My Mary Ann - song lyrics

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MY MARY ANN.
Tune-"Moriarty, the Swell."
Words by T. H. Tooker.

I have a daughter, she is a swate little daisy, my Mary Ann;
The dudes are stuck on her shape, she sets them all crazy, my Mary Ann.
At the theatre each night, she makes the "hit" of the show;
Yes, she is a great actress, now I'll have yez to know;
For she does the skirt dance and spins around on one toe, my Mary Ann.

Chorus.
My daughter Mary Ann, 'pon me soul she is all the rage;
I'm taking things mighty aisy now, since me Mary Ann went on the stage;
Wid the neighbors I sit and gossip And rush the growler in our back yard;
Yes, I've laid away me ould overalls, no more I'll carry the hod.

On the stage she is known as Madame De Rose, my Mary Ann;
But her right name is Gilhooley, as everyone knows, my Mary Ann.
It's the divil a stroke of hard work that I do nowadays.
But each night wid a hand-cart bring home the bouquets
That are thrown on the stage by the bald-headed jays, at my Mary Ann.

Chorus.
My daughter Mary Ann, as a singer she's 'way out of sight;
Shure, I took me wife Biddy to hear her only last St. Patrick's night,
And whin our big daughter came out and sung "I've Worked 8 Hours This Day,"
Biddy yelled out: "You lie, Mary Ann, you never was built that way."