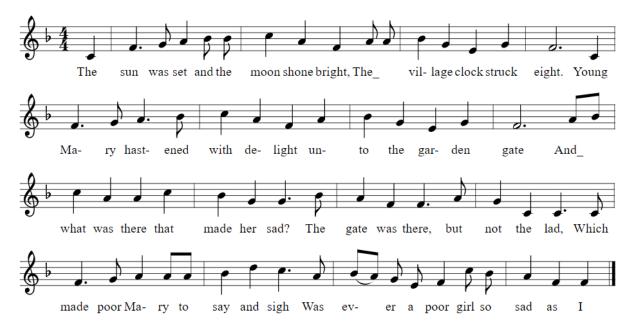
Mary at the Garden Gate

Mrs Oliver

Collected by Francis Collinson, Bethersden

Francis Collinson Collection COL/1/22

Roud 418



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?

 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".