

Old Brown's Daughter

Great Big Sea

Well there is an ancient party at the other end of town
And he keeps a little grocery store, ah the ancient's name is Brown
And he has a lovely daughter, such a treat I never saw
Oh, I only hope someday to be the old man's son-in-law.

Well, Old Brown sells from off his shelf most anything you please
He's got jew's harps for the little boys, lollipops and cheese
His daughter minds the store, and it's a treat just to see her serve
I'd like to run away with her but I don't have the nerve.

R: And it's Old Brown's daughter is a proper sort of girl,
Old Brown's daughter is as fair as any pearl.
I wish I were a Lord Mayor, a Marquis or an Earl
And blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl.
Blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl.

Well, poor Old Brown now, has trouble with the gout,
He grumbles in his little parlour when he can't get out
Oh, and when I make a purchase, Lord, and she hands me the change
That girl she makes me pulverised, I feel so very strange

R: And it's Old Brown's...

But Miss Brown she smiles so sweetly when I say a tender word
Ah, but Old Brown says that she must wed a Marquis or a Lord,
And I don't suppose it's ever one of those things I will be
But by jingo next election I will run for Trinity.

R: And it's Old Brown's...