

FOR THE PRESS.



COMIC  
CHARACTER

SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
LOREN BRAGDON

40

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# HE IS IRISH!

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LOREN BRAGDON.

## COMIC CHARACTER SONG.

INTRO.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The melody is in the right hand, starting with a *mf* dynamic and becoming *f* later. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

1. I am as true an I-rish-man, as grows on I-rish  
 2. I had as sweet a Col-leen Bawn, as you would wish to  
 3. I got a sit-u-a-tion and for which the country

The first three lines of the song are set to a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *ff* dynamic for the first line and a *p* dynamic for the second and third lines. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand.

soil, I came from Coun-ty Gil-lo-way, Where I-rish men do  
 see, She came from Coun-ty Kil-la-loo, Where they drink good whis-  
 paid, Then Brid-get got an-oth-er one, She was a French nurse

The second three lines of the song continue the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *ff* dynamic for the first line and a *p* dynamic for the second and third lines. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand.

toil; My fath-er was a Cal-la-han, my moth-er was a  
 key; I knew she had a doz-en beaux, but this she promised  
 maid! I was a big Po-lice-man, and the flow-er of my

The final three lines of the song continue the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *ff* dynamic for the first line and a *p* dynamic for the second and third lines. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand.

Flynn. There were twelve lit - tle Cal - la - hans, how hap - py we were  
me, That we would sail to - geth - er, to the coun - try of the  
race, Just let me turn a cor - ner you'd see mis - chief in my -

then! O' - Dowd lived in the cel - lar, O' - Rourke, the sec - ond  
free: So we came on to - geth - er, A - cross the roll - ing  
face, The boys they all would scam - per, I'd chase them by the

floor, Me - Car - thy in the gar - ret, While I hung on the  
main, Of course she would get sea - sick, I got there just the  
score, The girls would al - ways love me, I'd watch the small side

door; And lots of sprees we had there, And mother'd have her  
 same; But soon we both were land-ed, And Brid-get looked so  
 door. I know I'm ve-ry hand-some, But this they'd say of

say, That Dad could clean out Ire-land, from the Coun-ty Gil-lo-way:—  
 gay, That all the peo-ple as she passed, 'She's French' I'd hear them say:—  
 me, And I thought no one knew it in this coun-try of the free;—

**CHORUS.**

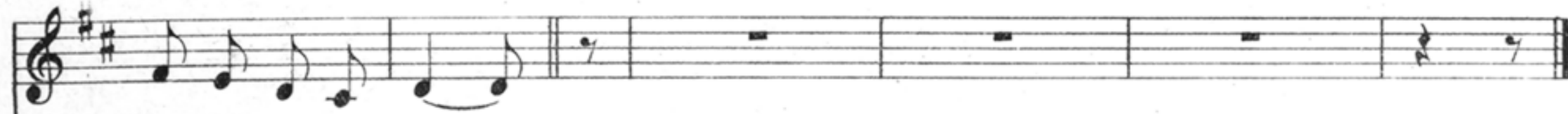
1. We were I-rish, yes, I-rish, All I-rish through and through, We  
 2. But she's I-rish, she's I-rish, She's I-rish bless her soul, Her  
 3. He is I-rish, he's I-rish, Brass but-tons, plug and all, He



used our fists, we used our feet, if not, our heads would do: O' Rourke cleaned out Mc  
hair was red, she looks half fed, and on her cheek's a mole; Her feet will cover an  
has his beat up - on our street, all summer, spring and fall: Now don't his mug look



Car-ty, and O'-Dowd he made a lay, — That he could clean out Cal-la-han from the  
a - cre lot, what I tell you now is true, You could always tell she's I-rish, from the  
like a pug, born on St Pat-rick's day? You could always tell he's I-rish, from the



County Gil - lo - way! —  
County Kil - la - loo! —  
County Gil - lo - way! —

