



Mary Lindsey.

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

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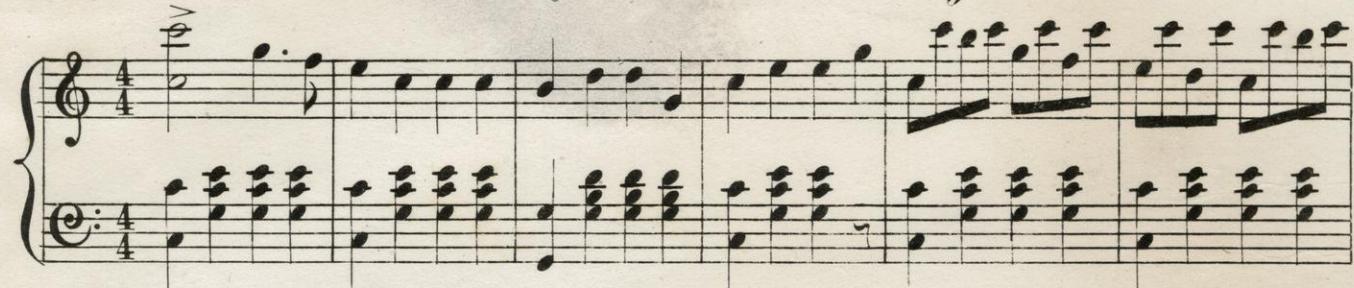
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Sister Lizzie,
from Robert.
Sept. 1852.

MARY LINDSEY
Ballad
WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO
MRS. WALTER GAY
BY
MARION DIX SULLIVAN.

BOSTON. Published by OLIVER DITSON, 25 Washington St



g^{ra}

“Why art thou all a - lone! Mary Lindsey, Ma-ry Lindsey,

So shun’st thou every one! Ma-ry Lindsey dear. Flowers are opening, bees are humming,

2

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.

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.

4

Then wouldst 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.

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.