

Widow Nolans Door - song lyrics

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WIDOW NOLANS DOOR

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By Barney Carey.

There's a little widow down the street, the boys all know her well,
She keeps a liquor shanty and dresses mighty swell;
On Sunday evenings there we meet, as oft we met before,
To criticise the neighbors while they pass the widow's door.

Chorus.

First comes Mary Casey, with her bustle soaring high,
Along with Patsy Duffy and his whiskers nice and dry;
Nest comes Mister Hoolahan, who lives at number four;
His hat he tips and fondly skips by Widow Nolan's door.

Now the widow stands behind the bar, and smiles when we drop in;
She serves us all politely to whiskey, beer or gin.
And when you want a "ball "on "tick "she'll set them up no more,
But tell you to go watch the crowd that pass the widow's door.- Chorus.

When the Alderman comes on the block, he'll just drop into say.
How are you Missis Nolan, and how is trade to-day?
he treats the boys to drink all round, havanas by the score,
And then goes out to bow to friends who pass by her door. Chorus.

Oh, the widow she's a charmer, and respected far and near;
She has a cast-iron license, the "cops" she doesn't fear;
They sneak in thro' the entry way to get a drink or more,
then swing their clubs and watch the styles that pass the widow's door.-Cho.