Mary's Dream

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The moon has climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the banks of Dee,
And from the eastern summit sheds
Her silver light on tower and nee.

When Mary laid her down to sleep
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When soft and low a voice was heard
Say: "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand
With visage pale and hollow eye.

"Oh, Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
For, far from thee, I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We spent upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.

"And even when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Oh. maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt or care,
Where thou and I shall part no more."

Loud crows the cock. the shade has fled,
No more of Sandy can she see,
When soft and low a voice was heard,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

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