

# The Garden Gate

The day was gone, the  
moon shone bright, The vil - lage clock struck eight,  
Young Ma-ry hast-ened with de-light Un - to the gar-den gate.  
But what was there to \_\_\_ make her sad? The \_\_\_  
gate was there but \_\_\_ not the lad; Which  
made poor Ma - - - ry  
say and sigh, "Was ev - er poor girl so used as I?"

The musical score is written on seven staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first line starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some phrases spanning across bar lines. The final line ends with a double bar line.

The day was gone, the moon shone bright,  
The village clock struck eight,  
Young Mary hasened with de-light  
Unto the garden gate.  
But what was there to make her sad?  
The gate was there but not the lad;  
Which made poor Mary say and sigh,  
"Was ever poor girl so used as I?"

She waited here, she waited there,  
The village clock struck nine;  
Which made poor Mary to sigh and swear  
"You shan't, you shan't be mine;  
You promised to meet me here at eight  
You have deceived me and made me wait  
But I'll let all such sweethearts see  
They never shall make a fool of me."

She traced the garden here and there,  
The village clock struck ten,  
When William caught her in his arms,  
Oh ne'er to part again.  
For he had been for the ring that day  
Which took him from home such a long, long way,  
Then how could Mary cruel prove  
To banish the lad she so dearly did love?

Up with the morning sun they rose  
To church they went away,  
And all the village joyful were,  
Upon their wedding-day.  
Now in a cot by a river side,  
William and Mary both reside;  
And she blesses the night that she did wait  
For her absent swain at the garden gate.