

BRIDGET FLYNN - Percy French (?) - 1913 (?)

Here's a traditional Irish air about a shy man who feels fortunate to have everything he needs, except for a sweet lass to share his good fortune.

Am Em Am Em  
I've a nice little house and a cow yard too with grass.

C G Am G

I've a plant garden running by the door.

Am Em Am Em C G Am

I've a shelter for the hens and a stable for the ass, now, what could a man want more?

C G Am Em Am G

I don't know, maybe so, but a bachelor is easy and he's free^.

Am Em Am G C G Am G

But I've lots to look after, though I'm living all alone. Sure nobody's looking after me.

Am Em Am Em

My father often tells me I should go and have a try

C G Am G

To find a girl that owns a bit of land.

Am Em Am Em

And I know the way he says it, that there's someone on his mind.

C G Am

And me mother has the whole thing planned.

C G Am Em Am G

I don't know, maybe so, but t'would mollify them greatly to agree^.

Am Em Am Em

Now, there's little Bridget Flynn, sure it's her I'd love to win,

C G Am

But she never has an eye for me.

Am Em Am Em

Now there's a little girl who's worth her weight in gold.

C G Am G

And that's a decent dowry, don't you see?

Am Em Am Em

And I mean to go and ask her just as soon as I get bold,

C G Am

If she'll come and have an eye for me.

C G Am Em Am

Will she go? I don't know. But I'd love to have her sitting on my knee.

Am Em Am Em C G Am

And I'll sing like a thrush in a hawthorn bush If she'll come and have an eye for me. X2

