

# Mrs Brady's Daughter - song lyrics

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MRS. BRADY'S DAUGHTER.

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Mrs. Brady, a widow lady,  
Has a daughter that I adore;  
I go to court her across the water  
Every Sunday afternoon at four.  
She sings so sweetly, she dresses so neatly,  
So like a fairy she trips the floor;  
She's good society, site's full of piety,  
And her mother keeps a little candy store.

Chorus.

Dainty feet, measured beat,  
Trips the street, oh! so neat;  
Dresses sweet, what a treat,  
And her mother keeps a candy store.  
Her name is Norah, I do adore her,  
She's like an angel, my heart is sore;  
She's such a daisy, she sets me crazy,  
And her mother keeps a little candy store.

Every Sunday, and often Monday,  
With the family I go to dine;  
And the daughter, I do escort her  
Every evening till the clock strikes nine.  
One Summer evening the moon was beaming,  
I said I loved her as dear as life;  
She blushed completely, and smiled so sweetly,  
Yet she promised she would be my darling wife.-Chorus.