

# Pretty Little Girl From Omagh

**Daniel O'Donnell**

Way up in the north in old Tyrone  
There's a pretty little girl I call my own  
She's the sweetest rose Ireland's ever grown  
And sure as the moon and stars above  
I'm falling head over heels in love  
With a pretty little girl from Omagh  
In the county of Tyrone. There's cute little girls in old Strabane  
They're just as pretty in Monaghan  
This to every roving eye is known  
But I guess that I'd be out of bounds  
'Cos there between the northern towns  
There's a pretty little girl from Omagh  
In the county of Tyrone. She wears my ring and tells her friends  
She going to marry me  
Best of all she tells them all  
She's going to marry me, oh lucky me. Well I don't know what she's done to me  
There's nothing else my eyes can see  
My pretty little girl from Omagh  
In the county of Tyrone. --- Instrumental --- T'was down in south in old Tramore  
I recall the yellow dress she wore  
She strolled along the shore there all alone  
But I guess it was my lucky day  
When she came there on holiday  
My pretty little girl from Omagh  
In the county of Tyrone. She wears my ring and tells her friends  
She going to marry me  
Best of all she tells them all  
She's going to marry me, oh lucky me. Well, I don't know what she's done to me  
There's nothing else my eyes can see  
My pretty little girl from Omagh  
In the county of Tyrone. My pretty little girl from Omagh  
In the county of Tyrone...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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