

# Sweet Little Mary, The Pride Of The Dairy - song lyrics

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Sweet Little Mary, The Pride of the Dairy.  
Copyright, 1893, by Frank Harding.  
Words and Music by Arthur West.  
Arranged by Stocks Hammond.

Down on the farm every day of her life,  
Is the girl that I hope will some day Be my wife;  
She's the prettiest colleen you ever did see,  
So come to the wedding of Mary and me.  
I haven't yet asked her if she will consent,  
For, somehow or other, wherever she went,  
I'd no time to ask her until Sunday next,  
But I think she'll say yes, and not try to look vexed.

Chorus.  
For, when she goes to milk the cow, I am always there somehow,  
And my heart jumps near my throat, near the nosegay, in my coat;  
When I help her o'er the stile she gives me a fairy smile,  
Sweet little Mary, "the pride of the dairy," the only girl I love.

Brighter than sunshine Is Mary's sweet smile,  
And I never feel happy, unless, for a while  
She'll leave off her work for a moment or two,  
If only to any to me, John, how d'ye do;  
As we both go home I keep telling my tale,  
But, Mary, she laughs as I curry the pail;  
I try to tell her of my love all the while,  
But all that I get is a wink or a smile.- Chorus.

I've fifty dollars saved up in the bank,  
And only my own hard, honest labor to thank,  
But, Mary, sweet Mary, has more wealth than me,  
Though not to her name is a bill with a V.  
What wealth can equal her beautiful blue eyes,  
Those diamonds are brighter than stars in the skies,  
Her teeth are like pearls, looking lovely and rare,  
And no bank has the gold of her bright golden hair.- Chorus.