

SINCE MAGGIE DOOLEY LEARNED THE HOOLEY HOOLEY



WORDS BY
EDGAR LESLIE
AND
BERT KALMAR
MUSIC BY
GEO. W. MEYER

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Since Maggie Dooley Learned The Hooley Hooley.

Words by
BERT KALMAR
& EDGAR LESLIE

Music by
GEORGE W. MEYER.

Moderato.

Voice.

Mag-gie Doo-ley packed her grip and left Er - in's Isle, For a
Mag-gie Doo-ley has the peo-ple all off their nut, With her

Till ready.

trip to Hon - o - lu-lu.
new Ha-wai - ian Blarney.

Mag-gie Doo-ley learned to dance and af-ter a while,
Eve-ry bo-dy's leav-ing town and building a hut,

Came back home dressed like a Zu-lu.
On the lakes of old Kil - lar-ney.

She has a brand new walk; She
I think it's a dis-grace; The

talks Ha-wai-ian talk; She's made a Hon-o-lu-lu out of poor old Coun-ty Cork,
wom-en of the place Are mak-ing wild men out of all the poor old Ir-ish race.

Chorus.

Since Mag-gie Doo-ley learned the Hooley Hoo-ley, Ireland is fad-ing a-way. The

Sweeneys and Dal- eys have sold their shil-le-lahs, And bought U-ke-le-les to play. The

fat Miss Kel-ly wiggles just like jel-ly, When those dan-cers sway; And eve-ry col-leen

on the street Is all dressed up like shredded wheat, Since Mag-gie Dooley learned the Hoo-ley. Since -ley.

Way Down In Iowa I'm Going To Hide Away.

Lyric by
SAM M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER.

Chorus.

I'm gon-na hide a-way, on a lit-tle farm in I-o-wa; I'm gon-na
ride a-way, on the road that leads to yes-ter-day. Why, I can al-most pic-ture
dear old mother, Sprinkling sug-ar on my bread and butter, Way down in that town in I-o-wa.

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