

Mary Blane - song lyrics

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

MARY BLANE

Oh! once I loved a yellow gal,
I loved her as my life;
She came from old Virginia,
And I took her for my wife;
We happy lived together,
She never caused me pain;
But on one cold and stormy night,
I lost my Mary Blane.

Chorus.

Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane,
One faithful heart still thinks of you;
Farewell! farewell! poor Mary Blane,
Tho' we ne'er shall meet again.

I've nothing left to live for now,
I'm weary of my life,
Then take and lay me gently by
My poor heart-broken wife;
I wander sadly through the world,
But find my sorrow's vain;
These tears can never bring to me
My darling Mary Blane.-Chorus.

I buried her, at dead of night,
'Neath the persimmon tree;
The snow was falling thick and white
On her dear grave and me;
. And often since in dreams I see
Her well known form again,
As when I laid her in the grave,
And wept o'er Mary Blane.-Chorus.

Then raise no tomb-stone on the place,
But lay me by her side;
The best, the kindest of her race-
My faithful, constant bride.
I'm ready now to leave this life,
To join her once again,
Beneath the old persimmon tree.
Where sleeps my Mary Blane.-Chorus.