

# I Am Waiting At The Door, Mary Ann - song lyrics

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I Am Waiting at the Door, Mary Ann.

No rose that blows, or flower that grows, smells half so sweet to me  
As the girl to whom I hope that I will shortly married be;  
Her father said his girl should wed a man of high degree;  
And he makes full sure, When he locks his door, his daughter I shan't see.

Chorus.

I am waiting at the door, Mary Ann, Mary Ann!  
Where I've often been before, Mary Ann, Mary Ann!  
If your father's in, come out  
And we'll take a stroll about;  
If he's not, then I'll come in. Mary Ann, Mary Ann!  
If he's not, then I'll come in, Mary Ann, Mary Ann!

I like her father well enough, but he does not care for me,  
And he won't let Mary Ann enjoy her sweetheart's companee;  
So I wait about the house all day, and when the night comes round.  
Right full of love for my turtle-dove on the doorstep I am found.-Chorus.

I wish I was a sailor bold, that ploughs the angry sea,  
Or a great big gilded drummer in the Royal Artillereee-  
I would go straight to her father's house, like a noble of the land.  
And I'd say, "Proud sir, I will not stir" till I gain your daughter's hand.-Cho.