

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
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