

SM 3810

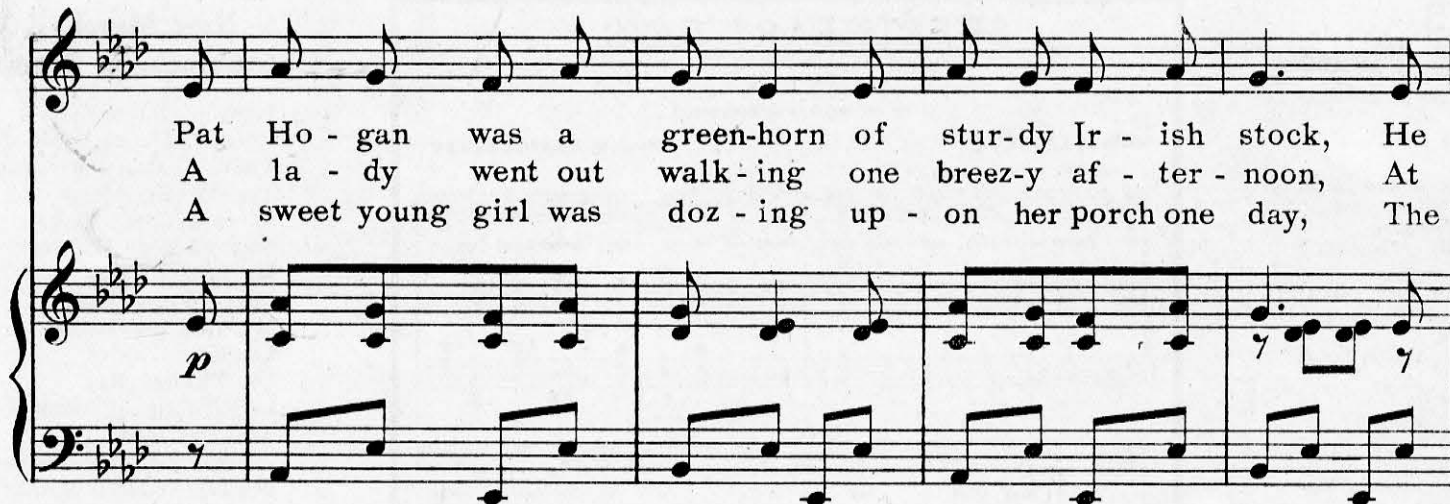
Performing rights reserved. Public performance prohibited unless licensed by the publisher.

3

# "Going Up"

Words and Music  
by JEAN C. HAVEZ.

**Allegro.**



Pat Ho-gan was a green-horn of stur-dy Ir-ish stock, He  
A-la-dy went out walk-ing one breez-y af-ter-noon, At  
A sweet young girl was doz-ing up-on her porch one day, The



came a-cross a place one day where men were blast-ing rock, They  
Twen-ty-third street and Broad-way she met a small typh-oon, A  
book had fall-en from her hand and on the porch it lay, One

Copyright, MCMVIII, by Lew Dockstader.  
Copyright, Canada, MCMVIII, by Lew Dockstader.  
Jerome H. Remick & Co. Detroit & New York, Selling Agents.

fixed the fuse and lit it, And warned off all the gang, But  
Flat-iron build-ing cy--clone, To tell the stor-y hurts, Two-  
dain-ty feet was show-ing, She did - 'nt mind a bit, Just

Ho-gan walked up to the blast just then it went off bang,  
hun-dred fel-lows stopped and rub-bered at the la-dy's skirts,  
then a bum-ble bee flew up and on her an-kle lit,

**CHORUS.**  
**Moderato.**

Go-ing up said the el-ev-at-or boy, In the

*p-f*

build-ing cross the street. Go-ing up said the

el - ev - at - or boy, And his voice was soft and sweet, — He  
The  
She'd

went up twen-ty thous-and feet and fun-ny to re - late, He  
Cop - per on the cor - ner mur - mured un - der - neath his breath, It's  
cleaned her hose with gas - o - line I un - der - stand that day, The

said he did - nt mind it cause the view up there was great, B-z-z-z-z  
got the mov-ing pic-ture shows all skinned to death, B-z-z-z-z  
bum-ble bee dis-gus-ted spread his wings and flew a - way, B-z-z-z-z

Go - ing up Is what the el - ev - at - or boy told me. me. —

Going Up. 3.

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text and markings at the bottom of the page.]*