

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...

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