

Edith O'hara - song lyrics

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EDITH O'HARA.

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Written and Composed by Jas. H. Marshall And Walter Wolff.

Oh! it used to be down on the Bowery,
Where the boys And the girls went to walk.
That I first met Miss Edith O'Hara,
She was known as the belle of New York;
Her father is Street Superintendent,
And has all the stylish ways;
He will kick if she walks on the Bowery,
But will smile when she walks on Broadway.

Chorus.

Broadway, Broadway, Broadway, Broadway,
Edith and I would stroll;
We longed to be around Canal,
But Edith's old man would scold.
Broadway, Broadway, Broadway, Broadway,
A pretty good place, I swear-
Give to me the Bowery,
With Edith O'Hara there.

Oh! of course, when we meet it is slyly,
For O'Hara is from the green Isle;
Sure if anything happened to Edith,
I think the old man would go wild;
But Edith O'Hara, I love her,
And never her feelings hurt,
And some day she'll have lots of the boodle.
Left by papa, the solid old Turk.- Chorus.

We had made up our minds to get married,
So I called on the old gent this eve.
And I asked for the hand of his daughter,
For him we don't want to deceive;
He list to our pleadings so nicely,
Then, turning to me, did say-
"You can marry my dear daughter Edith,
But you always must walk on Broadway." - Chorus.