ry hast- ened with de- light un- to the gar- den gate And_

what was there that made her sad? The gate was there, but not the lad, Which

made poor Ma- ry to say and sigh Was ev- er a poor girl so sad as I

1. The sun was set and the moon shone bright,

The village clock struck eight.

Young Mary hastened with delight

Unto the garden gate

And what was there that made her sad?

The gate was there, but not the lad,

Which made poor Mary to say and sigh

Was ever a poor girl so sad as I?

2. She paced the garden up and down

Till the village clock struck ten

When William caught her in his arms

Never to part again.

For he had brought a ring that day

And he had been a very long way,
It made poor Mary to sigh and say
There never was a girl so sad as I.

Collinson's noted "I verse from Mrs Oliver, Bethersden. The other from a correspondent".