

The Little Widow Dunn - song lyrics

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THE LITTLE WIDOW DUNN

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Pave Braham.

Sung by Ed. Harrigan in "The Mulligan Guard Hall."

There's a charming little widow who keeps a candy store.
Where the little children buy their chewing gum;
She sells taffy for a penny-her name is on the door -
There's music in the face of Widow Dunn.
She's from the County Kerry, her husband was a Tip.,
And in the English Army beat a drum;
At singing-holy Moses! can't she give it lip?
Such a voice has the little Widow Dunn.

Chorus.

"Eileen Allanna!" "Starry Banner!"

"Slavery Days!" boys, every one.

She'd warble aisy -surely plaze ye.

Such a voice has the little Widow Dunn.

You should hear her at a party sing "Brennon on the Moor,"
Just as stately as the Duke of Wellington;
She raises up the ceiling and shakes the parlor floor;
Oh, everybody loves the Widow Dunn.
She's a pretty little body, just like a 'ristocrat,
Wid eyes rolling over full of fun.
And she'd drink a glass of lager just like a Democrat,
It's a pleasure for to meet the Widow Dunn.

Chorus.

"Savourneen Deelish!" "Mothers Last Wish!"

"The Battle's Over!" "Murphy's Wou!"

"Do You Love Me?" "Moriarity!"

That's sung by the little Widow Dunn.

Oh, she plays the concertina, self-taught, without a book.
She never told a lie-, like Washington;
She'd turn your head completely wid a sly, bewitching look.
Such a banshee is the little Widow Dunn.
She's very fond of children, she sings them all to sleep,
And gives them lollypops and sugar plums;
At every neighbor's funeral she'd dress in white and weep
Such a tender creature is the Widow Dunn.

Chorus.

"The Little Dudeen!" "She's My Fairy Queen!"

"In the Ballet!" "Oh Mary. Run!"

"Keep My Grave Green!" "sweet Evangeline!"

They are sung by the little Widow Dunn.

She'd read the "Ledger" stories, wrote by Sylvanus Cobb,
The "Daily News," the "Herald" and the "Sun;"
And at every passing stranger she'd give her head a bob,
So familiar is the little Widow Dunn.
She has a cure for measles, the chicken-rash and croup,
And every summer's morning, in the sun.
All the neighbors' babies are sitting on her stoop,
Such a fairy is the little Widow Dunn.

Chorus.

"Michael Muldoon!" "Will You Buy a Broom?"

"on the Boulevard!" "My Sugar Plum!"

"Darling Sadie Ray!" "Down at Rockaway!"

They are sung by the little Widow Dunn.