On Mother Kelly's Doorstep

Words and Music by GEO. A. STEVENS

Moderato

I've just been lingering all alone down Paradise Row;
The cubble-stones were a meadow sweet to Nelly and me.

When

I was a kid, I'd a sweet heart, and down there we would go.
Smoky chimney on the house top was a beautiful tree.

And

call her Nelly and she'd call me Joe. And we would romp there hand in hand;
Then we'd old Brown's donkey was a baa lamb, And Mother Kelly in the house.

©1925 Francis Day & Hunter Ltd.
both sit down on a door-step there And we'd picture the future grand.
wash-day, holding her pail, was Mary The milk-maid milking cows.

CHORUS

On Mother Kelly door-step down Paradise Row I'd sit along o' Nelly,

— she'd sit along o' Joe. She'd got a little hole in her frock, hole in her shoe,

Hole in her sock where her toe peep'd through, But Nelly was the smartest down our
Alley, On Mother Kelly's doorstep, I'm wondering now.

If lil' gal Nelly remembers Joe, her beau, And does she love me like she used to, On Mother Kelly's doorstep.

down Paradise Row, On Mother Kelly's