HE IS IRISH

COMIC CHARACTER

SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

LOREN BRAGDON

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HE IS IRISH!

INTRO.

Allegretto.

COMIC CHARACTER SONG.

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PIANO.

1. I am as true an Irishman, as grows on Irish soil, I came from County Gil-loys, Where Irish men do toil;

2. I had as sweet a Colleen Bawn, as you would wish to see, She came from County Kil-la-loo, Where they drink good whisky.

3. I got a sit-u-a-tion and for which the country paid, Then Bridget got another one, She was a French nurse.

My father was a Cal-lahan, my mother was a key; I knew she had a dozen beaux, but this she promised maid! I was a big Police-man, and the flower of my
Flynn. There were twelve little Cal-la-hans, how happy we were.
me, That we would sail to-gether, to the country 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-ber, I'd chase them by the

floor, Mc-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

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door; And lots of sprees we had there, And mother'd have her same; But soon we both were landed, And Bridget looked so door. I know I'm very handsome, But this they'd say of say, That Dad could clean out Ireland, from the County Galway.
gay, That all the people as she passed, She's French! I'd hear them say:
me, And I thought no one knew it in this country of the free;

CHORUS.

1. We were Irish, yes, Irish, All Irish through and through, We
2. But she's Irish, she's Irish, She's Irish bless her soul, Her
3. He is Irish, he's Irish, Brass buttons, 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 hat up - on our street, all summerspring and fall: Now don't his mug look

Car-thy, and O'Dowd he made a lay, That he could clean out Cal-la-han from the
a-cres ln., 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!

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