Mary And John - song lyrics

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MARY AND JOHN.
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Arranged by Joseph Schwenseck. Sung by Miss Nellie Parker.

Mary and John, a loving young couple.
Together sat side by side, as sweet lovers frequently do;
Telling soft tales, their hearts both as light as a feather.
Vowing that they would ever be constant and true;
But time told its tale, and up went the nose of sweet Mary
At what her John to some other damsel had said.
He, with a smile, paid, "Why should you be so contrary?
You know full well we shortly expect to be wed."
Chorus.
"I won't be your wife," said Mary.
"Well, maybe you won't," said John.
"I hate such a brute," said Mary.
"' But other girls don't," said John.
"I'll go right away to the dairy,
I ne'er wish to see you more!"
Said John, with a smile, "Dear Mary,
You've told me the same before!"

Mary sat down, the tears her sweet eyes were fast filling;
Looked at her John submissively down by her side;
John gazed at her, to make up the quarrel was willing;
He slyly laughed, altho' to keep solemn he tried;
Out came his pipe, soon clouds of smoke was puffing
Into the air. with countenance calm and serene;
She slowly rose and said, "I am going to leave you!"
John, with a smile, was quietly enjoying the scene.

Chorus.
"I'm going away," said .Mary.
"Well, just suit yourself," said John.
"You're like all the rest," said Mary.
"Well, maybe I am," said John.
"I'll just drown myself," said Mary;
Perhaps, that will set you free!"
Said John, "On your way, dear Mary,
Send Molly Malone to me!"

Slowly she rose, almost convulsively sighing,
One fond good-bye, she never might see him again;
John knew full well the love in his heart was not dying;
Sorry he felt to cause his sweet Mary such pain;
Then up quick he jumped, to him there was no one like Mary;
Dried all her tears, and pressed her at once to his heart.
She said," Dear John, forgive me for being contrary!"
And, as before, they would never more depart.

Chorus.
Then John he got squeezing Mary,
And Mary was squeezing John.
He vows she's the sweetest fairy
That ever the sun shone on;
And now little Mary's laughing,
Her head resting on his breast;
With that I'll conclude my story,
No doubt you can guess the rest.