

O, Mary dear, you left me here, I'll never see you more,  
While life remains within my veins your loss I will deplore;  
Each night and day my thoughts will stray to the happy times that we  
Together spent in sweet content from care and sorrow free.

Too soon, alas, those times did pass, when sickness laid you low,  
And at Death's dread call you left us all for evermore in woe;  
We could not believe you'd have to leave all those you lov'd so well,  
Your children small, your people all, in the dark cold grave to dwell.

Keen sorrow's darts do pierce the hearts of your parents dear & kind,  
O, Mary, they're a much-changed pair, no solace can they find;  
Your father's brow is furrowed now, his hair's fast turning grey,  
Your mother pale does loud bewail her grievous loss each day.

Your brothers and your sisters feel hard the cruel blow  
That in your prime in so short a time laid their dear-lov'd sister  
Both those at home and o'er the <sup>low</sup> foam for you shed many a tear,  
No more they'll meet and warmly greet their darling sister here.

Your children, too, will sore miss you - poor James and little Dan,  
Tho' for your sake of them we'll take all the loving care we can;  
Of you bereft they're early left to your loving mother's care,  
Who's noway loath to rear them both - no trouble does she spare

Oh! machree, machree, you have left me heart-broken, sad, and lone,  
With no one nigh to hear my sigh or pity my sad moan;  
While others sleep I pray and weep, my Mary dear, for thee;  
But tears are vain, they won't bring again my lov'd one back to me.

When I wish to read I can pay no heed to paper or to book,  
For I think I see you close by me, your face, your voice, your look;  
As we used to sit while you'd sew or knit in the happy days now gone;  
'Twas God's decree we'd parted be, His holy will be done.

Does your spirit e'er revisit where in life you lov'd to be  
To your cherish'd home can you e'er come your children dear to see  
In fancy oft I hear your sweet voice so low yet clear  
It soothes my grief and gives relief to think you may be near.

Oh, how free we were from grief & care those two brief happy years,  
When God wou'd it so you'd have to go and leave me here in tears;  
But I pray and trust that amongst the just a fair will meet  
or high

May I worthy be that bliss to see; now, Mary dear, good-bye.