

The Beggar man
As young William and Mary
Stood by the Sea side
Their last fair goodwell
For to take

Should you never return
Little Mary she said
I am sure my poor heart
It would break

Don't thus be dismayed
Young William he said
As he pressed her dear hands
By his side

In my absence don't mourn
Should I ever return
I will make little Mary
My bride

Three years passed away
And no news ^{came} could she hear
Till she sat in her
Own cottage door

A beggar man came by
With a patch all on his eye
Quite lame with
Pity he implored

Your charity said he
If you will bestow to me
Your fortune I will
Tell you besides

The labors that you mourn
He never will return
For to make
Little Mary his bride

She started and trembled
At what she had heard
Saying all the money
I have I will give

If that which I ask
You will tell to me true
If it is where does my
Sweet William live

He is living said he
In the greatest poverty
Although shipwrecked
He has been to beside

His return will be no more
Because that he is poor
For to make little
Mary his bride

He lives heaven knows
O the joys that we feel
Although his misfortune
Don't mourn

He would be welcome to me
In the greatest poverty
With his blue jacket
Tattered and torn

The beggar hearing this
Of his old coat he threw
Of his old coat
And crotch too beside

With blue jacket and blue trousers
And cheeks as red as roses
Young William stood by Mary's side

Forgive me young maid
Young William he said
That only your love
That I tried
So to church let us away
By the dawning of day
And I will make
Mary my bride