

Marys Dream.

Violin

Slow

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Tender

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MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
 When soft and low a voice was heard,
 "O Mary weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be?
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye:
 "O, Mary dear! cold is my clay,
 "It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 "Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
 "So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights, and stormy days,
 "We tofs'd upon the raging main;
 "And long we strove our bark to save,
 "But all our striving was in vain.
 "Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 "My heart was fill'd with love for thee,
 "The storm is past, and I at rest,
 "So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"O! maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 "We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 "Where love is free from doubt and care,
 "And thou and I shall part no more."
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see,
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"