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1891

MARY
AND JOHN
OR THE
LOVERS QUARREL.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

OSWALD STOLL.



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MARY AND JOHN.

LOVERS QUARREL.

Written and Composed

by OSWALD STOLL.

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 3/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ending with a quarter note C5. The left hand plays a bass line with chords, starting with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3, then a half note D3, and ending with a quarter note C3.

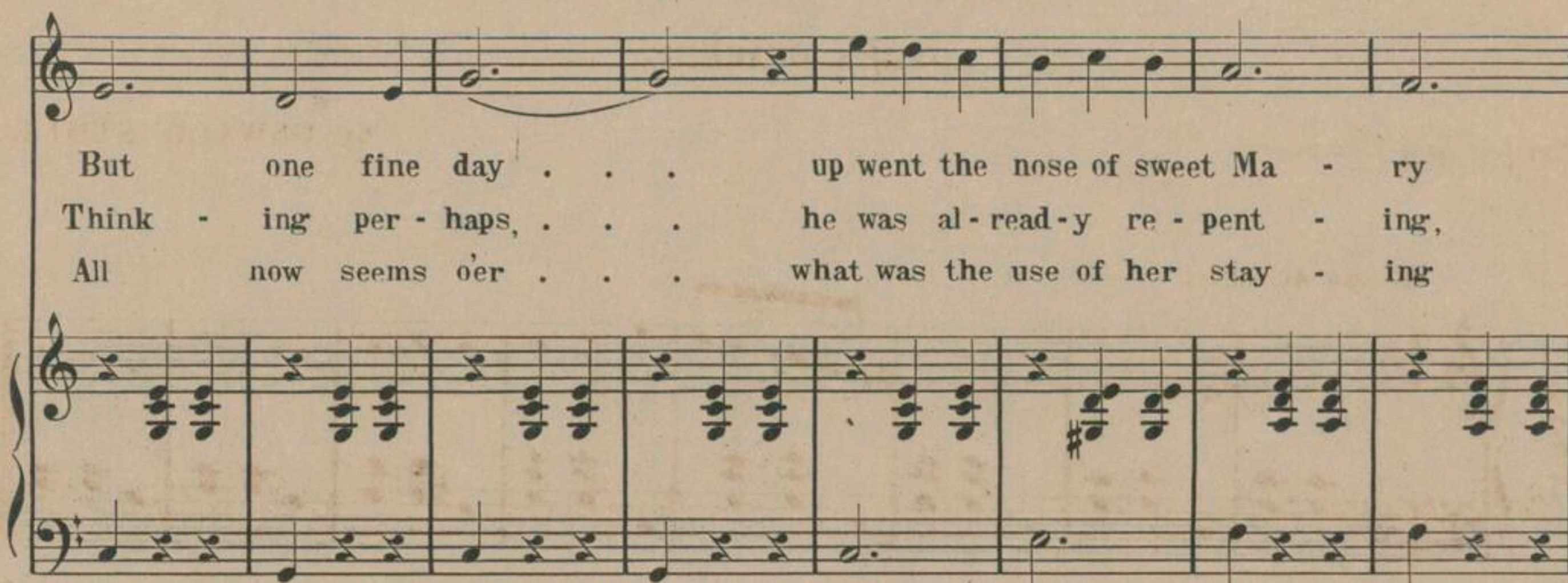
The second system of the piano introduction continues the melody and bass line. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5, then a half note A5, and ending with a quarter note G5. The left hand bass line continues with chords, starting with a quarter note D2, followed by quarter notes E2, F2, and G2, then a half note A2, and ending with a quarter note G2.

