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When I marry Mr Snow

Reference number PT0451

CARRIE

His name is Mister Snow,
And an up-standin' man is he.
He comes home every night in his round-bottomed boat
With a net full of herring from the sea.

An almost perfect beau,
As refined as a girl could wish.
But he spends so much time in his round-bottomed boat,
That he can't seem to lose the smell of fish!

The furst time he kissed me, the whiff from his clo'es
Knocked me flat on the floor of the room,
But now that I love him, my heart's in my nose,
And fish is my fav'rite perfume!

Last night he spoke quite low,
And a fair-spoken man is he,
And he said "Miss Pipperidge, I'd like it fine
If I could be wed with a wife,
And, indeed, Miss Pipperidge, if you'll be mine,
I'll be yours fer the rest of my life."

Next moment we were promised!
And now my mind's in a maze,
Fer all it can do is look forward to
That wonderful day of days.

When I marry Mister Snow,
The flowers 'll be buzzin' with the hum of bees,
The birds 'll make racket in the churchyard trees,
When I marry Mister Snow.

Then it's off to home we'll go,
And both of us 'll look a little dreamy-eyed,
A drivin' to a cottage by the oceanside
Where the salty breezes blow.

He'll carry me 'cross the threshold,
And I'll be as meek as a lamb.
Then he'll set me on my feet,
And I'll say, kind a sweet,
"Well, Mister Snow, here I am!"

Then I'll kiss him so he'll know
That evry'thin 'll be as right as right ken be,
A livin' in a cottage by the sea with me,
For I love that Mister Snow,
That young, sea-farin',
bold and darin',
Big, bewhiskered, overbearin' darlin',
Mister Snow!