"My Little Blarney Stone"

or

Tipperary Mary Carey.

Music by

BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT.

Allegro moderato.

Since the day I met you, Mary, I have
If you'll have me, Mary Carey, you can
been a better man, Sure I'm happy an' a singing all day
always draw me pay, And I'll got up ev'ry morn an' light the
long, For it's you that keeps me sober as no
fire, I'll be satisfied with on'y just me

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oth-er wo-man can, It's no won-der that my love for you is
car-fare ev-ry day, You can keep the rest to spend as you de-

strong. On the day I met you, Ma-ry, then I knew ye were my
sire. When Cas-ey went to Ire-land, sure he told whin he came

fate, For the on-ly thing I ev-er loved be-
fore was whiskey
back, Of how he gave the Blar-ney-stone a real old I-

straight; Though I thought I loved "Be-
de-lia," she's com-
plete-ly out of
smack, But be-
gor-rah! if you'll on-
ly let me be your And-

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date, With my lit-tle Tip-per-a-ry Blar-ney-stone.
Mack, You can al-ways be my lit-tle Blar-ney-stone.

Chorus.

Tip-per-a-ry Mar-ry Car-rey, You're the lit-tle
girl for me, You've a smile a-bout you,

Mar-ry, That would set old Ire-land free.
Think it over, Mary Carey,

I don't want to live alone, Oh!

Mary me and you will see how good to ye I'll always be,

Mary, Mary, stop yer kid-din', An' I'll always do yer bid-din',

My little Blarney Stone. Stone