My Irish Dearie

Words by
WM. JEROME

Music by
JEAN SCHWARTZ

Marcia

Dearie, in my heart,
Something wants to start,
Dearie, don't you fear,
Father Burke lives near.

Well

Your blue eyes have captured me completely,
Call around to see him Easter Sunday.

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Gazing on your charms, My strong loving arms
Bought the brand of gold, It’s yours for life to hold. Well

Want to hold you lovingly and sweetly,
Start our honeymoon on Easter Monday.

On St. Patrick’s Day that we first met;
The single life is lonely, don’t you think?

The kiss you gave me then I’ve got it yet,
Enough to drive a decent man to drink!

My Irish Dearie a
REFRAIN.

Dearie, my Irish Dearie,

Save all your real smiles for me;

Don't let your heart grow weary, dearie,

Think of me constantly. Now dearie, don't get weary.

My Irish Dearie 4
True love is nice and cheery.

Say that you're glad to be here. Hold me tight with all your might, your eyes are full of love to-night. Dearie, my dear.

My Irish Dearie 4