They All Love Maggie Grady - song lyrics

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They All Love Maggie Grady.
Parody-Written by John C. Conover.

Just down by Fulton Ferry, a little maiden very,
You'll see her every morning, noon and night:
She's very fond of mashing, even when she carries hash in-
In a hashery she's a waitress out of sight;
She's happy all the day, knows how to use a jay,
Knows how to give the very happy band;
The boys all call her Sadie, but her name is Maggie Grady,"
And she's not the only pebble in the sand.

Chorus.
For they all love Maggie Grady, she's a little Irish lady;
She's lots of wit and full of it, though only has one eye;
The gang can't get next to her, on any pretext woo her,
She's gay And flip, so give your tips when Maggie passes by.

When she gets off on Sunday, if she isn't full on Monday,
You'll see her rolling in 'bout ten o'clock,
And soon you'll bear her yelling, hash and everything they're selling.
For Maggie really knows just what's in stock.
If to make a date with her, And should it e'er occur,
Don't think she is the real thing, golly gee!
With stories she can con you, And maybe she has done you,
And she's not the only peach upon the tree.

Chorus.
For they all love Maggie Grady, she's a little Irish lady;
Site's lots of wit and full of it, though only has one eye;
The gang can't get next to her, on any pretext woo her,
She's gay and flip, so give your tips When Maggie passes by.