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The Bus

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THE BUS,

Or, "Mary MacIntyre."

SUNG BY PAT RAFFERTY.

There's only one girl I would have for my wife,
And that's Mary—Mary!
With her I'd run double harness for life,
Mary MacIntyre!
Every morn at the break of the day,
Coming and going from work ho! so gay,
She rides on my bus, but her fare she won't pay,
Does Mary MacIntyre!

Chorus.

Mary is young and fair!
Mary has golden hair!
She rides upon my bus in dear old London!
She sits by my side each day,
Now she's stole my heart away,
And I drive the bus that Mary rides on!

I said, "Let's hitch up! and we'll make a fine team!
Unto Mary—Mary!
You hold the reins—Life will pass like a dream—
Mary MacIntyre!
But Mary said "No, I'll not hearken your sighs,
Till you drive with a handkerchief round your eyes,
Your bus over London Bridge, then win the prize
Of Mary MacIntyre! *Chorus.*

Blindfolded I made a most desperate try
To win Mary—Mary!
And in the old rag made a hole for my eye,
And won Mary MacIntyre!
I drove just as straight as a shot from a gun,
But now we are wed I can't see the fun,
I wish London Bridge had fell through when I won
Young Mary MacIntyre! *Chorus.*