Sweet Highland Mary - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

SWEET HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
Where summer first unfolds her robe,
And there the langest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn blossom,
As underneath its fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angels' wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie.
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our putting; was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt, my flowers sae early!
How green's the sod, and cauld'e the clay
That wrups thee, Highland Mary.

Oh! pale, pale now those ruby lips
I oft have kissed sae fondly,
And closed for uye the sparkling glancc
That dwelt on me sae kindly.
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loved me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

All in the silent hour of night,
Thro' the green church-yard I'll wander;
Right hearty well I know the spot
Where Mary she lies under:
I'll weep o'er it with silent grief,
I'll sit and ne'er be weary,
For pleasure there is none for me
Without sweet Highland Mary.

All 'round sweet Highland Mary's grave
I'll plant the fairest lily,
The primrose sweet, and violet blue,
Likewise the daffodilly;
But since the world is grown so wild,
In the wilderness I'll tarry:
Come, welcome death, thou friend of mine,
I'll sleep with Highland Mary.