Ma - ry and John . . . down in a distant old vil - lage
 Ma - ry turned round . . . just went a step or two from him
 Tears filled her eyes . . . as with her apron she cov - ered

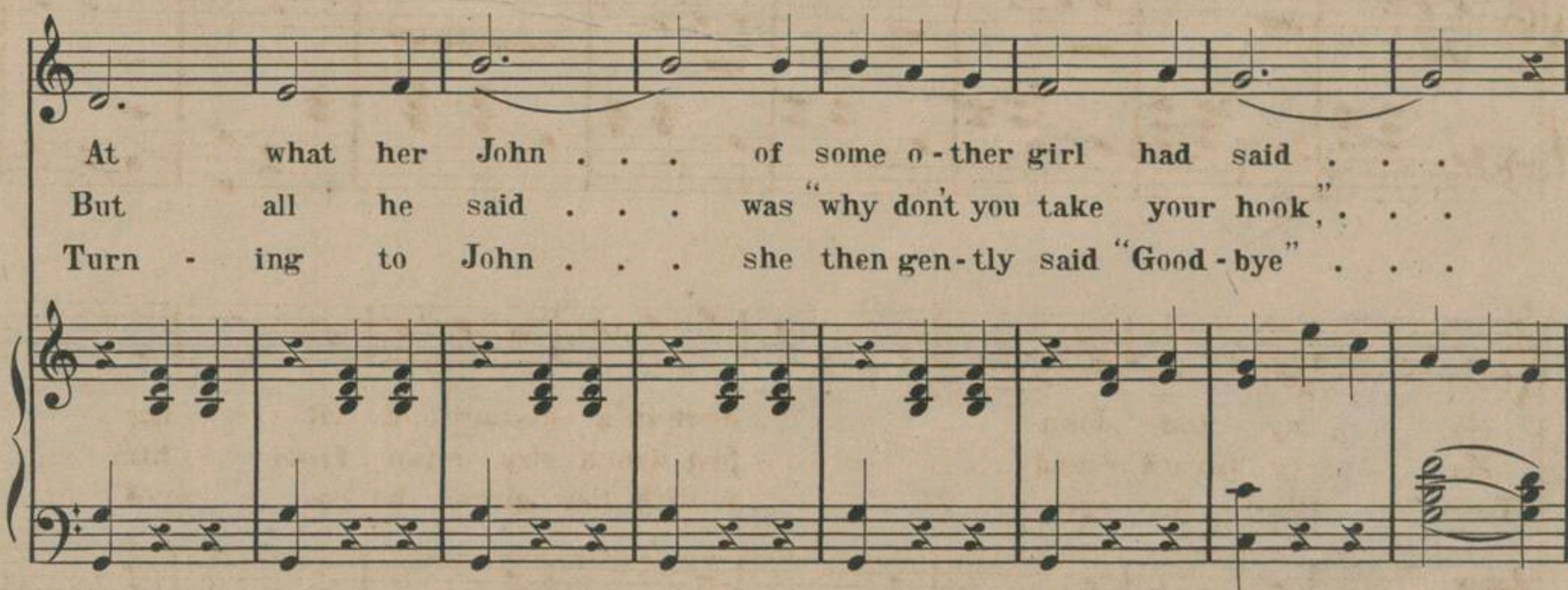
The piano accompaniment for the first verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The left hand plays a bass line with chords, starting with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3, then a half note D3, and ending with a quarter note C3.

Fell deep in love . . . and were en-gag'd to be wed, . . .
 Then at her John . . . one farewell sly glance she took, . . .
 Her pret - ty face, . . . heaving a heartrending sigh, . . .

