Come, Josephine In My Flying Machine
(Up She Goes!)

Words by ALFRED BRYAN

Music by FRED FISHER

Moderato

Oh! say! let us fly, dear
One, two, now we're off, dear

Where, kid? Say you, pretty soft, dear
In, dear not yet but soon, You for me,

Miss Josephine Ship A-boy! Oh! joy! what a feeling
In the ceiling, Ho! high, hoop-la! we fly to the sky so high,

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CHORUS

Come Josephine in my Flying Machine. Going up she goes!

up she goes! Balance yourself like a bird on a beam, in the air she goes, there she goes! Up, up, a little bit higher,

Oh! my! the moon is on fire. Come, Josephine in my Flying Machine, Going up, all on, "Good-bye!"

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