

# UP WENT O'BRAGGETTY!



Written and Composed by  
**HARRY DACRE.**



FORTUNATELY  
FOR  
O'BRAGGETTY,  
A BOBBY  
WAS  
PASSING BY.  
(N.B. IT WAS THE  
ONLY TIME  
O'B WAS  
PLEASED TO  
SEE ONE OF  
THE POLIS.)

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# UP WENT O' BRAGGETTY.

Written & Composed by  
HARRY DACRE.

Arranged by  
JOHN S. BAKER.

Moderato.

PIANO. *f*

The piano score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a grand staff with a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The melody in the treble clef is a simple, rhythmic line, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final chord in the bass clef marked with a flat (*b*).

Mis - ter Pat O' Brag - get - ty is just a ris - ing man; You

*p*

talk of ris - ing ra - pid - ly\_ he's just the man that can; He

don't be - lieve in climb - ing with a slow and mea - sured tread, For

like all I - rish Yan - kees he be - lieves in go - a - head. When

first he struck A - me - ri - ca, at no - thing would he stop — A

great big fact - 'ry chim - mey want - ed mend - ing at the top; Says

he "It looks a migh - ty height, And I'm not used to sich, But

sure, if I don't start to rise, I nev - er shall get rich?"

CHORUS. 1<sup>st</sup> time *p* 2<sup>nd</sup> *ff.*

Up went O' Brag-get-ty— He went out of sight.....

Land-ed on the earth a-gain, Some-time in the night; He's

got ten thou-sand lives, Like Mi-chael Moon-ey's cat, For the

on-ly thing he dam-aged was his stove pipe hat..... hat.....

*f*

# UP WENT O'BRAGGETTY.

Words and Music by HARRY DACRE.

**KEY G.**  
 { d .s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> | d .s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> | d .m : s .m | d : - .d | r .l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> .d | r .l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> .d | r .m : f .r | t<sub>1</sub> : - .d | d .s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> | d .s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> }

1. Mis-ter Pat O' Brag-get-ty is just a ris-ing man; You talk of ris-ing ra-pid-ly—He's just the man that can. He don't be-lieve in climb-ing with a slow and measured tread; For like all I-rish Yan-kees—He be-lieves in go-a-head. When first he struck A-mer-i-ca, At no-thing would he stop— A great big fact-'ry chimney wanted mending at the top. Says he, "It looks a mighty height, And I'm not used to sich, But sure if I don't start to rise, I nev-er shall get rich."

**CHORUS.**  
 f.G. *Lively.*  
 { d<sup>1</sup> s . : m . d | f<sup>1</sup> r : t<sub>1</sub> . | s . s : m . d | r : | s . s : m . d | f<sup>1</sup> r : t<sub>1</sub> . | s . s : m . d | r . : .s<sub>1</sub> }

Up went O' Brag-get-ty— he went out of sight! Land-ed on the earth a-gain some time in the night! He's got ten thou-sand lives, like Mi-chael Moo-ney's cat, For the on-ly thing he dam-aged was his stove-pipe hat.

2.

Mr. Pat O'Braggetty just made that chimney worse,  
 The boss refused to pay a cent, which caused poor  
 Pat to—*smile*,  
 He walked about the streets all day to find a  
 decent job  
 (That morn he'd pawned his "Waterbury" watch  
 for fifty bob) (*not much*).  
 At last he met a man upon the thirty-first of June  
 Who wanted help in piloting a patent new balloon,  
 The pay was twenty dollars ev'ry time it went a  
 trip—  
 You bet your life O'Braggetty don't let such chances  
 slip!

CHORUS.

Up went O'Braggetty, he went out of sight,  
 Landed on the earth again some time in the night,  
 He fell ten thousand yards and came head first at that,  
 (*Pause*.) But the only thing he damaged was that  
 stove-pipe hat.

3.

Mr. Pat O'Braggetty had "busted" that balloon,  
 And that is why the Irishman had reached the  
 earth too soon;  
 The owner hunted for him, but O'Brag' had got  
 the start,  
 He hid himself day after day—it nearly broke his  
 heart.  
 At last he grew quite desperate—"Ha! ha!"  
 cried he, one night,  
 "I'll make a rise in this world with the aid of  
 dynamite."  
 He got a lump, which to his pants he tied with  
 half a brick,  
 Then sat down hard and suddenly—of course it did  
 the trick.

