"Come, Josephine In My Flying Machine."
(Up She Goes!)

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by
FRED. FISCHER

Waltz Moderato

Oh, say! let us fly, dear. Where, kid?
One, two, now we're off, dear. Say you,
to the pretty

sky, dear. Oh, you flying machine! Jump in
soft, dear. Whoa! dear, don't hit the moon. No, dear,

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Miss Josephine, Ship Ahoy! Oh, joy! what a feeling.
not yet but soon. You for me, Oh, gee! you're a fly kid.

Where, boy? In the ceiling. Ho, high,
Not me, I'm a sky kid. Gee! I'm

hoop-la! we fly to the sky so high.
up in the air about you for fair.

CHORUS

Come Josephine, in my flying machine, Going up, she goes!

Come Josephine &c. 3
up she goes! Balance yourself like a bird on a beam, In the air she goes; there she goes! Up, up, a little bit higher.

Oh, my! the moon is on fire. Come, Josephine in my flying-machine, Going up, all on, "Good bye!"

Come Josephine &c. 3