

# I·V·E·G·O·T·R·I·N·G·S·O·N·M·Y·F·I·N·G·E·R·S

(O·R·M·U·M·B·O·J·U·M·B·O·J·I·J·J·I·B·O·O·J·O'·S·H·A·Y)

I·N·T·R·O·D·U·C·E·D·W·I·T·H·G·R·E·A·T·S·U·C·C·E·S·S·B·Y

**M·A·U·D·L·A·M·B·E·R·T**

M·U·S·I·C·A·L  
N·U·M·B·E·R·S·I·N

**L·E·W·F·I·E·L·D·S**

P·R·O·D·U·C·T·I·O·N

## **T·H·E M·I·D·N·I·G·H·T S·O·N·S**

**T·B·H·A·R·M·S·&·F·R·A·N·C·I·S·D·A·Y·&·H·U·N·T·E·R**



6

G·E·N·E·B·U·C·K



# "I've Got Rings On My Fingers;"

3

Words by  
Weston and Barnes.

or, Mumbo Jumbo Jijjiboo J. O'Shea.

Music by  
Maurice Scott.

*Moderato.*

Piano. *f*

*Vamp ad lib.*  
*Till ready.*

Voice.

1. Jim O'Shea was cast a-way Up-on an In-dian isle, The  
2. O'er the sea went Rose Mc Gee To see her na-bob grand, He  
3. Em-rald green he robed his queen, To share with him his throne, 'Mid

*p*

na-tives there they lik'd his hair, They lik'd his I-rish smile, So  
sat with-in his pal-an-quin, And when shedkissed his hand, He  
eas-tern charms and wav-ing palms, Theyd sham-rocks, I-rish grown, Sent

Copyright MCMIX by Francis, Day & Hunter.  
T. B. Harms, & Francis Day & Hunter, N. Y.

made him chief Pan - jan - drum, The na - bob of them all, They  
 led her to his har - em, Where he had wives ga - lore, She  
 all the way from Dub - lin, To Na - bab J. O 'Shea, But

call'd him Ji - ji - boo Jhai, And rigg'd him out so gay, So he  
 start - ed shed - ding a tear; Said he, "Now have no fear! I'm  
 in his pal - ace so fine, Should Rose for Ire - land pine, With

wrote to Dub - lin Bay To his sweet-heart just to say:  
 keep - ing these wives here Just for or - na - ment, my dear:  
 smiles her face will shine, When he mur - murs, "Sweet-heart mine:



## Chorus.

"Sure, I've got rings on my fin-gers, bells on my toes,

*p-f*

El-e-phants to ride up-on, my lit-tle I-rish Rose, So

come to your na-bob, and next Pat-rick's Day, Be

Mis-tress Mum-bo Jum-bo Jij-ji-boo J. O-'Shea. "Sure I've got Shea." *D.S.*

*D.S.*