SINCE I FELL IN LOVE WITH MARY.

Words and Music by
WILLIAM CAHILL.

Allegretto

When I left my sweetheart
On the day that Mary

Mary in old Ireland o'er the sea,
The last words that she
Kearney sets her foot upon our shore,
It's me-self that will be

said was, "Don't forget to send for me."
So I'm
happy, sure, I'll ask for nothing more.
As I

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saving up and hope someday to bring her here in style,
used to do in Ireland, in Killarney by the sea,
I will

heart I have a longing for my Mary all the while,
roll her in my arms, for she is all this world to me,
My

poco rit.

Mary from Killarney is a dream,
Mary from Killarney is a dream,
No

poco rit.

finer Irish girl you've ever seen,
finer Irish girl you've ever seen,
CHORUS

Since I fell in love with Mary, Sure, I don't know what to do,

Mary is an Irish lady

through and through, On her
tongue she has the Blarney, Born in old Killarney, The
devil a one can say a word against my Mary Kearney,

Since I fell in love with Mary, Sure, I
don't know what to do.