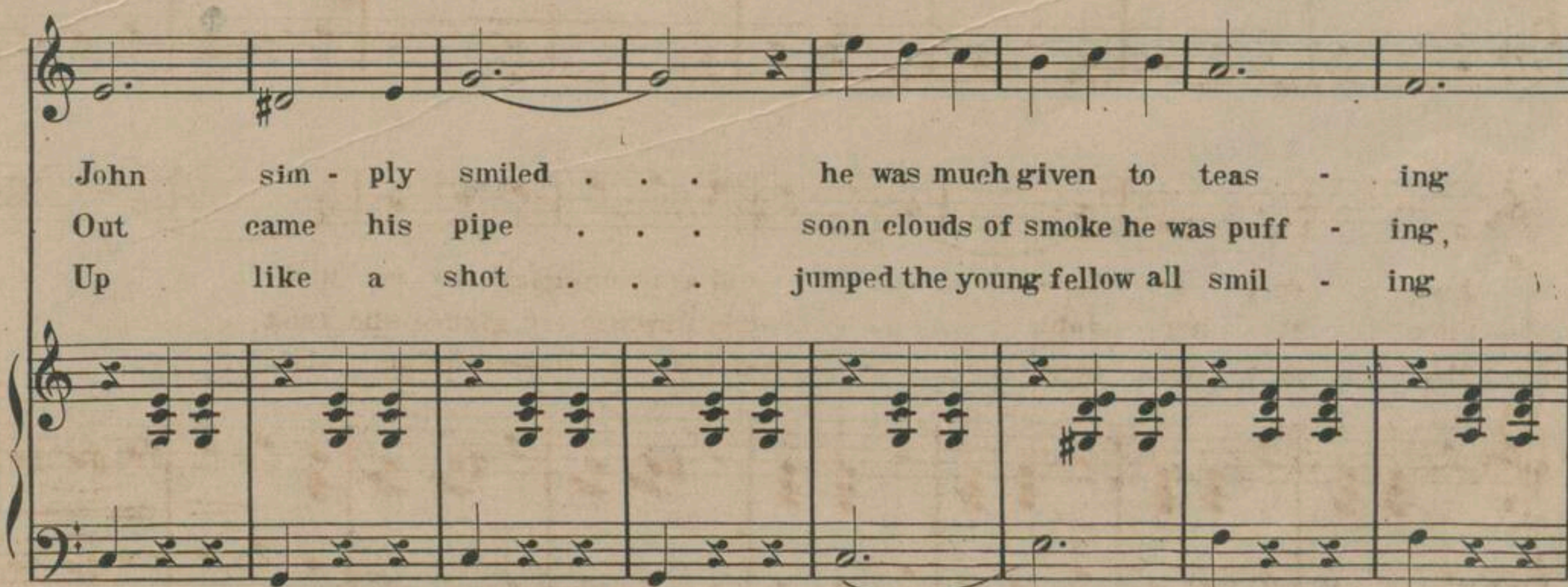
The piano accompaniment for the second verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The left hand plays a bass line with chords, starting with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3, then a half note D3, and ending with a quarter note C3.



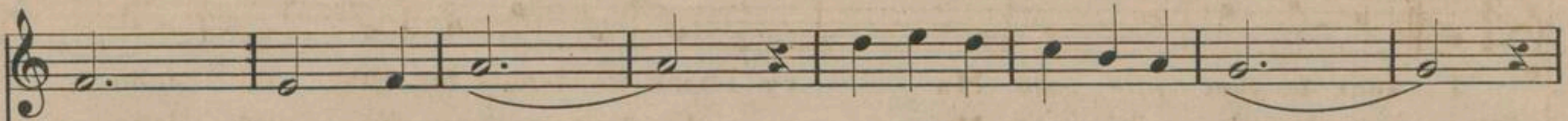
But one fine day . . . up went the nose of sweet Ma - ry
 Think - ing per - haps, . . . he was al - read - y re - pent - ing,
 All now seems o'er . . . what was the use of her stay - ing



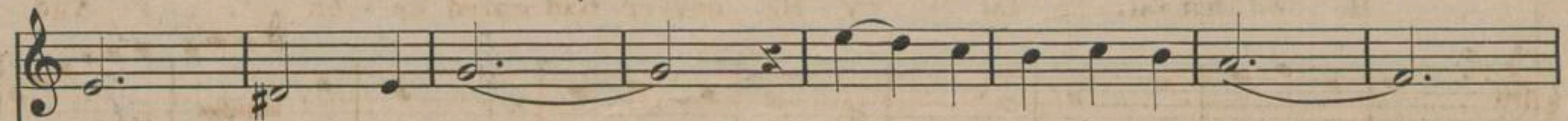
At what her John . . . of some o - ther girl had said . . .
 But all he said . . . was "why don't you take your hook", . . .
 Turn - ing to John . . . she then gen - tly said "Good - bye" . . .



