

Mary Blaize

Kate Rusby

Good people all with one accord,
Lament for Mary Blaize,
She never wanted one good word,
From those who spoke her praise,
The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind,
She freely lent to all the poor,
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbour hood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
She never followed wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning,
At church in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew,
But when she closed her eyes.

Her love was sought I do declare,
By twenty beaux and more,
The King himself did seem to care,
Where she had walked before,
But wealth and finery all fled,
And hangers-on all gone,
The doctors found when she was dead,
The life within her none.

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From those who spoke her praise,
The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind,
She freely lent to all the poor
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Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelve month more,
She had not died today.