CHORUS.

Up went O'Braggetty, he went out of sight,  
 Landed on the earth again some time in the night,  
 He fell upon a "slop," and squashed that p'liceman  
 flat,  
 (*Pause*.) But what saved Paddy's bacon was his  
 stove-pipe hat.

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The dandy Coloured Coon ...	EUGENE STRATTON
Down the Road ...	GUS. ELEN
'E talks like a Picture book ..	GUS. ELEN
Isabel Lee ...	HARRY DACRE
Fare you well, Daisy Bell	LADY MANSEL & MISS NORA GORDON
Clamber closer Clara ..	MISS VESTA TILLEY
It's not the hen that cackles the most	MISS MINNIE CUNNINGHAM
A bicycle will not do ...	MISS JENNY VALMORE
We don't know where we are (words only, 6d. net)	HERBERT CAMPBELL & DAN LENO
Two little girls in blue ...	MISS LILLY BURNARD
Two little maids in blue	MISS NELLIE L'ESTRANGE
Fred Lay's bogie Medley up to date	
All the time... ..	G. H. CHIRGWIN
I saved him ...	J. C. WHITEMAN & FRED POLLARD
Naething at a' ...	JAMES MERRYLES
Till six o'clock in the morning	MISS MILLIE HYLTON
A little bit of all-right ...	SAM TORR
He's got to keep a-moving ...	GEO. BEAUCHAMP
Overcoats ...	ARTHUR W. RIGBY
Oh! take me there. W. P. DEMPSEY & CHAS. E. STEVENS	
I mustn't let her see me all at once	HARRY RANDALL
Looking for a House to let ...	J. W. HALL
I can't change it ...	GEO. BEAUCHAMP
Midnight in Trafalgar Square ...	ALLAN DALE
Why wasn't I born a boy? ...	MISS MARIE MONTROSE
We are the sisters Gee-up	JOHNNY DANVERS and JOHNNY SCHOFIELD
Marjor-ie Marjor-osh ...	GEO. ROBEY
A Costermonger's Wife ...	J. W. ROWLEY
On the banks of Bantry Bay	MISS ELLA DEAN and J. W. ROWLEY
Mad ...	T. E. DUNVILLE
Dear old Ned	MISS JENNY HILL & MISS PEGGY PRYDE
The Pretty Maid was young and fair	CHARLES GODFREY
In the smithy ...	JESSIE BURTON
That's his girl	FRED. W. STEPHENS & G. WALLIS ARTHUR
Gone before ...	G. W. HUNTER
That's what I call Plucky ...	GEO. ROBEY
I was there with mine ...	HARRY FREEMAN
Nuggets ...	CHARLES VINCENT
Do dear, do ...	MISS AMY LISTER
He was a pal of mine ...	WILL VALLER
Oh! Ria ...	ARTHUR PEARL
In the moonlight ...	SAM REDFERN
That's all ...	MISS ROSE DEARING
Baby ..	ARTHUR LEONARD
A Gaiety Girl ...	MISS KATE JAMES
After the fall (Parody) ...	G. W. HUNTER
Patsy Brannigan... ..	J. W. ROWLEY
Lowther Arcade ...	MEL. B. SPURR
I don't suppose you have ...	CHARLES BIGNELL
Robin Hood up to date ...	MISS KATE CHARD
Merrie, Merrie, England ...	CHARLES GODFREY
The Bowery ...	MISS ADA BLANCHE
Doolan's Farm ...	J. H. MILBURN
Jolly Bohemian boys ...	EDGAR ROMAINE
His own mother wouldn't know him now	J. W. ROWLEY
Molly Riley oh! ...	PAT RAFFERTY
Drink of the golden cup ...	MISS KATE CHARD
Still in debt (Parody, words only, 6d. nett)	J. C. RICH
Jack Crawford ...	LEO. DRYDEN
Break o' day boys ...	MISS MARIE TYLER
I didn't know ...	AUSTIN RUDD
Like a lady ...	MISS FLO HASTINGS
Little Goody two-shoes ...	MISS MILLIE HYLTON
After the Squall (Parody) ...	CHARLES BIGNELL
Sportsman's young Wife up to date	MISS KATE JAMES
Hi diddle diddle um ...	MISS BESSIE BELWOOD
Ga-ga-good bye ...	LESTER BARRETT
Come back-forgive and forget ...	LEO. DRYDEN
That's the cause of it ...	FRED HARVEY

