

Mother O'grady Of Mulberry Bend - song lyrics

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Mother O'Grady of Mulberry Bend.
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Words and Music by William Jerome.

In a part of the city that's not very pretty,
A place they call Mulberry Bend,
Lives mother O'Grady, an old Irish lady,
Well known there as ev'ry one's friend.
Always doing kind favors among her poor neighbors,
Her sweet face can daily be found;
Sad hearts are made lighter, and homes are made brighter,
When mother O'Grady comes 'round.

Refrain.
She's ev'ry one's friend in Mulberry Bend,
On her sympathy all can depend;
If an angel's on earth, of sweetness and worth,
It's mother O'Grady of Mulberry Bend.

To the sick and the needy her visits are speedy,
They lift up their eyes when she's near;
They know, in their sadness, she brings them such gladness,
And something to comfort and cheer.
All the babies go to her, 'tis long since they knew her,
Her heart with good-nature o'erflows.
In her laugh so ringing the birds you hear singing,
There's brightness wherever she goes.-Refrain.

All the children flock 'round her, so glad when they've found her,
The orphans to her home she takes;
She hushes their crying and comforts their sighing,
For them how her dear old heart aches.
When the neighbors 'round meet her, with blessings they greet her,
She's loved by the big and the small;
The girls they adore her, the boys would fight for her,
A helping hand she has for all.- Refrain.