

# Garden Where The Praties Grow - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Garden Where the Praties Grow

As sung by the Irish clown, Johnny Patterson.

Have you ever been in love, boys, did you ever feel the pain?

I'd rather be in jail, I would, than be in love again.

Tho' the girl I love was beautiful, I'd have you all to know

That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

Chorus.

She was just the sort of creature that nature did intend

To walk straight through the world without the Grecian bend.

Nor did she wear a chignon-I'd have you all to know

That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

She was singing an ould Irish song, called, "Gra gal machree,"

Oh! says I, what a wife she'd make for an Irish boy like me;

I was on important business, but I did not like to go

And leave the girl or the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort of creature that nature, &c.

Says I, " My lovely fair maid, I hope you'll pardon me;"

But she wasn't like those city girls, that would say, " You're making free."

she answered right modestly, and curtsied very low,

saying, " You're welcomed to the garden where the praties grow."

She was just the sort of creature that nature. &c.

Says I, " My lovely darling, I'm tired of single life,

And if you have no objection, I'll make you my dear wife ;"

says she. " I'll ax my parents, and to-morrow I'll let you know,

If you meet me in the gardeu where the praties grow."

She was just the sort of creature that nature, &c.

Now her parents they consented, and we're blessed with children three-

Two girls like their mammy, and a boy the image of me;

I'll train up the children in the way they should go,

But I'll ne'er foruget the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort of creature that nature, &c.