

# Chimmie Fadden Of De Bow'ry - song lyrics

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Chimmie Fadden of de Bow'ry.

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Words and Music by Kate Vanderpoel.

I s'pose yuse all have heard of me, I tuk de loidy's side;  
I tumped de dude wot winked at her, until he nearly died;  
Fer de way in which I trun him, I drew a prize, you see,  
Fer now I am de futman in de loidy's family.

Refrain.

Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, tint's wot me Bow'ry frens say;  
I'm out for wot's in it, jes' up to de limit, an' tings are now comin' me way.  
Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;  
Ye're givin' me 'Goff," so jes' chase yerself off fer tings are now comin' me way.

De mugs dey all keep stringin' me wen on the box I ride;  
O, hully gee! it is a sight wid de coachman by me side;  
De loidy said dere was an air dat went 'long wid de clothes.  
But wen I has de style on, it turns me frens to foes.-Refrain.

Some folks wen dey gits 'way up high, dey goes an' lose her head,  
But wen I comes to be dat gay, I hopes to drop down dead;  
If I was ter he de coachman, de butler, or de chef,  
I'll tink meself right, people, seel Chimmie Fadden don't git left.- Ref.