

# Widow Clancy's Party - song lyrics

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WIDOW CLANCY'S PARTY.

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By Jim O'Neil and Jack Conroy. Arranged by Ned Straight.

How are you's one and all? sure we thought we'd make a call  
And tell you all about the widow's party;  
'Twas at Pythagora's Hall we gave a break-down ball  
And invited all the young folks gay and hearty;  
There was handsome Paddy Grace, sure, he's now on the police,  
He was put there by a political party.  
He came from County Cork to the City of New York;  
He joked And sang And made us laugh so hearty.

Chorus.

Ah, the charming Widow Clancy,  
She was any man's fancy;  
She was a fluent talker  
And a rattling six-day walker,  
And a Venus is the charming Widow Clancy.

McGinn sang "Pinafore" 'till his throat was very sore,  
And "Little Dundeen," sang by Smith so sweetly;  
Crosby sang a little ditty, the girls all called him witty,  
And McGuffin done an Irish jig so neatly.  
Flynn sang "Dancing on the Green," also "She's a Fairy Queen";  
Flood sang "Hold the Fort for We're the Strongest Party";  
And Murphy and Tim Lang done the "Lackawanna Gang,"  
Down at the charming Widow Clancy's party.-Chorus.

As it was growing late, sure, we thought 'twas time to ate;  
We went in two-by-two's down to the supper;  
We were hardly seated right when there was a fearful fight,  
For McGinnis swore the whiskey was all water;  
All around 'twas hand-and-hand, and they nearly killed the band,  
When in step'd the famous boxer, Mike McCarthy;  
He swore by pow'rs above that he'd just put on the gloves  
And clear out ev'ry sucker in the party. -Chorus.