Fireman's Bride lyrics by Dorothy Fields and music by Sigmund

Romberg (1944) (from the musical "Up in Central Park")

C C6 C C6 C С C6 C6 Fireman Joe McGee, married in June, wants to be free. F G7 Am Am D7 D7 Dm G7 He bought a handsome lovenest, but his high-flyin' spouse likes the firehouse. C C C6 C C6 C C6 C6 She wears a crimson skirt, fireman's hat, red flannel shirt. E7 E7 Am7 Cma7add9b5 Dm7 Dm6 **G7** Clang goes the bell and she's off, boys! In a cloud of confusion and dirt.

GG7CDmDmG7G7CCOh....the...fireman's bride, the fireman's bride, won't sit home by the fireside.CCDmDmG7G7CCFrom all accounts, she'd rather bounce, in the fireman's net.CCCCCC

Em7B7Em7B7B7Em7Em7She leaps to the engine and clings to the hose.How she hangs on, nobody knows.Am7D7Em7Am7D7Dm7G7Out comes the net and then over she goes. high up they throw her while she hollers "more!"The

CCDmDmG7G7CCfireman's bride, flat on her hide, is extremely undignified.CCDmDmG7G7CCHigh as a kite. Ain't she a sight! Naughty fireman's bride!

C6 С **C6** С C6 С С C6 With his head bowed in grief, McGee gave his badge back to the chief. G7 Am Am D7 D7 Dm G7 "Chief," he says, "I'm resigning, but I'll donate my spouse to the firehouse." C C6 C C6 C C6 **C6** C Then the chief said "Of course, we've never employed girls on the force. E7 E7 Am7 Cma7add9b5 Dm7 Dm6 **G7** But if you're throwing her out, son, she can sleep in with me and my horse."

GG7CDmDmG7G7CCOh....the...fireman's bride, the fireman's bride, hasn't got any fireside.CDmDmG7G7CCBut I believe, she's got the chief, not to mention the horse.

Em7B7Em7Em7B7B7Em7Em7She runs up the ladder and swings to the roof,
Am7holding her skirts gaily aloof.holding her skirts gaily aloof.Am7D7Em7Am7D7Dm7G7Men, you'll remember, are not fireproof.They see what goes on and yell "Turn the hose on!"The

CCDmDmG7G7CCfireman's bride, people confide, has the firemen google eyed.CCDmDmG7G7CCThey'll leave a blaze burning for days.Naughty Fireman's bride!G7G7CCNaughty Fireman's bride!....