

# Miss Grubers Boarding House - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Miss Grubers Boarding House.  
Words and Music by Gus Williams.

Miss Gruber kept a boarding house,  
About two blocks from here,  
Und always round at dinner time  
She vould drink lager beer;  
She vos a lady ev'ry vay,  
Could sing just like a cat,  
She veigh'd two hundred eighdy pounds,  
But den she wasn't stout.

Spoken-Oh! Miss Gruber vos a gread lady, und so vos her  
farder, und dey dought a good deal of me, so did de oder board-  
ers; dere vos Mr. Kebler und Mr. Vollendorf, Mr. Helvendahl,  
Mr. Flechtmann, und Miss Kinkel, Miss Nollmeyer, und Mrs.  
Hildebrand; one night My gel Snyder gave a barty, und ve vos  
all invided to sday avay, but ve didn't care, ve vasn't consuled  
a bit, but gave a barty of our own, und by eighd o'clock dot  
evening all de belite of de city vos dere, und sdyle, too, 'dwas  
splendid. I dell you dere vos a lively dime dot night at-

Chorus.  
Miss Gruber's boarding house,  
Miss Gruber's boarding house,  
I can't forget de fun, you bet,  
Vile I lived at dot house;  
Miss Gruber's boarding house,  
Miss Gruber's boarding house,  
I can't forget de fun, you bet.  
Vile I lived at dot house.

De dable it vos loaded down  
Mit every ding dot's nice,  
Und lager beer vos flowing round  
Like rivers full of ice;  
Jake Spiegelberg vos called upon  
To speak vot he knew most,  
He filled his glass full up of beer,  
Und den gave us a roast.

Spoken-De roast vos: De ladies-may heaven bless dem,  
und may dey-I forged de resd; anyhow I vos called to de-  
spond, und I said, oh!-vot's de use anjhow?-I said someding,  
und dot seddles id. Den afder subber ve blaj-ed hunt de snip-  
per, und I stand on my head in de veil, how many miles deep?  
und vot dot I hold over your nose, fine or superfine? und den  
dere vos some nice singing-Mr. Kebler sang, " Silver Dreads  
Among de Hash;" Mr. Vollendorf sang, " Wride Me Dwo Led-  
ders from Home," den an invided vest got ub uud gave a reci-  
tation dot vent like dis, "Who Kissed Cock Robin? I, said de  
fly, mit my little eye, I vosn't dere;" he vas kicked out de room  
rite avay, so dat broke ub de barty at-Chorus.

Miss Hildebrand who did board dere  
(But I said so before),  
Vone day asked me to mind her child  
Vile she vent to de sdore;

De day it vos an awful vone,  
'Twas raining cats, you bet,  
Und if she took de child out,  
She vos 'fraid it would get vet.

Spoken-Vell, I said I'd mind de child. Miss Hildebrand vos a glass widow, und she loved dot little child. Ven she vent oud de child vos asleep, uud about dwo minudes after id commenced to cry; id kicked de blanket skyhigh, und sat ub, und looked at me. I said, "Polly, vant a fire-cracker?" und dwo or dree oder words, but id wouldn't sdop crying. I found de sugar-bowl-I gave id a lumb of sugar; it looked at id, und den howled dill a picture of George Washington fell off de wall. I got a basin und an old stove leg, und pounded away on de basin, bud id vos no novelty for dot child, for it yelled all de harder. I got a picture book und showed id William Penn, etc. I offered id den dollars to keep sdill undil its mother would get home; 'dwas no use dough. I gave id apples, fried cakes, raisin cakes, pickled peaches, nothing would sdop him. He kicked in de crystal of my vatch, tore my necktie off, pulled enough hair out of my head to stuff a sofa, bud wouldn't sdop crying. At last I got an ax, a butcher's knife, a revolver, und a hammer, und I had just raised de ax over de baby's head to make id sdop crying, ven ids moder come in. She dinks I had de dings dere to amuse de child, but if she had vaited five minutes longer, she'd have found oud de truth; but sdill, for all dot, dere is someding sweet to remember ven I vos at- Chorus.