

Words by
OTTO HARBACH

Mary

from *Mary*

Music by
LOUIS A. HIRSCH

Moderato



I'm not a girl that you'd call state - ly;
I'm not the kind called in - tel - lect - ual,



I'm not the kind that walks se - date - ly; I'm not the haugh - ty kind,
Whose reas - 'ning pow'rs are so ef - fect - ual; Nor yet the spright - ly kind,



Nor yet the naught - y kind, Who with some fel - low's heart is al - ways play - ing.
The ver - y flight - y kind, Who keeps some dot - ing fel - low al - ways guess - ing;



I'm not a girl that you'd call queen - ly
And yet you'd nev - er call me gloom - y—



Who floats her way through life ser - ene - ly; I'm not a smart - y girl,
My heart is big and warm and room - y With lots of lat - i - tude



I'm just a heart - y girl Who al - ways has a lot of fel - lows say - ing:
And full of grat - i - tude When - e'er I hear a lov - ing chap con - fess - ing:

Refrain
Slow with expression



Ma - ry, I sim-ply ought to mar-ry, What shall I do?_____



Ma - ry, I've sim-ply got to mar-ry some-one like you._____ She must be



ten-der and true_____ And just as slen-der as you;_____ She must be



truth - ful all through_____ And just as youth - ful as you!_____



But when of course I know there's Ma - ry; An-oth-er girl who has your



man-ner and poise._____ Ma - ry, An-oth-er girl who has your



way with the boys;_____ There's none whose style is so neat,_____ Whose lov-ing



smile is so sweet._____ Who ev-er knew _____ such eyes of heav-en - ly blue?_____ So dar-ling



Ma - ry, I've sim-ply got to mar-ry you._____ you._____