In Hitchy's Garden

Words and Music by

COLE PORTER

Andante moderato

Hum - bly beg - ging your par - don,

Let me show - you the way,

To the sort - of a gar - den,

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You don't see ev'ry day

Where each flower a rose is,

And each rose a maid, So rare

So fair, You'll be dismayed

5865-6 In Hitchy's Garden
Refrain
(Obbligato)

\( a \text{ tempo} \)

\( \text{Ah} \)

\( p.f. \)

In Hitch-y's garden of roses

\( a \text{ tempo} \)  \( p.f. \)

Ah, Ah, Ah

You'll meet the sweet wild rose,

Ah

Ah

In Hitch-y's garden of roses The white rose gently blows.
Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,

There grows the Rose of Killarney With her

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,

Irish eyes of blue, And for some nice young fellow There's a

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,

rose of yellow Simply longing to be true
Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,

And if you're one of those heroes

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah

Accustomed to be kissed

You'll find that Japanese tea rose

Is something to resist
Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah.
And you'll forget your trials.
When that American beauty smiles.
In Hitchy's garden of roses.

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah.

Hitchy Koo. Hitchy Koo.