

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

This song by Crawford—unfortunate in the name assigned to the lover, but yet a pleasant specimen of the genius of its author—was composed to an old air, called from the original song *I'll Never Leave Thee*, which commenced as follows :

Leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
I'll never leave thee.
Gang the world as it will,
I'll never leave thee.

One Day I heard Mary say was printed in the *Tea-table Miscellany* and the *Orpheus Caledonius*, and has been included in all subsequent collections. About 1770, the Italian singer Tenducci made a great success in introducing it to his Edinburgh audiences; and so lately as 1848, the editor had the pleasure of hearing a representation of that great vocalist's manner of singing this song, from a gentleman who not only remembered it well, but could imitate it with tolerable effect. As might be expected, a strong rise in passionate energy at 'Alas, my fond heart will break!' was the *tour de force* of the performance.

The musical score is written on three staves in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and characteristic of an old air. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

One day I heard Ma - ry say, How shall I
leave thee? Stay, dearest A - don - is, stay; Why wilt thou
grieve me? A - las! my fond heart will break,

If thou should leave me: I'll live and die
for thy sake, Yet nev - er leave thee.

One day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay;
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou should leave me:
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceived thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love, that has grieved thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray;
Thou may believe me.
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguish soothe?
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee;
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee ?
Oh ! that thought makes me sad ;
I 'll never leave thee !
Where would my Adonis fly ?
Why does he grieve me ?
Alas ! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.