Good-Morning, Mary Carey!

Words and Music by
MAX HOFFMANN.

Right Hand.

Voice.

1. In far-off Tipp-e-
2. My Mary's like a

ra-r-o-ry lives Mary Carey
rose bud nobody knows

my own Col-

teen

She is the sweetest fairy
Her lips are red as cherries.

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my darling Mary my Irish queen
or ripe strawberries that swim in cream

When she's tripp-ing thro' the meadow
ev'-ry morn at break of day,
gather near. Then when they try to whisper,

and to my Mary I softly say.
I'll say to Mary so all can hear.

Good Morning etc. 4
CHORUS.

Good morning Mary Carey my

On Repeat play Right Hand one Octave higher.

Mary good morning the

thrush is calling, Mary won't you

stop and hear his plea I'll
lead you to the altar don't fallter, ma-vour-neen, sure I-rish eyes can
tell no lies, a glance from yours is par-a-dise, good morn-ing

Mary Ca-rey. Good rey.