

Miss Maloney's Growler - song lyrics

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MISS MALONEY'S GROWLER.

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Each night at eight we go way down to Battle Row,
Where all the boys and girls they meet so handy;
We have a social song, and chat the evening long
With manners just as sweet as taffy candy.
There's Mister McAdoo, he sings us "Peek-a-boo,"
At this and other ditties he's a howler;
And soon there's lots of fun with glasses round each one,
When full they bring on Miss Maloney's growler.

Chorus.

We sing the whole night long, with voices loud and strong,
When Miss Maloney sings she is a howler;
There's always lots of fun with glasses round each one,
When drinking out of Miss Maloney's growler.

There's jigs and funny reels, and light fantastic heels
That figure in the mazes of the lancers;
The sport is of the best, and welcome every guest
To join the merry frolic of the dancers.
There's Biddy Murphy there, who's forty, fat and fair,
And there's the undertaker, Mister Fowler;
The charming Widow Dunn, who gets so full of fun,
When in comes darling Miss Maloney's growler.-Chorus.

So merry goes the night, with jollity so bright,
And Jerry Kelly playing on the fiddle;
No gayer crowd is found, for soon it's hands around
And balance to your partners down the middle.
And when the night is done each heart is full of fun,
And not a one would dare to be a scowler;
We're such a happy set, and, oh, the pints you get
When you go out with Miss Maloney's growler.-Chorus.