Much Obliged to You

Allegro moderato

1. When Sylvester came his way, Johnson Lee hit New York from Tennessee, he thought he'd make his
   fortune right away. He worked a round in swell hotels a
   bout a wait'er's "graft". But poor Sylvester hardly knew an
   ways of New York town: Sez he, I've worked at ev'ry trade, the

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hop - pin' bells, but  
one - let from a  
kid - ncy stew, so when they saw him  
com - ing, peo - ple  
Lord or dev - il  
ev - er made, and I aint seen no  
fortunes ly - in'  

One day in a la - dy ca;e, with a bull dog  
Good old Nash-ville, Ten - nes - see, al - ways did look  

Wrong with me, I can't seem to get a cent from no one, 
I  
on a chain, Poor Syl - ves - ter had to stand and hold him out - 
good to me, I aint goin to work no more for no one an  

wonder why. No one hands me an - y "tips" or noth - in' else but  
side the door, When she fin - ished out she went and hand - ed him a  
'tose my health, While I'm feel - in' strong an' well, I'm goin' to take a
Heavy grips, I'm goin' to bid these swell hotels good-bye,
meas-ly cent, no won-der that he cried out as be-
rest-in' spell, I'm sick an tried of chas-ing af-ter wealth.

CHORUS.

It's might-y strange! It's might-y strange! No one ev-
says "Syl-ves-ter you keep the change!" I try to do:

folks tell me to: but they all get ab-sent mind-ed when my

Much obliged to you.
work is through: I don't know why:

the more I try: somehow or other all the coin gets by:

It's time I blew for some job that's new,

All I get here is "Much obliged to you!" you"

Much obliged to you. 4