

# My Mary Green - song lyrics

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MY MARY GREEN

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Words and Music by Henry Lamb.

Close beside a running brook, just outside the town,  
Dwells a little maiden fair, with curly locks of brown;  
Red her cheeks And blue her eyes, winning are her smiles,  
A fairer maid cannot be found around for many miles.  
I take her Monday for a walk, on Tuesday to the play.  
On Wednesday night we take a drive, and so from day to day;  
The neighbors all, both great and small, in doorways may be seen,  
They nod and smile as we pass by, and say there's Mary Green.

Refrain.

Airy, fairy, contrary, is Mary Green,

She's the belle of the town, that is plainly seen;

All the girls they are jealous of her, I ween,

Mary, my Mary, she's just like a fairy, my Mary Green.

What a change has come about the wedding's close at hand,  
That little church is being trimmed and decorated grand;  
I'll walk beside my Mary dear, to music played the while,  
Our friends will all admire us then as we march down the aisle.  
The parson he will join our hands, and make us man and wife,  
And ev'ry one will wish us joy thro'out our future life;  
So I invite you, one and all, to surely he on hand.  
And see me married to the sweetest creature in the land.- Refrain.