

## My Truly Truly Fair

Vic Damone

Some men plow the open plains, some men sail the brine But I'm  
in love with a pretty little maid, for work I have no time

She's My, truly, truly fair Truly, truly fair How I love my truly  
fair (his truly fair) There's songs to sing her, trinkets to  
bring her Flowers for her golden hair

Once I sailed from Boston Bay bound for Singapore But one day o  
ut and I missed her so I swam right back to shore Back to my truly  
fair Truly, truly fair How I love my truly fair There's songs  
to sing her, trinkets to bring her Flowers for her golden hair

I love she and she loves me, pardon if I boast At times we fight  
t all the live-long night 'Bout who loves who the most

My truly, truly fair Truly, truly fair How I love my truly fair  
(his truly fair) There's songs to sing her, trinkets to bring  
her Flowers for her golden hair

Soon I'm gonna marry her, love her till I die There ain't no li  
vin' on love alone But still I'm gonna try

(Truly, truly fair, truly, truly fair) (How I love my truly fair)  
(r) There's songs to sing her, trinkets to bring her Flowers for  
her golden hair (for her golden hair) (Truly, truly fair)