

THE ARMY'S FULL OF IRISH

(A MAN FROM ERIN NEVER RUNS, HE'S IRISH)



WORDS BY
BERT HANLON
MUSIC BY
WALTER DONALDSON
WRITER OF

"I'VE GOT THE NICEST LITTLE HOME IN DIXIE"
"I'VE GOT THE SWEETEST GIRL IN MARYLAND"
"SUKI SAN" (WHERE THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS FALL)

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The Army's Full Of Irish

(A Man From Erin Never Runs, He's Irish)

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Bright and Jauntily

The sheet music consists of eight staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The tempo is marked 'Bright and Jauntily'. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

It's al - ways ta - ken an I - rish - man to prove that might was
 It's al - ways ta - ken an I - rish - man to win the slight - est

right, — For there nev - er was an I - rish - man who did not love to fight. — There
 brawl, — You'll al - ways find him up - on his feet, he don't know how to fall. — An

nev - er was a bat - tle that the I - rish did - n't win. — There nev - er was a
 I - rish - man is nev - er wrong, he's al - ways in the right. — It mat - ters not what

bat - tle that the I - rish were - n't in. — There's thou-sands in ev - 'ry reg - i - ment The
 he might weigh, it mat - ters not his height, — When - ev - er he sees a quar - rel an - y

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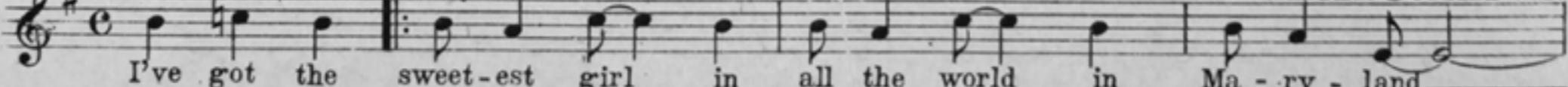
THE QUEEN OF SOUTHERN DITTIES

I've Got The Sweetest Girl In Maryland

TRY IT AND BUY IT

WALTER DONALDSON

CHORUS Brightly, but not fast



I've got the sweet - est girl in all the world in Ma - ry - land

Words and Melody Alike Appeal

I - Irish al - ways go, — They've heard there's fight-ing some-where, And that's all they want to know.—
hour— of the night, — You'll find him in the mid - dle, If it's not a pri - vate fight.

CHORUS

The arm - y's full of I - rish, They're I - rish to a man; — A

bu - gle call is mu - sic sweet to Ca - sey or Mc - Cann. — They're all a bunch of

no - ble sons A fight - ing lot o' sons o' guns, A man from Er - in

nev - er runs, he's I - - - rish. The rish. —

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ANOTHER IRISH GEM

You Brought Ireland Right Over To Me

REFRAIN *Tenderly**ten.*

CAPTIVATING AND NOVEL

J. KEIRN BRENNEN & ERNEST R. BALL

Sure the light in your eyes, Is the blue of the skies; On your cheeks bloom the wild I - rish rose,
Sung everywhere, played everywhere