ROB ROY MAC INTOSH.

Words and Music by HARRY LAUDER and FRANK FOLLOY.

Moderato.

PIANO.

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Francis, Day & Hunter, LONDON, 142 Charing Cross Road W.C.
NEW YORK, 1364 Broadway.

F.D. & H. 583-4.
Now, when I came up to London first, All the boys were jealous of me, But
now reside, Oh! it's pack'd wi' millionaires; And their
Albert Hall, When the King and Queen were there, As
got to France, People star'd at me a lot, And

cause all the ladies seem'd to like This braw laddie frae dochters they all admire me so, When I'm passing
I went waltzing room an' room; Oh, my! didn't all the when they cam' up and spoke to me, I said, "Get a-way!"
bon-nie Dun-dee,
up and doon stairs.
roy-al-ty starr.
din-na talk rot!"

The nicht I was born my
They came o-ver here to
My part-ner, ye see, was
But up came a bon-nie

faith-er did say
It’ll be a la-dies’ man some day, And his
cap-ture a “dook,” But af-ter at me they take a look, There’s
bon-nie wee Jean, Such fan-cy fig-ring neer was seen, And the
French girl she Gave such a sau-cy wink at me, And when

words, I must say, ha’e come true, For--- I’m a’ hon-ey wi’ the la-dies noo.
not a “dook” or earl, d’ye see, Could_ ev-er fas-ci-nate the girls like me.
Queen was so de-light-ed, she Said,”Mac- In-tosh, will ye come and dance wi’ me?”
she be-gan to par-lez-vooy I said,”Miss, I din-na com-pre-hend the noo!”

F.D. & H. 383-4.
CHORUS, 2nd time 

And my name is Rob Roy MacIntosh, Enchantin' wi' my lilt. They adore me when I've got my trousers on. But they love me in my kilt. And my kilt.

Fine.

D.S.

F.D. & H. 383-4.