

# Her Name Is O'rorke - song lyrics

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HER NAME IS O'RORKE.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. McGaw.

Pauline Leroy, she goes by that name,  
She sings in the Opera for money And fame;  
She glides through the dance ho graceful and neat,  
Just like a fairy she looks so sweet:  
She pretends she is French from "Gay Paree,"  
But it don't go, it don't go with me,  
For I know better her name is O'Rorke,  
She comes from the Fourth Ward of the town of New York.

Chorus.

Oh, come 'round some evening, you'll see her there,  
In the Opera, 'mid the splendor and glare;  
She' charming and neat, she's stately and tall-  
In fact, she's the fairest of them all.

The sports admire her because she's so sweet;  
You'll see them every night in the front seats;  
They applaud her each time that she sings a song,  
And throw nice bouquets at her all night long;  
She pretends she is single, a maiden free,  
But don't go, it don't go with me,  
For I know better, she's been married six years.  
And has twelve small children, twelve sweet, little  
dears.- Chorus