"I've Got Rings On My Fingers;"

Words by Weston and Barnes. Music by Maurice Scott.

Moderato.

Piano.

Vamp ad lib.

Till ready.

Voice.

1. Jim O'Shea was cast away Up on an Indian isle, The natives there they liked his hair, They liked his Irish smile, So sat with in his pal an quin, And when she kissed his hand, He eastern charms and waving palms, They'd shamrocks, Irish grown, Sent

2. O'er the sea went Rose McGee To see her nabob grand, He

3. Emerald green he robed his queen, To share with him his throne, 'Mid

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T. B. Harms, & Francis Day & Hunter, N.Y.
made him chief Pan-jan-drum, The nabob of them all, They
called him Ji-ji-boo Jhai. And rigged him out so gay, So he
led her to his harem, Where he had wives galore, She
start-ed shed-ding a tear; Said he, "Now have no fear!" I'm
all the way from Dub-lin, To Na-bab J. O' Shea, But
in his pal-a-ce so fine, Should Rose for Ire-land pine, With

wrote to Dub-lin Bay To his sweet-heart just to say:
keep-ing these wives here Just for or-na-ment, my dear:
smiles her face will shine, When he mur-murs, 'Sweet-heart mine:

I've Got Rings, etc. 3
Chorus.

"Sure, I've got rings on my fingers, bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose, So
come to your nabob, and next Patrick's Day, Be

I've Got Rings, etc. 3