Mary, I Love You.

Words by
Archie Fletcher.

Tempo di Schottische.

Music by
Harry McNamara.

VOICE.

Piano.

ver - y much in love with Ma - ry, The sweet-est lit - tle girl in town, Her
spring I'll bring a ring to Ma - ry, At last she's promised to be mine, We

lips are like the red, red ros - es, Her eyes a ver - y pret - ty shade of
picked a cot - tage in the coun - try, Where whip-poor-wills are sing - ing all the

brown, The oth - er night while stroll-ing in the moon - light, I
time, When the moon is steal - ing o'er the hill - side,
gently took her hand in mine,
And all nature seems at rest,
She tried to turn away but
I'll sit with her once more, as

still I made her stay, And listen to those words of love;
for in the days of yore, And sing the song she loves the best, for

Chorus

Mary, my pretty Mary

love you because you're cheery, never tired, or weary
Some day

Mary, I Love You, 3
I hope that we may go on our honey moon some day under the silver moon. Come dear, don't be so slow dear.

won't you decide to be my bride then we'll both a-hide, Down in lover's town cause Mary I love you.