

Mister Snow

Richard Rodgers

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When I mar-ry Mis-ter

Snow, The

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flow-ers 'll be buzz-in' with the hum of bees, The

7

birds'll make a rack-et in the church-yard trees,

9

When I mar-ry Mis-ter

11

Snow.

13

Then it's off to home we'll

15

go And

17

both of us 'll look a lit- tle dream-y eyed, A-

19

driv-in' to a cot- tage by the o- cean side,

21

Where the sal- ty breez- es

23

blow. He'll

25

car- ry me 'cross the thres- hold, And

27

I'll be as meek as a lamb. Then he'll

29

set me on my feet and I'll say, kind- a sweet;

31 "Well, Mis-ter Snow, here I am!"

33 Then I'll kiss him so he'll

35 know, That

37 ev'- ry- thin' 'll be as right as right ken be a-

39 liv- in' in a cot- tage by the sea with me.

41 For I love that Mis- ter

43 Snow, That

45 young sea- far- in', bold and dar in',

47 Big, be- wis- kered, o- ver bear- in',

49 dar- lin' Mis- ter Snow.