

# The Funny Little Fellow With The High, High Hat - song lyrics

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THE FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW WITH THE HIGH, HIGH HAT.

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Composed for Miss Patti Rosa by Gustave H. Kline.

How many sweethearts I have got is hard for me to tell;  
If I should some describe to you, perhaps you'd know them well;  
It keeps me busy counting all the presents that they bring;  
Although there's none of them my choice, I've got them on the string.

Spoken-There's the

Chorus.

Funny little fellow with the high, high hat,  
And another little fellow with a cane.  
A big, fat man who walks like that,  
And a fellow with a title to his name,  
A Frenchman gay with his "Oui Monsieur,"  
And an Englishman with "On are you, me boy  
A Dutchman mit his "Nix-come-a-rous,"  
And a Mick named Pat Malloy.

While going to church or driving out with handsome narry Brown,  
Oh, he is just the dearest boy, the sweetest man in town;  
While at the corners there they'll stand, to look they know not how,  
So, with a sigh and jealous eye, they tip their hats and bow.  
Spoken-Oh, this-Chorus.

Now, by-and-by we'll married be, dear Harry and myself; ?  
I do not wish to die an old maid, or be laid on the shelf,  
But when at times I'm left alone, and Harry's gone away,  
I cannot help but think of all my beans of by-gone days.  
Spoken-Especially- Chorus.