

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL

THE CELEBRATED  
IRISH SONG



ARRANGED & SUNG BY  
J. R. THOMAS.

COMPOSED BY

SAMUEL LOVER.

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# I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL

Words and Music by

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Allegro scherzando.*

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear, I'm not myself at all.

Nothing caring, nothing knowing, 'Tis after you I'm going,

Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growing, Molly dear, Molly dear, And I'm

not myself at all. Tho' other day I went confessin', And I

ask'd the father's blessin', But says I, "dout give me one en-tire-ly, For I

freighted so last year, But the half o' me is here, So give the other half to Molly

4

Brierly, Oh! I'm not myself at all.

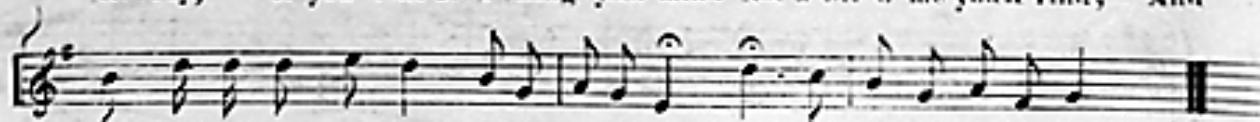
2<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear, My appetite's so small.  
 I once could pick a goose, But my  
 buttons is no use, With my tightest coat is loose, Molly  
 dear Molly dear, And I'm not myself at all. If  
 thus it is I waste, You'd better dear make haste Before your lover's gone away en-





fire-ly; If you don't soon change your mind Not a bit o' me you'll find, And

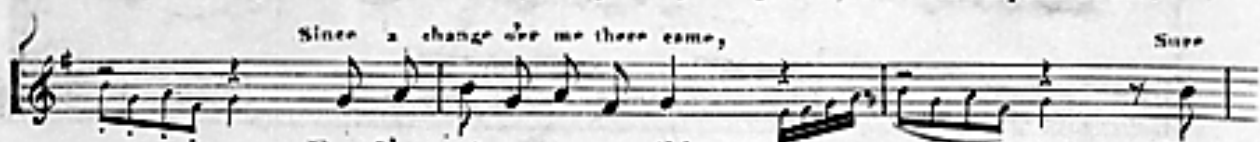


what 'ud you think o' that Molly Brierly! Oh! I'm not myself at all.

4<sup>th</sup> V. I'll be not myself at all Molly dear, Molly dear, 'Till you my own I call.



3<sup>d</sup> VERSE. Oh! my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear, Isn't like myself at all.



Since a change o'er me there came,

Sure

For I've got so ve-ry thin,

My-



you might change your name,

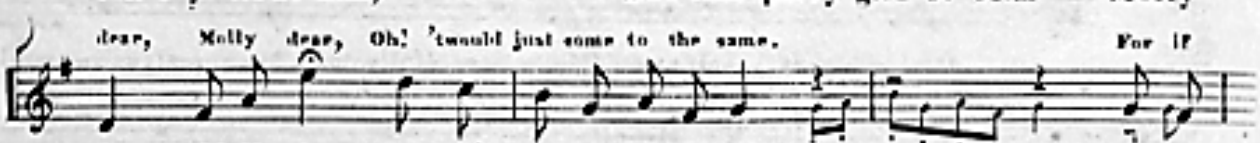
And 'twould just come to the same

Molly

self says 'tisn't him,

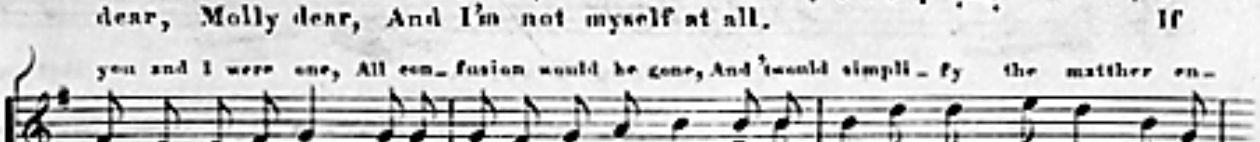
But that purty girl so slim

Molly



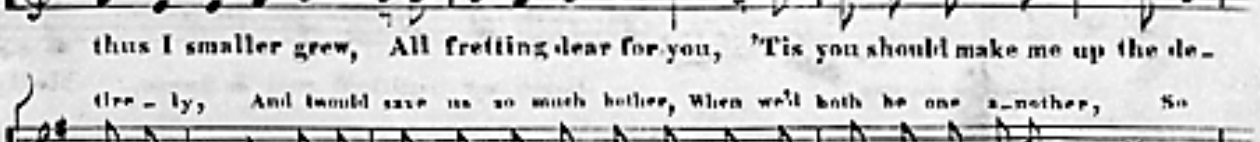
dear, Molly dear, Oh! 'twould just come to the same.

For if



dear, Molly dear, And I'm not myself at all.

If



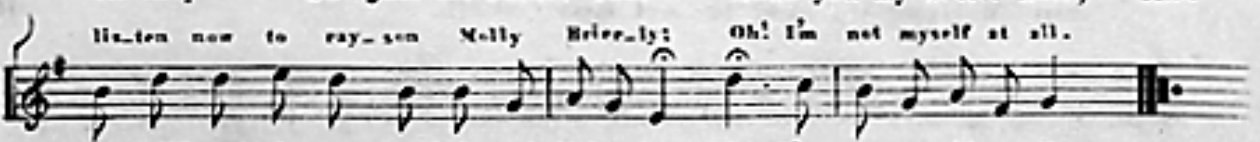
you and I were one, All con-fusion would be gone, And 'twould simpli-ty the matther en-



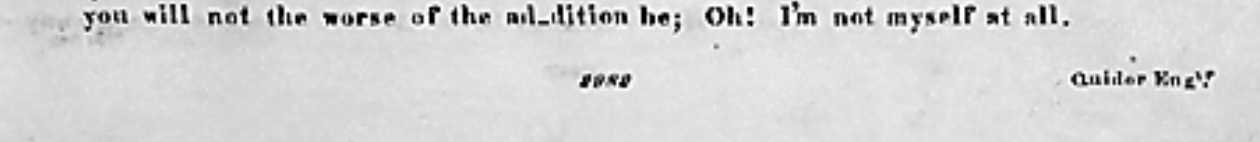
thus I smaller grew, All fretting dear for you, 'Tis you should make me up the de-

tre-ly, And 'twould save us so much bother, When we'd both be one a-nother, So

ficiency So just let Father Taaf Make you my better half, And



lis-ten now to ray-son Molly Brier-ly; Oh! I'm not myself at all.



you will not the worse of the ad-dition be; Oh! I'm not myself at all.