

SM 4224

Hippity Hop

Words by
SAM M. LEWIS and
JOE YOUNG

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON
arr. by Fred E. Ahlert

Marcia

Piano

Voice

Till Ready

Pat Mc Cann an
Pat one day just

I-rish-man, A Dub-lin buck-a-roo, — He bought him-self an aer-o-plane to
flew a-way, The land-lord made him fly, — He said, "your rent is go-ing up," and

cross the o-cean blue, — One day he flew in-to a rage and land-ed with a
Pat said, "so am I," — He used a bot-tle for a throt-tle, he was fly-ing

bang, — While in a daze for sev-en days, The doc-tor said he sang:
high, — He hit a cloud and ver-y loud, The ang-els heard him cry:

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Chorus

"Oh! it's hip-pi-ty hop I'll nev-er stop 'till I land, — ov-er in Ire-land, —

p-f

— ov-er the sea; — I'll be tick-led to death to get a breath of my land, —

— { And if I should drop I would-n't get sore, I've tak-en a drop or two be-fore;
 In the sea I'd fall and get up and walk, I know I could float cause I'm from Cork; }
 And if I should fall I would-n't get sore, I fell for the lad-ies once be-fore;

I'd fly all ov-er the sky, To meet my Mol-ly O, — Just to bid my

dar-lin' "top of the morn - in' Oh! it's hip-pi-ty hop, I'll nev-er stop 'till I land —

— ov-er in Ire-land, — ov-er the sea' — "Oh! it's sea' —

D.S.