

## Mary Lindsey.

Boston: Oliver Ditson (115 Washington St.), 1848

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Sister Lizzie.

from Boston.

Sept. 1852.

# MARY LINDSEY

Ballad

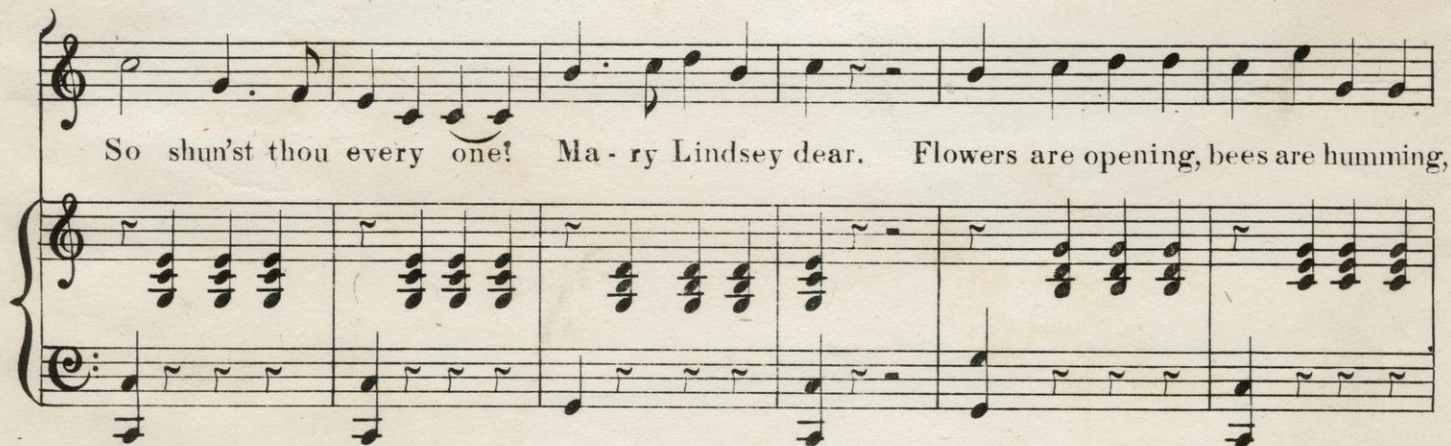
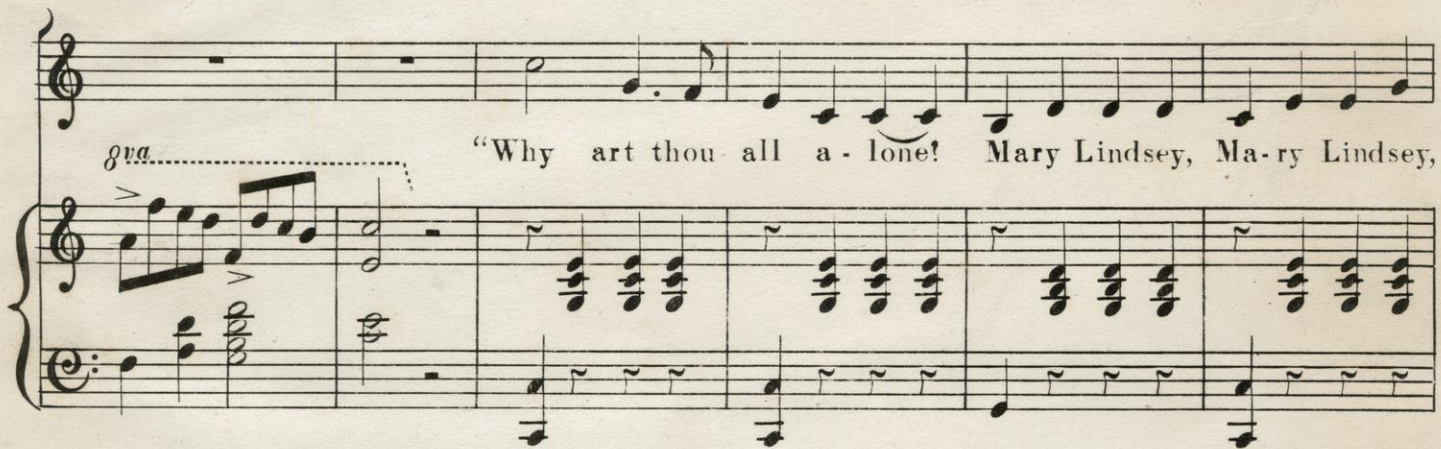
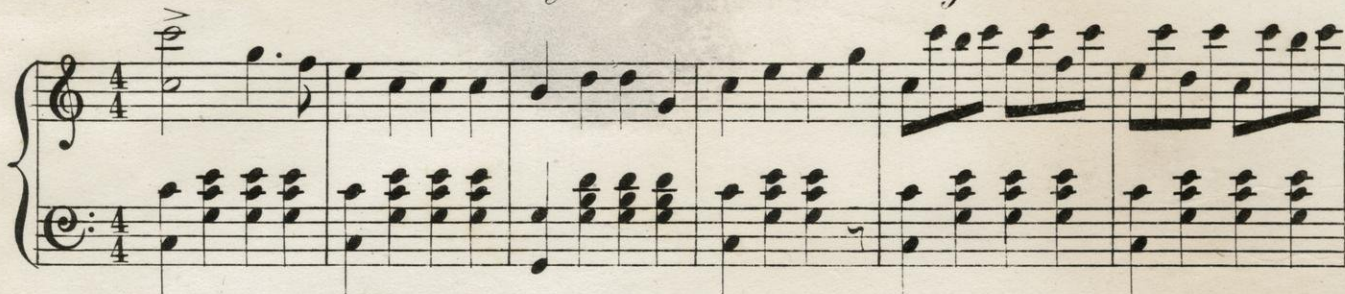
WRITTEN COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO

MRS WALTER GAY

BY

MARION DIX SULLIVAN.

BOSTON. Published by OLIVER DITSON, 215 Washington St





Winter gone and roses coming, Thou only pale and lone, Mary Lindsey, dear.

2

Loved ones have passed away,  
 Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,  
 None left to care for me  
 All are passed away.  
 Slowly creep the weary hours  
 Sad to me the opening flowers,  
 Thou only car'st for me  
 Roving Willie Grey.

4

Then would'st thou faithful be!  
 Careless Willie, dashing Willie,  
 Might I but trust in thee,  
 Roving Willie Grey.  
 Trust me then I'll not deceive thee,  
 True and ever kind believe me,  
 I will thy guardian be  
 Mary Lindsey, dear.

3

Then let me care for thee  
 Tearful little Mary Lindsey,  
 Best in the world to me,  
 Mary Lindsey, dear.  
 I will be thy friend forever  
 Wound, or chide, or leave thee never,  
 Best in the world to me  
 Mary Lindsey, dear.

5

Fresh breathe the opening flowers,  
 Birds are singing chimes are ringing,  
 Swift fly the golden hours  
 'Tis the bridal day.  
 Mary's cheek is flushing now,  
 Snowy blossoms wreath her brow,  
 And from the church she cometh now,  
 The bride of Willie Grey.