

# When Mary goes walking

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

*A delightful poem by Patrick Reginald Chalmers (1872—1942).  
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*Music by Dany Rosevear ©*



When Ma - ry goes walk - ing, The au - tumn winds blow, The pop - lars they curt - sey, The  
lar - ches bend low; The oaks and the bee - ches Their gold they fling down, To  
make her a car - pet, To make her a crown. To make her a crown.

When Mary goes walking The autumn winds blow,  
The poplars, they curtsy, The larches bend low;  
The oaks and the beeches  
Their gold they fling down,  
To make her a carpet, To make her a crown.  
To make her a carpet, To make her a crown.



When Mary goes wand'ring The sun shines like gold,  
The wheat and the barley, Their goodness unfold;  
The larks in the meadow Praise her from the sky,  
And sing her a glad song Till evening is nigh.



When Mary is sleeping The autumn stars shine,  
They twinkle and shimmer In darkest night time;  
The moon with its waxing And waning on high,  
Whispers its secrets For Mary's delight.

