CORDAYLIA OF THE ALLEY

WRITTEN BY

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MUSIC BY

HENRY B. VINCENT

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
Cordaylia of the Alley

[An Irish Song]

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HENRY B. VINCENT

Allegro commodo

At the corner o' the alley sits Cordaylia McNally. At the corner o' the alley, where the people come and go, in a penitent procession, pass in'

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to an' from conf-es-sion. In the ould church of St. Jo-seph, that was

build-ed long a-go. Oh, 'tis well she knows there's ma-ny, has the

char-i-ta-ble pen-ny More con-vay-ient to their fin-gers then, than

an-ny oth-er day; An' her tong-ue it is so soo-th'-rin', an' so
mas-ther-ful do-ludth'-rin' There are mort-tial few what-ev-er she'll be

Con moto
let-tin' get a-way. Fur-oh, the I-rish eyes o' her! They
twin-kis at ye so, Ye hate to think the sighs o' her are
part o' the dis-guise o' her, So faix, she has yer pen-ny gath-ered
in before ye know. There's small use in walk-in fashion, just to

hurry in a past her. Shure, she'll let ye go unnoticed, wid yer

lit- tle lead o' sin. But oh man, she has ye spotted, an' yer

pen- ny good as pot- ted. Fur she knows that ye'll be softer com- in'

rit. a tempo
out than go'min' in! For there's noth-in' but good na-ture in the

man-est I-rish cray-ture. Whin he feels the soul in-side o' him is

cleansed of iv'-ry blot. Should Cor-day-ia thin ad-dress ye wid her

sooth-er-in' "God bless ye!" 'Tis not you will dare to judge if she's de-
Con moto

servin' it or not. Fur oh the Irish eyes of her! They

...twinkie at ye so, Ye hate to think the sighs of her, are

...part o' the disguise o' her. So faix, she has yer penny gathered

...in before ye know.