

1910

## You Can't Jolly Molly Any More.

Thos. S Allen  
*Composer*

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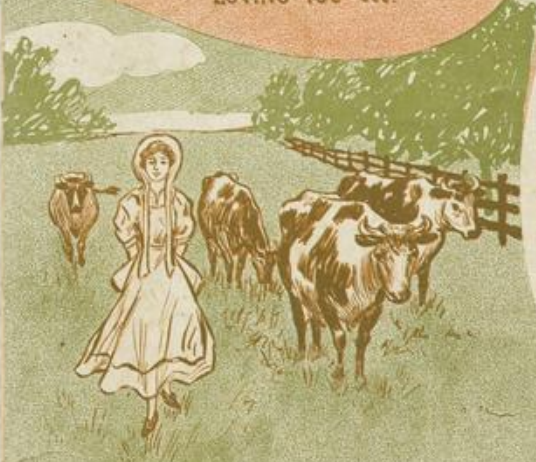
# YOU CAN'T JOLLY MOLLY ANY MORE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

## THOS. S. ALLEN

Writer of

"BY THE WATERMELON VINE," (Lindy Lou)  
"YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM  
LOVING YOU" etc.



With Lola Merrill and Frank...

5

Published by  
**Daly**  
MUSIC PUBLISHER  
BOSTON MASS

Vp. 006532  
1910  
YOU CAN'T

MUMFORD

# You Can't Jolly Molly Any More.

Words & Music by  
THOS. S. ALLEN.

Moderato *Imp.*

Mol - ly was a simp - le coun - try maid - en, Mol - ly was a simp - le coun - try  
Mol - ly thought she'd like to see the old town, Just to give the coun - try folks a  
In a big de - part - ment store she wan - dered, For some fan - cy stock - ings like she  
Right a - cross the way from where she's liv - ing On - ly just an al - ley - way be -

jay, Real - ly 'twas a shame at the men - tion of her name, She'd  
treat, In a flash - y gown, she went sail - ing in - to town, And  
wore, Lit - tle Char - lie Brown the big - est flirt in town, He  
tween, There's a lod - ger there, by the name of Thom - as Ware, And

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quick-ly blush and then she'd turn a - way,      Soon she packed her trunk and left the  
 ev - ry bod - y stopped up - on the street      Wom - en who were out to do their  
 had the stock - ing count - er near the door,      Char - lie said when they be - came ac -  
 al - ways at the win - dow he is seen,      One day on the street she chanced to

vil - lage,      For New York she start - ed on her way,      Folks who've seen her there thought she'd  
 shop - ping,      Found the stores were closed up for the day,      Soon she must de - part, for the  
 quaint - ed,      "You can have the best that's on the shelf,"      There's a dan - dy pair for a  
 meet him,      Then he said "I'll tell you lit - tle maid, When you re - tire at night, then to

wed a mil - lion - aire      For Mol - ly is a dif - f'rent girl to - day.      You  
 train was do to start,      And this is what she heard the peo - ple say.      You  
 peach like you to wear,      They're yours if I can put them on my - self.      You  
 me it's quite a sight,      For I can see your shad - ow on the shade?      You

## CHORUS.

can't jol - ly Mol - ly an - y long - er, — You can't jol - ly Mol - ly an - y  
 can't jol - ly Mol - ly an - y long - er, — You can't jol - ly Mol - ly an - y  
 can't jol - ly Mol - ly an - y long - er, — You can't jol - ly Mol - ly an - y  
 can't jol - ly Mol - ly an - y long - er, — You can't jol - ly Mol - ly an - y

more, She nev - er went to col - lege but she gained a lot of knowl - edge. Now this  
 more, A rub - en sat be - side her, he was full of prunes and ci - der. He be -  
 more, This farm - er's fox - y daught - er, sent poor Char - lie for some wa - ter. Then she  
 more, She said "you will get paid up, for to - night I'll leave the shade up?" And though

farm - er's lit - tle daught - er nev - er takes a drink of wat - er, But she  
 lied that he was fun - ny when he flashed a roll of mon - ey, Mol - ly  
 took a few she want - ed, and right through the door she saun - tered When he  
 he was doubt - ing Thom - as he found out she kept her prom - ise, There he

lives with the la - dies on the av - en - ue, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 said "won't you have a lit - tle can - dy?" \_\_\_\_\_ When  
 came back he near - ly lost his ap - pet - ite, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 sat when she took her shoes and stock - ings off, \_\_\_\_\_ And

man - i - cure is past - ed on the door. So you cant jol - ly Mol - ly an - y  
 he woke up his head was aw - ful sore, He was wild when he found his roll was  
 here's the note he found when she was gone, "I have left you the pair you liked the  
 af - ter throw - ing them a - cross the floor, She got up and she simp - ly turned the

lon - ger, Oh you cant jol - ly Mol - ly an - y more. You more.  
 miss - ing, But he wont jol - ly Mol - ly an - y more. You more.  
 best dear, For you said you would like to put them on? You on.  
 light out, For you cant jol - ly Mol - ly an - y more. You more.

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## Pitter-Patter Rag.

JOS. M. DALY.

Composer of "Scented Roses" Waltz,  
"Miss Liberty" March, etc.

BY

JOS. M. DALY

Writer of

"Scented Roses" Waltzes  
"Miss Liberty" March  
"Toot your horn, kid, you're  
in a fog," etc., etc.

Moderato

PIANO



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