

# Old Brown's Daughter

## Fiffin Market

There is an ancient party at the other end of town  
And he keeps a little grocery store, the ancients 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 he sells from off his shelf most anything you please  
He's got juice tarts for the little boys, lollipops and cheese  
And 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  
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 and 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 parlor when he can't get out  
Oh, and when I make a purchase, Lord and she hands me the change  
That girl she makes pulverized, I feel so very strange  
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 and Earl  
And blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl  
Blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl  
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  
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 and Earl  
And blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl  
Blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl

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