

## Of Mary Ann

I met a girl named Mary Ann,  
So sweet and very shy.  
I fell in love and promised her  
I'll love you till I die.

I wondered how it came to me,  
An ordinary guy,  
Her words so sweet, when spoken low,  
I'll love you till I die.

I'll not forget the way she looked;  
I heard her softly sigh,  
As she stood by my side and said  
I'll love you till I die.

But skies grew dark with clouds of war,  
I heard the battle cry.  
We said goodbye and whispered low,  
I'll love you till I die.

The days stretched into endless nights  
Beneath a shell-lit sky,  
Whose only comfort was her words,  
I'll love you till I die.

Her letters did not fill the void;  
They did not satisfy  
The longing in my heart to hear  
I'll love you till I die.

Then slowly came the sick'ning shock,  
From her came no reply,  
And I was here and could not say,  
I'll love you till I die.

Sweet Mary Ann, my heart cried out,  
O do not say good-bye.  
I'm here—so far—O hear me say,  
I'll love you till I die.

One black and bitter day it came  
I felt my blood run dry,  
For you will never say again,  
I'll love you till I die.

O god damn him who whispered low  
Those words upon the sly,  
To my own wife, my Mary Ann,  
I'll love you till I die.

The push is on and time runs short,  
A man can only try;  
But blood runs fast upon the ground.  
I'll love you till I die.

—Evelyn Wagner.

