

My Mary's A Fairy - song lyrics

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MY MARY'S A FAIRY.

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Words by Wm. C. Dunn. Music by George Reichmann.

My Mary lives in a little cot, at foot of a wooded hill,
Where flowers' breath perfumes the air and feathered songsters trill.
She waits each eve down by the gate, after my farm work's done;
I count the hours and long, all day, for setting of the sun;
And then we stroll thro' shaded dells, my arm around sweet Mary,
I'm happy only when with her, my charming little fairy.

Chorus.

My Mary's a fairy, light-hearted and airy.
Her eyes sparkle brightly, her laugh rings with glee;
She's spicy and witty, bewitchingly pretty,
And dresses as neatly as you'd wish to see;
That she loves me truly I know, yes, surely;
And some day, quite soon, we married shall be.

On Sundays we a-rambling go through leafy paths and lanes;
I pick wild flowers and form of them sweet-scented floral chains;
And these I bind about my love, a willing captive she,
Whose merry laugh proclaims she has no wish to be set free;
And then I kiss her lips so sweet, her blushes coming brightly.
Of course, she can't resist, because her hands are bound so tightly.- Cho.

Last year I bought, a little farm, and now it's all my own;
I till the ground from morn till night, not for myself alone;
For soon I'll bring my Mary there, to share its fruits with me;
As man and wife we'll lead a life, from care and sorrow free;
And if we're blessed with children dear, I know they'll be like Mary;
Light-hearted, laughing, romping sprites, each one a little fairy - Chorus.