

Nellie Macey - song lyrics

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

NELLIE MACEY.

Copyright, 1896, by Frank Harding.

Written and Composed by Louis Brittany.

Every evening, after supper,
When my daily toil is o'er,
To a little humble cottage by the sea
I go to see my girl,
Whom the boys call dancing Nell;
She's the sweetest girl in all the world to me;
Her name is Nellie Macey,
And she nearly drives me crazy;
At dancing she's a daisy,
You should see her do the glide.
I love her, oh, so dearly,
Devoutly and sincerely,
Some day she's promised she will be my bride.

Refrain.

Oh, Nellie Macey,
She drives me crazy;
All the boys and all the girls
Say that she's a daisy;
At ev'ry ball she leads them all;
In the march she's number one,
And I'm by her side,
And she'll soon be my bride,
As the dance goes on. - [Repeat.]
We have built a little cottage,
For the wedding day is near,
With a little garden filled with pretty flowers;
The lads and lassies all,
Say they're going to make a call,
To help as while away the golden hours;
The church-bells will be ringing,
The lads and lassies singing,
Such presents will be bringing;
I will give you all a chance
To see us get united,
So now you're all invited
To attend the ceremony and the dance. - Refrain.