

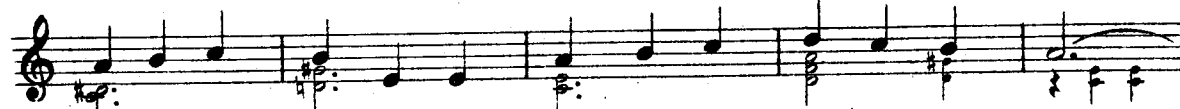


ARTIST COPY

## My Mulberry Rose


Words by  
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Valse moderato


Ros - ie Mc Sween - ey is  
Ros - ie just goe - sie andtee - ny and wee - nie, and sweet as a choc - late e - claire. —  
powders her nos - ey and vamps ev - ry guy on the block. —— And Tom - my Mc Fee - ney he thinks she's a Queen - ie, And  
— And Ros - ie's a pos - ey as you might sup - pos - ey 'Causethey make a peach of a pair. — He calls her his Mul - ber - ry  
she's of the four hun - dred stock — She looks like a Gould or aRose — And here's how the rest of it goes. —  
Schwab — I hope that it don't swell her knob. —

## CHORUS


My Mul - ber - ry Rose — Wears Fifth Av - en - ue  
My Mul - ber - ry Rose — Wears Fifth Av - en - ueclothes — She works as a maid for those rich mil - lion - aires  
hose — They're torn at the heels when she gets them you see




That's how she gets all the dress - es she wears Most ev - 'ry - one  
Ros - ie puts ink where the heels ought to be Most ev - 'ry - one



knows \_\_\_\_\_ My Mul - ber - ry Rose \_\_\_\_\_  
knows \_\_\_\_\_ My Mul - ber - ry Rose \_\_\_\_\_



She's got a gown with a big flow - ing train, It must have been  
She could have mar - ried a bank - er one day, With mil - lions and



worn by a Whit - ney or Payne, Cause it's got a stain and it looks like cham -  
mil - lions of doll - ars they say, Now Ros - ie was there but the guy stayed a -



pagne My Mul - ber - y Rose. \_\_\_\_\_ Rose. \_\_\_\_\_  
way My Mul - ber - y Rose. \_\_\_\_\_ Rose. \_\_\_\_\_

### 3rd Chorus

My Mulberry Rose, artists ask her to pose  
Harrison Fisher once begged her to come  
And pose for a picture called "Simple and dumb"  
Most everyone knows my Mulberry Rose  
Rosie can dance and she knows how to spiel  
But she's got the brain of an ossified eel  
Why she thinks a Ford is an automobile  
My Mulberry Rose

### 4th Chorus

My Mulberry Rose, class right down to her toes  
Her kisses are sweet, and she hugs me to death.  
She eats fairy soap cause it perfumes her breath,  
Most everyone knows my Mulberry Rose,  
She's got a voice like a flounder or pike  
And when she starts singing it sounds like a strike  
The kind of a voice only relatives like  
My Mulberry Rose.