

Mary Lamb - song lyrics

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MARY LAMB.

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Words by Barry W. Emmet. Music by G. M. Rosenberg.

A little maid with golden hair,
And bright and teasing eyes,
Drove many a youth to wild despair,
Caused many a lover sighs.
But one remained his fate to dare,
His love too strong to pine,
And thus he spoke to the maiden fair
As he said, dear love, be mine:

Chorus.

"Mary, Mary, why are you so contrary?

Though you kiss and love me so, your love seems all a sham.

Please say yes, dear, give me a fond caress, dear;

Hand and heart we ne'er shall part, my own Mary Lamb."

One night the maiden's house caught fire,
But he dashed in so brave,
The blazing stairs he mounted high'r,
His heart's best love to save;
Unconscious in his arms he bore
The maid he longed to wed,
And when she looked upon him once more
This was all the poor boy said:- Chorus.

That little maiden gave her hand
To him who'd saved her life,
And for a year in all this land
There's been no happier wife.
A little Mary, too, they own,
A tiny baby belle;
And bye and bye, when she's older grown,
Will be said to her as well: - Chorus.