Plain Mary Smith - song lyrics

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PLAIN MARY SMITH.
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Words and Blusic by W. T. Francis.

As sweet as the scent of the new mown hay,
Bright as the sunshine of fair summer's day,
An angel of goodness, no fairy or myth,
Her name will surprise you, 'tis plain Mary Smith.
We've played together in days gone by,
We've quarreled a little, sweet Mary and I;
We've played keeping house, had six courses of pie,
A cook-stove and dishes, and a doll that would cry.
Things went on quite smoothly, and all was serene,
Until Tommy Owen appeared on the scene;
He made love to Mary, she flirted, the pair
Filled my childish heart with the deepest despair.

Chorus.
Listen to me Mary, please don't be contrary.
If you'll be my wife I'll love you through life,
I will, my Mary Smith;
Listen to me, Mary, please don't be contrary,
I love you, I do, honest and true, you'll be
my own, my sweet Mary.

The dishes are broken, the dollie is lost,
The stove for old iron was sold below cost:
And Mary has grown, oh! so stately and tall,
I've asked her, and we're to be married next fall.
I've a near little cottage, 'tis all painted white,
With pretty green blinds, a beautiful sight;
There's a parlor, and piano, and pantry as well,
And a cute Little maid to ring our dinner-bell.
Tom Owen and I are the very best friends,
For the sorrow he caused me he has made amends;
He hopes we may have six girls and six boys,
And says we must let him buy them all their toys.-Chorus.