

Pretty Grace O'malley - song lyrics

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PRETTY GRACE O'MALLEY.

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Words and Music by Alex J. Patton.

There's an ivy-covered cottage,
Where the myrtle twines around,
And within it dwells a maiden fair,
The sweetest ever found,
And the pretty song-birds greet her
With melodies of Spring;
As I stand awhile and listen,
To me they seem to sing:

Chorus.

Pretty Grace O'Malley,
With eyes of tender blue,
On mountain tope or valley,
There's none so tried or true.
Pretty Grace O'Malley
Some day is sure to wed
And change her name of sweet Grace O'Malley
To one that is mine instead.-[Repeat Chorus.]

In our happy childhood hours,
How we often loved to tell
Tales of love amid the flowers,
Till we knew the story well;
There I taught the simple lesson,
Always longing for the time
When I put my arms around her,
And I could call her mine.- Chorus.

There's a chapel on the hillside,
And within its walls some day
I will claim sweet Grace for mine alone
Some time in sunny May,
While the wedding bells are ringing,
The song birds softly sing
That the pretty golden circlet
Is sweet Grace's wedding ring.- Chorus.