Old Man Manhattan.

Words by
JAS. O'DEA.

Music by
ANNA CALDWELL.

Moderato.

Piano.

To old Manhattan Isle one night, when
They took him all around the town and
He saw the scrapper scrape the sky, a

sevens bells had tolled, The Ghost of old Manhattan came to
showed him all its joys, His days he spent in merriment, His
barber scraped his chin, He scraped acquaintance with a girl, A

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vis-it scenes of old; He paddled not his own canoe, as
nights in Kid M's Coy's; Reporters came to interview, said
scrape he then got in; An art-less young typewriter She, at-

Red-men are supposed to do, When on the waters
they, When you were dead did you, Go sky-ward as all
least, that's what she claimed to be, Manhattan said, You

deep and blue, From Jersey's shore he came; The good ship Mary
good men do? Manhattan answered then, "Go print it in your
are I see, The kind I've read about, A visible type
Paten, conveyed old Man Manhattan, Con-
jour nal, I'm from that place in fer nal, Then
writer I think each word in di ter, Should
veyed him to the town that bore his name,
some one said, Do you go back a gain?
have one just like you to help him out,

Chorus,

Old man Man hat tan, Old Man Man hat tan,
Old man Man hat tan, Old Man Man hat tan,
Old man Man hat tan, Old Man Man hat tan,
Hit-ting up the Broadway trail, See-ing things that turned him pale,
Hit-ting up the Broadway trail, See-ing things that turned him pale,
Says 'you're vis-i-ble it's true, In that shirt-waist peek-a-boo.'

Cock-tails Man-hat-tan, made him speak Lat-in,
Said "you can gam-ble, I'll nev-er ram-ble,
Old man Man-hat-tan, promptly got sat on,

"This old town looks good to me" says Old Man Man-hat-tan,
This old town is warm enough for Old Man Man-hat-tan;
"That's the kind I'm goin' to get" says Old Man Man-hat-tan;