

Pat Malone

Forgot That He Was Dead.

WORDS BY

HARRY C. CLIDE,

MELODY BY

JAS. J. SWEENEY.

ARR FOR PIANO BY

H.W. PETRIE.



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PAT MALONE.

FORGOT THAT HE WAS DEAD.

Words by HARRY C. CLYDE.

Music by JAMES J. SWEENEY.

Arr. by H. W. Petrie.

Moderato.

The musical score is arranged in five systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *ff*, *p*, and *f*, and features triplet rhythms. The vocal line includes lyrics and dynamic markings like *p* and *f*. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

Lyrics:

1. Times were hard in ir - ish town, Ev' - ry thing was go - ing
 2. Then they gave the corpse a sup, Af - ter wards they filled him
 3. So the fun' - ral start ed out, On the cem - e - te - ry

down, And Pat Ma - lone was pushed for read - y cash.
 up And laid him out a - gain up - on the bed.
 route, And the neigh - bors tried the wid - ow to con - sole.

p He for life in-sur-ance spent *f* All his mon-ey to a cent, So
 Then be-fore the morn-ing grey, Ev'-ry bod-y felt so gay, They
 Till they stopped beside the base Of Ma-lone's last rest-ing place, And

f all of his af-fairs had gone to smash. *Quasi recit. much slower. mf* But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear
 all for-got he on-ly play'd off dead. So they took him from the bunk, Still a-
 gen-tly low-ered Pat-rick in the hole; Then Ma-lone be-gan to see, just as

f Pat, if you were dead, *rall.* That twen-ty thous-and dol-lars we could
 live, but aw-ful drunk, And put him in the cof-fin with a
 plain as one, two, three, That he'd for-got to reck-on on the

a tempo. take." And so Pat lay down and tried
 pray'r, But the driv-er of the cart
 end. So as clods be-gan to drop,

f

To make out that he had died, Un - til he smelt the whis - key at the wake.
 Said "be - dad, I'll nev - er start Un - til I see that some one pays the fare!"
 He broke off the cof - fin top, And to the earth he quick - ly did as - cend.

ff *f*

Then Pat Ma - lone for - got that he was dead, He
 Then Pat Ma - lone for - got that he was dead, He
 Then Pat Ma - lone for - got that he was dead, And

raised him - self and shout - ed from the bed: "If this
 sat up in the cof - fin while he said: "If you
 from the cem - e - ter - y quick - ly fled - He came

p

wake goes on a min - ute The corpse he must be in it, You'll
 dare to doubt my cre - dit, You'll be sor - ry that you said it - Drive
 near - ly go - ing un - der, It's a luck - y thing, by thun - der! That

have to get me drunk to keep me dead?" Then Pat Ma_lone for_got that he was
 on or else the corpse will break your head?" Then Pat Ma_lone for_got that he was
 Pat Ma_lone for_got that he was dead, Then Pat Ma_lone for_got that he was

dead, He raised him_self and shout_ed from the bed: "If this
 dead, He 'sat up in the cof_fin while he said: If you
 dead, And from the cem_e_ter_y quick_ly fled— He came

wake goes on a min_ute The corpse, he must be in it, You'll
 dare to doubt my cre_dit, You'll be sor_ry that you said it— Drive
 near_ly go_ing un_der, It's a luck_y thing, by thun_der! That

have to get me drunk to keep me dead." D.S.
 on or else the corpse will break your head!"
 Pat Ma_lone for_got that he was dead! D.S.