

# Get On To That Bouquet - song lyrics

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GET ON TO THAT BOUQUET!

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by L. C. Wegefarth.

I'm the ladies' pet and the finest yet when I stroll down the street,  
My clothes are nice. I owe the price, my style is hard to beat;  
I sport a belt and tooth-pick shoes, and when I walk Broadway,  
The boot-blacks cry: "Oh, stag the guy! get on to that bouquet!"

Refrain.

Like a cabbage fair, is my boutonniere,  
And it makes a fine display, this little rose I wear;

All the people shout as I wobble out:

"Get on to that, bouquet!"

Like a cabbage fair, is my boutonniere.

And it makes a fine display, this little rose I wear;

All the people shout as I wobble out:

"Get on to that bouquet!"

On my breast it lies, and there are no flies on me when I go 'round,  
My gloves are gay, my tile O. K., my walk's a skip) and bound;  
One of the proud "four hundred "I. and very "distang gay."  
To prove it so, old chap, yer know, "get on to that bouquet. " -Refrain.

If you took away this, my grand bouquet, I'd just lie down and die,  
I'd lose a meal, I'd go and steal, this boutonniere to buy;  
I'd wear a sunflower, or a beet, a marigold so gay,  
If I couldn't get a rose, you bet- " Get on to that bouquet!"-Refrain.