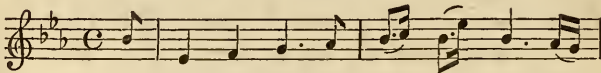
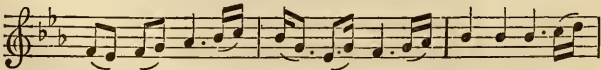


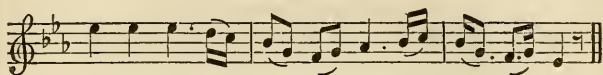
# MARY'S DREAM.



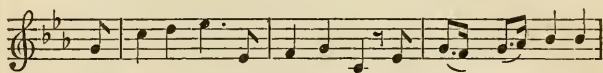
The moon had climbed the high - est hill, Which



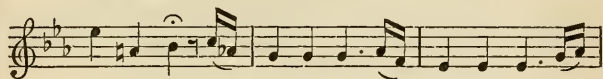
ris - es o'er the source of Dec, And from the eastern



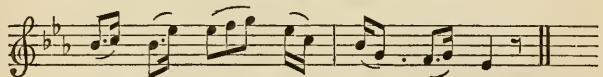
summit shed Her sil - ver light on tower and tree:



When Mar - y laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy



far at sea; When soft and low a voice was heard, Say,



Mar - y, weep no more for me.

The moon had climbed the highest hill,  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tower and tree :  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
 When soft and low a voice was heard,  
 Say, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently raised  
 Her head to ask, who there might be ;  
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
 With visage pale and hollow eye.  
 O Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death ;  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We tossed upon the raging main ;  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain.  
Ev'n then, when horror chilled my blood,  
My heart was filled with love for thee ;  
The storm is past, and I at rest ;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
We soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more.  
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see ;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !

This elegant ballad was the composition of a young man, named Alexander Low, of humble extraction in Galloway, but who obtained a learned education, and became tutor in the family of Mr M'Ghie of Airds, an amiable country gentleman, who had a number of beautiful daughters. While he resided at the Airds, about 1771, the lover of one of the young ladies was lost at sea ; and upon this incident the ballad was composed. The young poet emigrated to America, where he kept an academy for some years, and died in 1798, aged about forty-eight.