

## Terry Gilkyson

### "Marianne"

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Marianne, Oh, Marianne, Oh won't you marry me?  
We can have a bamboo hut and brandy in the tea,  
Leave your fat old Nanna home,  
She never will say yes.  
If mamma don't know now,  
She can guess, my, my, yes.

All night, all day, Marianne,  
Down by the seaside sifting sand.  
Even little children love Marianne,  
Down by the seaside sifting sand.

When she walks along the shore,  
People pause to greet,  
While birds fly around her,  
Little fish come to her feet.  
In her heart is love, but I'm the only mortal man,  
Who's allowed to kiss my Marianne,  
Don't rush me.

All night, all day, Marianne,  
Down by the seaside sifting sand.  
Even little children love Marianne,  
Down by the seaside sifting sand.

When we marry, we will have  
A time you never saw,  
I will be so happy,  
I will kiss my mother-in-law.  
Children by the dozen, in and out the bamboo hut,  
One for every palm tree, and cok-y-nut, Hurry up now.

All night, all day, Marianne,  
Down by the seaside sifting sand.  
Even little children love Marianne,  
Down by the seaside sifting sand.

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