SUNG BY	
After the Ball (Parody) ..	ARTHUR ROBERTS
After the Ball ...	MISS VESTA TILLEY
Mollie and I and the baby ...	HARRY KENNEDY
Ma Jeannette ...	MISS MILLIE HYLTON
And the Verdict was—	T. E. DUNVILLE
They all take after me ...	HARRY RANDALL
Love me little, love me long	EUGENE STRATTON
I'm the Father of a little black coon	EUGENE STRATTON
Denis Brady's cat ...	J. F. SHERIDAN
Maiden and the lamb	MISS GRACIE WHITEFORD
Fairly knocked the Yankees in Chicago	WALTER STOCKWELL & MISS VESTA TILLEY
Siberia ...	CHARLES GODFREY
Jacob Strauss ...	CHARLES GODFREY
Sisters ...	MISS VESTA TILLEY
A nice quiet week ...	MISS VESTA TILLEY
Various Topics ...	G. W. HUNTER
When the wintry winds begin to blow	MISS JENNY VALMORE
We all lent a hand ...	LESTER BARRETT
The Midshipman ...	ERNEST D'ALMAINE
Good Old London ...	HARRY ANDERSON
Still the same ...	LESTER BARRETT
Liza's Tootsies ...	ARTHUR W. RIGBY
She was a clergyman's daughter	MISS ADA REEVE
I'm a little too young to know,	MISS ADA REEVE
I'm prepared for her ...	LESTER BARRETT
You look after me, old boy ...	HARRY FREEMAN
Dotty on the ditties ...	H. C. BARRY
When we're up in town ...	HARRY ANDERSON
Ma Jeannette and Marguerite	THE SISTERS LLOYD
One of the boys... ..	CHARLES DEANE
He thinks he's gone to bed ...	J. W. HALL
I was very, very busy ...	DAN CRAWLEY
Famous in love, famous in war ...	WALTER MUNROE
Irish as she's spoken... ..	PAT RAFFERTY
Under the shadow of old St. Paul's	FRED RILEY
Nursery Rhymes Medley ...	FRED POPLAR
You'd better stay at home, lad ...	WILL VALLER
He was a pal of mine ...	WILL VALLER
Logical conclusions ..	G. W. HUNTER
Up to here ...	HARRY RANDALL
Nancy, you're my fancy ...	JESSE BURTON
We didn't get home for a week	WALTER STOCKWELL
Sweethearts ...	MISS LIZZIE HOWARD
Good old London Bill... ..	MISS JENNY HILL
Twelve months ago to-night	ERNEST D'ALMAINE
Chicago ...	MISS HARRIETT VERNON
Same as ever ..	GEO. EDGAR
When the missis is out ...	CHARLES GODFREY
Little Nellie Green ...	TOM CARNEY
Bow-wow on the brain ...	W. J. DEMPSEY
'E didn't ought to do it ...	MCCALL CHAMBERS
All have a dinner with me... ..	J. E. CAMP
Monte Carlo boys ...	GEORGE BEAUCHAMP
The floor gave way ...	PAT RAFFERTY
Paddy's serenade ...	PAT RAFFERTY
The monarch of all good wine ...	FRED RILEY
Polly McGilligan's Band ...	JOHNNY DANVERS
Does anybody want to buy a bicycle	J. W. HALL
The highly colored tie ...	ARTHUR ALBERT
Two little hearts made one	MISS FANNY ROBINA
All the boys in our choir ...	MISS FANNY ROBINA
Oh! Mr. P'liceman ...	THE SISTERS TILLEY
The Bounders' Football Club ...	CHARLES COBORN
Push dem clouds away ...	PERCY GAUNT
Daisy Bell ...	MISS KATIE LAWRENCE
Silly fool! ...	MISS MARIE LLOYD
The lubly gal's reply ...	EUGENE STRATTON
Dear old boy ...	MISS MILLIE HYLTON
Sunday at home ...	HARRY RANDALL
Dinkey Arno ...	THE TILLEY SISTERS
All the comforts of a home ...	G. W. HUNTER
Boys will be boys ...	DENNIS J MCCARTHY
No, 'Arry, don't ask me to marry!	MISS MARIE LLOYD
How I mesmerise 'em ...	CHARLES GARDINER
Her daddy's been and bought her a bow-wow (bull-dog) ...	JOE LAWRENCE

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