

Resting on the Stile Mary

Slowly



1. Rest - ing on the stile, Ma - - ry, as we sat side by side
One bright May morn - ing long a - - go when first you were my bride
The corn was spring - ing, flush - ing green, and the larks sang loud and wide
The dew was on your lips, Ma - ry, and the love - light in your eye.

2. Just a few steps down the lane where the little church do stand
Where you and I was wed, Mary, I can see the spire from here
I'm afraid to step towards it, 'fraid my step might break your rest
I laid you, darling, down to sleep with a baby at your breast
3. I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends
But oh they love the better still the few our Father sends
For you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride
And I've nothing left to care for now since my poor Mary died.
4. Yours was the good brave heart, Mary, that still kept hoping on
When the trust in God had left my soul and my arms young strength had gone
There was comfort ever on your lip and a kind look on your brow
And I thank you Mary for the same though you cannot hear me now.
5. I'm bidding you a long farewell it's both merry, kind and true
I won't forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to
They say there's bread and work for all and the sun shines always there
I won't forget you, darling, if it's fifty times as far, if it's fifty times as far
6. And often in those grand old woods I'll sit and shut my eyes
And my heart will wander back again to the place where Mary lies
And I think I'll see that little stile where we sat side by side
In the springing corn and the bright May morn' when first you were my bride.

Source: Danny Brazil at Elmstone Hardwick. collected by Gwilym Davies 13th April 1995.

Notes: Verses 1,2 and 5 as sung by Mr Brazil. Remaining verses from a broadside.