

# Mary Le More - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MARY LE MORE.

As I strayed o'er the common on Cork's rugged border,  
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose arrayed,  
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder,  
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betrayed;  
On the sward she reclined, by the green fern surrounded.  
At her Bide speckled daisies and wild flowers abounded ;  
To its inmost recesses, her heart had been wounded,  
Her sighs were unceasing-'twas Mary Le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,  
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her cheek.  
Her tresses a wreath of primroses braided,  
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck;  
While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed: " O my mother :  
See the blood on that lash! 'tis the blood of my brother;  
They have torn his poor flesh!-and they now strip another-  
'Tis Connor-the friend of poor Mary Le More."

Though his locks were as white as the foam of the ocean.  
Those wretches shall find that my father is brave;  
My father! she cried, with the wildest emotion,  
Ah, no ! my poor father now sleeps in the grave ;  
They have tolled his death bell, they've laid the turf o'er him,  
His white locks were bloody, no aid could restore him;  
He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore him,  
When the blue waves of Erin hide Mary Le More."

A lark, from the gold blossomed furze that grew near her.  
Now rose and with energy carolled his lay;  
"Hush I hush!" she continued, " the trumpet sounds clearer,  
The horsemen approach! Erin's daughter's away t  
Ah ! soldiers 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning.  
And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourning-  
Go hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,  
Those ruffians have ruined poor Mary Le More.

Away! bring the ointment-O God : see the gashes!  
Alas! my poor brother, come dry the big tear!  
Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,  
Already the screech-owl and raven appear;  
By day the green grave that lies under the willow.  
With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,  
'Till the ooze and dark sea-weed beneath the curled billow,  
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary Le More."

Thus raved the poor maniac, in tones more heart-rending.  
Than sanity's voice ever poured on my ear;  
When lo I on the waste, and on the march towards her bending.  
A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear;  
"Oh ! the fiends !" she exclaimed, and with wild horror started,  
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted ;  
With an overcharged bosom I slowly departed.  
And sighed for the wrongs of poor Mary Le More.