

I'm Sitting On The Stile, Mary - song lyrics

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I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where once we sat side by side
On a bright morning long ago, when first you were my bride,
The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud And high.
And the red was on thy lip, Mary, and the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day Is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words you never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands near-
The church where we were wed, Mary-I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary, and my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep with your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make me no new friends;
But, oh, they love thee better far, the few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride;
'there's nothing left to care for now, since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darting, in the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair.

And often In those grand old woods I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again to the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little Mile where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and bright May morn, when first you were my bride.