Hello, Hello, New York Town.

Words by Stanley Murphy.


Allegretto.

Willie Slater a-v-i-a-t-o-r, master of the air,
Sailing here and there, didn’t have a care,

Willie Slater a-v-i-a-t-o-r, sailed to Koko mo,
To his sweet heart Flo, said come on let’s go,

Flow away to Dublin Bay and then to London Town,
In Paris we’ll drop down in some old town and get a wedding gown,

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He dropped down, and took a look around.
He said they all look
Hone-y-moon, Go sail-ing all a-round.
He sailed her over
good to me, Then he came sail-ing home,
Across the rag-ing
ev-ery town, From Fris-co clear to Maine,
Then sailed her back a-
foam, And vowed no more to roam, He soon flew ov-er New York Town, And
again, But they all looked the same, Till just a-cross from Jer-sy Ci-ty,
took a look a-bout, Then he be-gan to shout.
Some-thing caught her eye, And she be-gan to cry.
Chorus.

Hello, Hello, New York Town I'm up here, looking down at you—

Oh, how I'd like to be down there, With all the rounders on Long Acre Square I like your nights, I like your lights I like your girls in dresses that look just like tights, Look out boys I'm coming down, Hello, Hello, New York Town.

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