Miranda, When We Are Made One - song lyrics

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Miranda, When We Are Made One.
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Words by Edward Harris an. Music by Dave Braham.

Major-Miranda, when we are made one,
At breakfast, or dinner, or tea,
The happiest pair 'neath the sun,
Oh, when Misses Gilfeather you'll be.
Miranda-In a neat little cottage we'll dwell alone,
Free from all trouble and worldly care;
I long for to wed you and call you my own,
And this life's weary burden to share.

Together.
Oh, Miranda, when we are made one, at breakfast, or dinner, or tea;
The happiest pair 'neath the sun, oh, when Misses Gilfeather you'll (I'll) be.

Miranda-Oh, major, when we are made one,
On ocean, or land, or the sea,
The happiest pair 'neath the sun,
Oh, when Misses Gilfeather I'll be.
Major-On a cold winter's eve by the Are so bright,
Sealed alone, dear, so warm and snug,
We'll watch the tom-cat, love, asleep on the rug,
And we'll hear the clock lick in the night -Refrain.

Major-Miranda, when we are made one,
So lovingly merry and free,
The happiest pair "Death the sun,
Oh, when Misses Gilfeather you'll be.
Miranda-In the Indian summer, out on the grass,
Croquet and tennis we'll play each day.
Eat dumplings and puddings and sweet apple sass,
Now just merely to pass time away.-Refrain.

Miranda-Oh, major, when we are made one,
So charmingly we will agree,
The happiest pair 'neath the sun,
Oh, when Misses Gilfeather I'll be.
Major- Should kind fortune favor us with an heir,
A popsey, a wopsey, oh, dear, what joy!
I'll make him a major in style debonaire,
Oh, provided, my love, 'tis a boy.-Refrain.