

Mary and John

OSWALD STOLL

Waltz Time

mf

1. Ma - ry and John down in a dis - tant old
 2. Ma - ry turned round, just went a step or two
 3. Tears filled her eyes as with her a - pron she

cresc.

vil - lage, Fell deep in love and were en -
 from him, Then at her John one fare - well
 cov - ered Her pret - ty face, heav - ing a

dim. *mf*

gag'd to be wed; But one fine day
 sly glance she took; Think - ing per - haps,
 heart - rend - ing sigh; All now seems o'er,

up went the sweet nose of Ma - - ry, At But what her
 he was al - ready re - pent - - ing, ing, he
 what was the use of her stay - - ing, Turn - - ing to

cresc. *dim.*

John of some oth - er girl had said.
 said was "why don't you take your hook."
 John she then gent - ly said "Good - bye."

mf *cresc.*

John simply smiled, he was much giv - en to
 Out came his pipe, soon clouds of smoke he was
 Up like a shot jumped the young fel - low all

dim. *mf* *cresc.*

teas - ing, And some old song soft - ly he
 puff - ing, In to the air stretch'd out full
 smil - ing, Touched to the heart by such a

dim. *mf* *cresc.*

start - ed to sing. Ma - ry with rage
 lengthon the green Ma - ry stood by
 ten - der fare - well Kissed all the tears

dim. *mf*

ev' - ry mo - ment grew warm - er,
 some - how her heart was nigh break - ing,
 from the sweet face of his Ma - ry,
 And at his
 Had John be -
 Told her the

cresc.

feet threw their en - gage - ment ring. "I
 come tired of his vil - lage queen? "Well,
 tales fond lov - ers al - ways tell, "Then

won't be your wife" said Ma - ry, "Thank good - ness for that" said
 am I to go?" said Ma - ry, "I don't care a rap," said
 John - ny can - ud - led Ma - ry, And Ma - ry can - ud - led

mf

John. "I hate such a brute," said Ma - ry, "But o - ther girls
 John. "To spite you I won't" said Ma - ry, "Well may be yer
 John. He vow'd that fair - er fai - ry, He nev - er had

f *mf*

don't," said John. "I'm go - ing back to the dai - ry," "Well,
 won't" said John. "Oh why are you so con - tra - ry, I'll
 gazed up - on, And while lit - tle Ma - ry's laugh - ing, Her

f

that's just as well" said he. "I hope you'll be at the
 drown my - self, sir," said she. Said John "on your way, dear
 head rest - ing on his breast, With that I'll con - clude the

mf *cresc.*

wed - ding of Mol - ly Ma - lone and me."
 Ma - ry, Send Mol - ly Ma - lone to me."
 sto - ry, No doubt you can guess the rest.