

Mrs Reilly's Daughter Nell - song lyrics

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Mrs. Reilly's Daughter Nell.

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Words and Music by Herbert H. Taylor.

Tell me who is that young lady over yonder,
With the rounded form and eyes of Irish blue;
Over her I couldn't help but stand and ponder
When I saw her dance with step so light and true;
When the old man turned around to give his answer,
Of him I asked, in hopes that he would tell,
When he gave a knowing look, said the girl beside the brook
Was Mrs. Reilly's little daughter Nell.

Chorus.

There was pretty Katie Ryan, there was charming Nell O'Brien;
Maggie Murphy, whom the people know so well;
There were girls with pretty faces, dressed in fancy silks and laces,
But none like Mrs. Reilly's daughter Nell.

At the picnic lunch my heart went pit-patter,
As I stood quite near the saucy little maid,
For she seemed like one who wouldn't dare to flatter,
And for the time my words of love were stayed;
Still one thing I knew amidst the lively chatter,
No lady fine could please me half so well;
To myself I softly said, that the girl I'd like to wed
Is Mrs. Reilly's little daughter Nell.-Chorus.