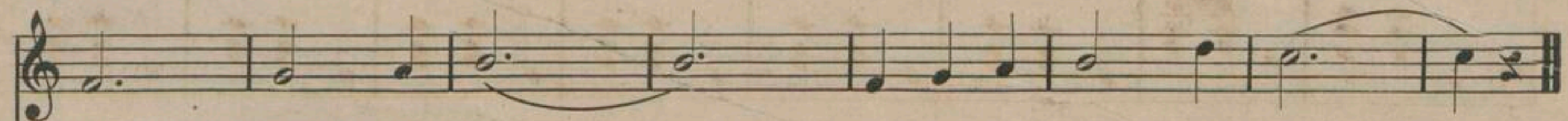
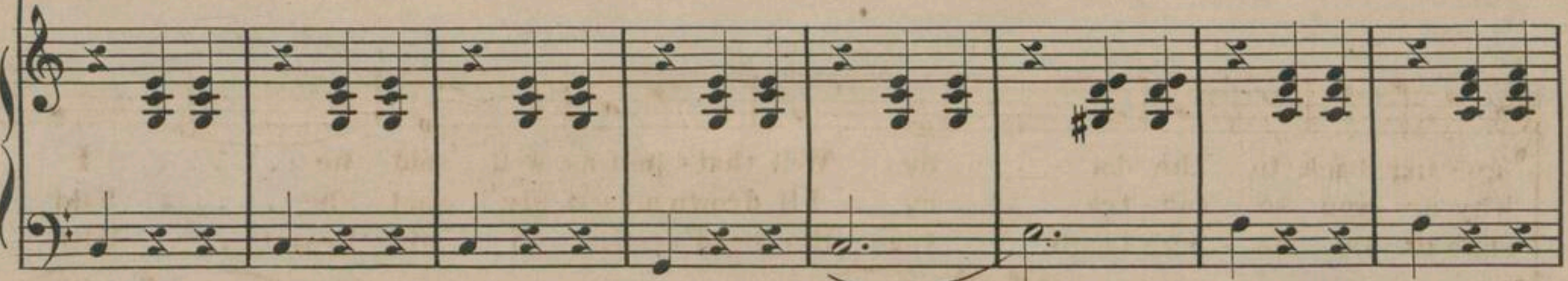
John sim - ply smiled . . . he was much given to teas - ing
 Out came his pipe . . . soon clouds of smoke he was puff - ing,
 Up like a shot . . . jumped the young fellow all smil - ing



And some old song . . . soft-ly he started to sing . . .
 In - to the air . . . stretched out full length on the green, . . .
 Touched to the heart . . . by such a tender fare - well, . . .



Ma - ry with rage . . . ev' - ry moment grew warm - er.
 Ma - ry stood by . . . somehow her heart was nigh break - ing
 Kissed all the tears . . . from the sweet face of his Ma - ry,



And at his feet . . . threw their en - gage - ment ring . . .
 Had John be - come . . . tired of his vil - lage queen . . .
 Told her the tales . . . fond lov - ers al - ways tell . . .



CHORUS.

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

1st *p* 2nd *ff* 8va.

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

go - ing back to the dai - ry Well that's just as well said he . . . I
 why are you so con - tra - ry, "I'll drown myself sir" said she, . . . Said
 while lit - tle Ma - ry's laugh - ing, Her head resting on his breast . . . With

hope you'll be at the wed - ding of Mol-ly Ma-lone and me . . . me . . .
 John "on your way, dear Ma - ry Send Mol-ly Ma-lone to me" . . . me . . .
 that Ill conclude the sto - ry No doubt you can guess the rest . . . rest . . .

1. 2.

