

Irish Song Lyrics

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Pretty Little Girl From Omagh

Way up in the north in old Tyrone,
There's a pretty little girl I call my own.
She's the sweetest rose Ireland's ever grown.
And sure as the moon and stars above,
I'm falling head over heels in love,
With a pretty little girl from Omagh,
In the county of Tyrone.

There's cute little girls in old Strabane,
They're just as pretty in Monaghan.
This to every roving eye is known.
But I guess that I'd be out of bounds,
'Cos there between the northern towns,
There's a pretty little girl from Omagh,
In the county of Tyrone.

She wears my ring and tells her friends,
She going to marry me.
Best of all she tells them all,
She's going to marry me, oh lucky me.
Well I don't know what she's done to me.
There's nothing else my eyes can see.
My pretty little girl from Omagh, In the county of Tyrone.

T'was down in south in old Tramore,
I recall the yellow dress she wore.
She strolled along the shore there all alone.
But I guess it was my lucky day,
When she came there on holiday.
My pretty little girl from Omagh, In the county of Tyrone.

She wears my ring and tells her friends,
She going to marry me.
Best of all she tells them all,
She's going to marry me, oh lucky me.
Well I don't know what she's done to me,
There's nothing else my eyes can see.
My pretty little girl from Omagh, In the county of Tyrone.

My pretty little girl from Omagh, In the county of Tyrone.