

Nelly Brady - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

NELLY BRADY.

As sung by Tony Hart.

There's a colleen fair with nut brown hair
And Laughing eyes of blue,
With a form sublime and a face divine,
She's the image, Nell, of you.
None can compete with her smile so sweet,
Cheeks and lips of rosy hue;
Diana fair, cannot compare
With this colleen like you.

Chorus.

Nelly Brady is the name of the lady,
The same as yours, 'tis true;
I'd not be surprised if you had surmised
That this colleen was you.

There's a boy I know that loves her so,
And an honest heart has he;
He's an awful sight, sure he's worthless quite,
Well, bedad, he's just like me.
His coat is torn, but his heart's not worn,
And no deed he dare not do,
To bless the life of his little wife,
If that little wife should resemble you.

Chorus.

Con O'Grady, do you mind, young lady,
Is the name of the boy, do you see?
And if your name is Brady, you'll change to O'Grady,
I think that same gossoon I'll be.