

Great Big Sea, Old Brown's Daughter

There is an ancient party at the other end of town.
He keeps a little grocery store, and the ancient's name is Brown.
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.

Old Brown sells from off his shelf most anything you please.
He's got juice hops for the little boys, lollipops and cheese.
His daughter minds the store and it's a treat to see her serve.
I'd like to run away with her but i dont 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 was a Lord, Mayer, Marquis or an Earl.
And blow me if i woudn't marry Old Brown's girl.
Blow me if i woudn'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.
And when i make a a purchase, Lord, and she hands me the change...
That girl she makes me pulverized, i feel so very strange.

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Old Brown's daughter is as fair as any pearl.
I wish i was a Lord, Mayer, Marquee or an Earl.
And blow me if i woudn't marry Old Brown's girl.
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Miss Brown, she smiles so sweetly when i say a tender word.
Oh, but Old Brown says that she must wed a Marquee or a Lord.
And i dont suppose it's ever one of those things i will be...
But, by jingo, next election i will run for Trinity!

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Old Brown's daughter is as fair as any pearl.
I wish i was a Lord, Mayor, Marquee or an Earl.
And blow me if i woudn't marry Old Brown's girl.
Blow me if i woudn't marry Old Brown's girl.