How Is Mrs Brady - song lyrics

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HOW IS MRS. BRADY?
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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

There's a lovely little widow by the name of Mrs. Brady,
She owns her little house so neat And grand,
She's respected by the neighbors and beloved by every lady,
And for marriage she has offers all at hand;
There is Riley calls at six o'clock, at seven stops O'Brien;
Casey calls at eight o'clock and Murphy's there at nine;
'Twould lake an hour or more or so to tell of lovers gay,
And as they come into the door you always hear them say:

Chorus.
How is Mrs. Brady? how is she to-day?
How's the little lady that looks so fine and gay?
Oh, I trust you're well and hearty and live for many a day I
I'd marry you next Sunday if you'd only say.

Now every Sunday morning, either fair or stormy weather,
She always goes to lute und early mass;
Sure, she dresses neat And stylish and she looks as young as ever,
And the men they stop and gaze as she goes past;
There is Denny Casey's daughter and the daughter of McCue,
Bouncing Mary Sweeny and Rosie Donahue,
They're jealous of the lady, sure, for not a beau have they;
The widow has a dozen for to call on her And say:- Chorus.

Oh, this lovely little widow is a blessing to the neighbors;
She's always 'round when sickness is at hand;
She 'tends to most their duties, then helps them with their labors.
And there's not a better creature in the land.
There is Monahan and Murphy new the neighbors they do say
Are fighting for the hand of the widow day by day;
I hardly think she cares for them divil a rap at all,
But I think it's McElamara is the man that has the call.-Chorus.