"Top o' the Mornin',"
"Bridget McCue."

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Moderato.

Michaél Car·ney O,
Brid·get paused a· while,
then said with a smile,
Bridget McCue. "Sure you've been after me for days, an Irish rose,

Met one morning O, day was dawning O,

With your blarney talk, that you brought from Cork,

This is the way the story goes,

Faith and it's you, has coaxing ways;

She said to him, "let me pass upon my way,"

Then Michael said, with a twinkle in his eye,
He said to her \"wont you stay, say\?
\"Look at that cloud in the sky, my!\"
When she turned to look,
till you kiss me, no,
Ah, ha, ha, ha,
tis fine the day,
quick a kiss he took,
Ah, ha, ha, ha,
said he, \"good-bye.\"

CHORUS.

Top o' the morn-in' Bridget McCue,
Fresh as a shamrock covered with
dew,
Sure I'd walk a hundred miles, just to see one of your smiles,
And to

Top o' the mornin' &c 4
peep into your eyes of Irish blue, that's true, Bridget me darlin' what will I do, My heart's a thumpin' thinkin' a you. When I gaze upon your charms I could roll you in my arms, Sure as you're born, Top o' the morn, Bridget McGee 'Cue. Top o' the Cue.

Top o' the mornin' &c 4
Lulu, And Her La, La, La.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Chorus.

And all that Lu-lu sang was La, La, La,
But all that Lu-lu said was La, La, La,
But all the ba-bies sang was La, La, La.

(Imitation Baby)

La, La, La,
La, La, La,
Ma, Ma, Ma,

Nothing else but La, La, La, So
Nothing else but La, La, La, So
Nothing else but La, Ma, Ma, So

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