Good-bye Molly Brown.

Lyric by EDWARD MADDEN.  

Music by BEN. M. JEROME.

Allegro moderato.

When I went down to New York town, I didn't wear my gingham gown, but dressed myself up swell, just like a city gentleman. When right across from me a Frenchman from Faubourg Square appeared, I wondered at them all and who'd be the next to...

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belle, Then I began to plot and plan, The way to capture
ree Who got a flash began to mash And gaily pulled his
fall I still had luck for soon I struck a handsome Irish


every man The first sweetheart I had, was a cockney English
waxed mustache He cried "Par do nez Moi" I met you on the
lady buck Who gaily winked his eye, then heaved a tender

lad His dialect was quaint and queer As he softly whispered in my ear:
Bois I said "I'm simple Molly Brown" When he began I couldn't frown,
sigh At Shanleys o'er Kruisine Lawn He whispered "Be me Colleen Bawn"

Good-bye Molly Brown.
Chorus.

What! ho, Mol-ly, stop yer' bloom-in' jol-ly, Ere's me 'art and
Mam-selle Mol-ly, Ou La La, Tres jo-li Pa-pa Brown he
Whist' now Mol-ly, you're a dream be gol-ly, Sweet as an-y

'And now will ye try me? If you say ye're will-in' I'll toss up a
have ze bank roll may-be? Tres Bi-en, well mar-ry, fly to zat dear
lit-tle I-rish fair-ly I'm the buck-o for ye, faith I could a-

shil-lin' Ends or tyles to win or lose ye blyme me! Tyles it is I
Paree Dance ze gid-dy can-can, wiz mon Ba-be, Why you laugh so
-dore ye Run a-way with me to Tip-per-a-ry, Laugh ye lit-tle

Good-bye Molly Brown.
lose ye, seems to quite amuse ye
fun-ny, say you got no mo-ny?
div-ill ye know I'm on the liv-el
Smil-in' when by rights ye ought to
What! I make ze love just like ze
Mol-ly, if ye're goin' to throw me

frown,
Might ha' been me wis-dy, might ha' had a
clown,
E'-bien some girl will court me, who's a -ble to sup-
down,
There's oth-ers in Kil-lar-ney, 'twas just a bit of

kid - dy
port me
blar-ney

Good-bye
Bon-svie
Good-bye

Mol-ly
Mol-ly
Mol-ly

Brown.
Brown.
Brown.
Brown.

Good-bye Molly Brown. = 4