

# Biddy, The Ballet Girl - song lyrics

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BIDDY, THE BALLET GIRL

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I am a gay laboring man,  
And I have a beautiful daughter,  
Who never did care much for work-  
It's her mother's own wish that she aughter.  
It seems that she fancied the stage,  
So I granted her final request,  
And now she's a beautiful dancer,  
And ranks along with the best.

Chorus.

On the stage she is Madame La Shortie,  
Bat her right name is Biddy McCarthy;  
She brings home, at night, and at matinees,  
Large baskets of flowers, and also bouquets.  
Oh! she is my only daughter.  
And I am the man that taught her  
To wear spangled clothes, and go round on her toes,  
And there is no such girl as Biddy.

When salary day does arrive,  
All trouble and toil it does smother,  
For just the day before that, there was a kick-  
The girl had been scolded by her mother;  
She's courting a clerk in the bank,  
Who sees her safe borne at the door,  
And pays a big gang on the gallery,  
To applaud in a perfect uproar.-Chorus.

Last Saturday night I got paid;  
I thought I would go to the theatre,  
And take the old woman along;  
In the parquette in front I did seat her,  
When Biddy came out for to dance,  
My son Danny was up in the tier,  
He cried, "Go in, sister Biddy!"  
When they bounced him right out on his ear.-Chorus.