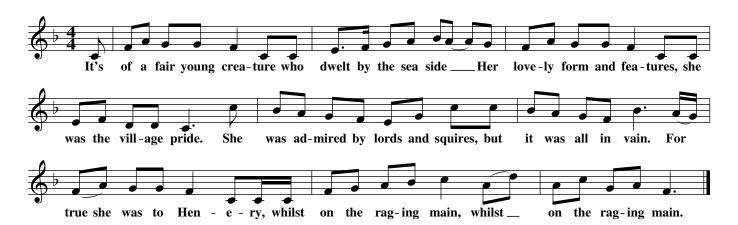
Mary and the Silvery Tide



It's of a fair young creature who dwelt by the sea side, Her lovely form and feature, she was the village pride; She was admired by lords and squires, but it was all in vain, For true she was to Henry whilst on the watery main.

As a nobleman was walking one morning to take the air, Down by the foaming ocean he met this lady fair; "Now," says this artful villain, "consent to be my bride Or you'll sink or swim, far, far from him who is on the silvery tide."

With trembling heart [lips] says Mary - "My vows I ne'er can break, For Henry I love dearly, I will die for his sweet sake." With his handkerchief he tied her hands and plunged her o'er the side, And quickly she went floating down on the silvery tide.

Now it happened, a few days after, young Henry came from the sea, And, thinking to live happy, he thought on the wedding day; "We believe your love is murdered," her aged parents cried, "She has caused her own destruction down in the silvery tide."

As young Henry on his pillow lay he could not take his rest, For the thought of pretty Mary disturbed his wounded breast; So he arose at midnight gloom, and at midnight gloom goes he, To wander the sandbanks over, down by the raging sea.

It was daybreak in the morning when young Mary's corpse he spied, As to and fro it went floating down on the silvery tide; He knew it was young Mary, by his own ring on her hand, And when he saw this silk handkerchief it put him to a stand.

As he undid this silk handkerchief, therein full soon he spied, Who had cruelly murdered Mary down on the silvery tide: This nobleman was taken and the gallows was his doom, For ending pretty Mary, who'd scarcely attained her bloom.

Source: Mrs Packer, Winchcombe. Collected by Percy Grainger 4th April 1908.

Notes: The words on the recording are very indistinct and those give here were collected by Alfred Williams from Thomas Baughn of South Cerney.

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