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MARY BLANE.

Andante.

VOICE. 

PIANO 



  
Oh once I knew a gen-tle maid, And took her for my wife; She

1421

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came from where the orange grows, I loved her as my life. We

hap - py lived no care was ours, She ne-ver caus'd me pain But

Ritard - - - - - Ad lib

on one dark and drea - ry night, I lost poor Ma - ry Blane. Oh! fare-

well, farewell poor Ma - ry Blane, One faithful heart still beats for you; Fare

Ad lib. 5

well, farewell, poor Ma-ry Blane. The fair the fond and true.

2.

While through the forest broad I sped  
 The wild deer's track to gain;  
 An Indian band our hut assail'd  
 And bore off Mary Blane.  
 Long, long I grieved— and search'd the wilds,  
 My efforts were in vain;  
 No one could tell me where to find  
 My much-loved Mary Blane.  
 REFRAIN. Oh! farewell &c.

3.

I ask'd the eagle as he soar'd  
 Above the lofty peak,  
 If he could see my stolen bride,  
 His answer was a shriek.  
 I follow'd him when down he plunged  
 Toward a rocky plain—  
 And there I saw the whitning bones  
 Of my poor Mary Blane.  
 REFRAIN. Oh! farewell &c.