There's Nothing Too Fine For "The Finest!"

Lyric by
HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Tempo di Marcia

The ladies love a soldier or a
I know the little Island you were

sailor, And many a man is made a hero by his "tailor!"
born in, I only pray the saints to bless her night and mornin'!

But when it comes to the Police, 'Tis "they" that keep the peace! They're
And it begins to look to me, Like she will soon be free! Then

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called the finest in the land.

watch us celebrate the day.

Sure, there's

For, there's

CHORUS OF POLICEMEN

We are!

nothing too fine for the finest!

tell me when there've been

nothing too fine for the finest!

tell me when there've been

men ever known, who their lives would give that

men ever known, who their lives would give that

others might live? Not a thought of saving their own!

others might live? Not a thought of saving their own!

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Sure, there's nothing too fine for the finest!
They've a big part in this heart of mine!
'Twas a million such that conquered the "Dutch" And that's why you'll find them So fine!
Sure, two Irish "cops" can lick forty "Wops" And that's why you'll find them So fine!

M.W.& Sons 1890 g