When I Met You At The Fair In Tipperary

Words by
STANLEY MURPHY

Music by
WILLIAM J. MCKENNA

Moderato

A quaint old fashioned couple,

Your smile just like the sunbeam,

on St. Patrick's morn, Stood watching the Parade go down the street;

brightened up the skies, Your voice was like the singing of the thrush,

Their thoughts went back to Ireland, where they both were born. As they

'Twas heaven to me darling, when I gazed in your eyes. The
When I met you etc. 3
CHORUS

When you wore a wreath of posies, and a little bow of green, The

boys and girls they called you "Pretty Mary," And you're

just as sweet at sixty as you were at sweet sixteen, When I

met you at the fair in Tipperary.

When I met you etc. 3