Plain Mamie O'Hooley.

Lyrics by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGELANDER.

Allegro moderate.

Voice.

Piano.

don't know the girl I am going to wed, You have missed a great deal, That is farther don't like me, My wages are small, Her mother's unpleasant, when

all to be said; Her hair is auburn, Though some call it red, But ever I call, But then I'm not going to live with them all, When I

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gossip will never speak truly; She's not very short and she's furnish the little flat newly; So long as I'm solid with not very tall, She works in a shop and her hands are not small; Each Mamie you know, The old folks' opinion with me, does n't go; I day after work I run up for a call, On Mamie, my Mamie O' know that she loves me a little and so, She'll give up the name of O' 

Hoo - ley! The old folks go out, for it's always allowed. Two's company, three is a Hoo - ley! We're going to live such an ideal life, When she is my own little
Tempo di Valse.

Chorus:

crowd, wife.

Plain Mamie O'

Hoo - ley, My heart is un - ru - ly, The word, please say And we'll name the day, What

hap - pi - ness 'ill bring; Oh!
plain

Mamie O' Hoyly, I

love you so truly, Say yes! my honey, For

I have the money to buy a wedding

1. ring. 2. ring.