

Up At Dudley Grove - song lyrics

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UP AT DUDLEY GROVE.

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The young men's social club,
They gave a grand excursion:
They had a band from Manahan,
Two barges and a boat;
* The lads were t'ptivated,
Yes. fit for sweet diversion,
I'd Kitty McGlinn away from home.
In a linen overcoat.

Chorus.

She played the concertina,
As through the woods we'd rove;
I was all alone with Kitty McGlinn,
Up at Dudley Grove.

I danced in every set,
In the waltz how gay I'd wheel her.
No pi voter could equal her,
A darling and a dear;
And as we'd spin around,
They'd say, " aiu't she a speeler!"
Then I'd ta-ta up to the bar
For a schooner of German beer.-Chorus.

You'd ought to hear her sing.
Like a barber shop canary!
I hate to tell just like a bell.
She'd reach the upper C.
Ballads are her style-
Like my own. my bonny Mary;
She's a duck, and I'm in luck-
She's the lass that captured me. - Chorus.