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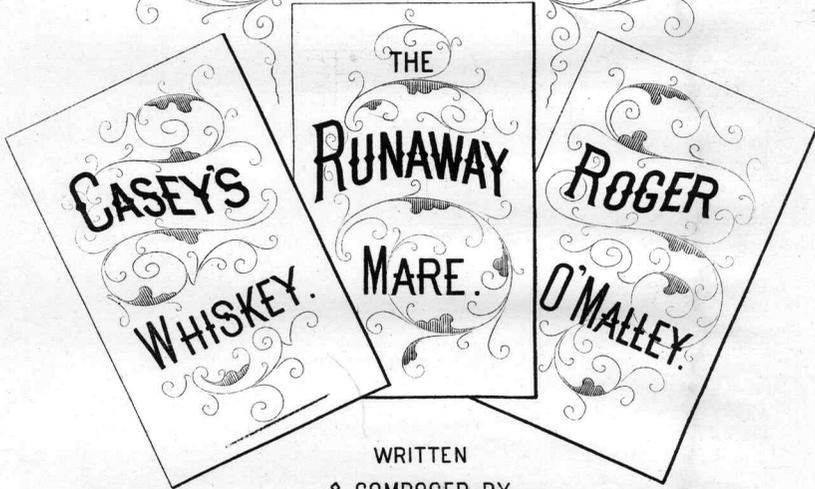
TO MY FRIEND
ED. HARRIGAN.

POPULAR **IRISH** SONGS.

SUNG BY

W. F. LAWLOR.

BARNEY THE GUIDE.



WRITTEN
& COMPOSED BY

JOSEPH P. SKELLY.

NEW YORK
E. H. HARDING, 229 BOWERY.
OPP. PRINCE ST.

TO HARRY KERNELL, N.Y.

CASEY'S WHISKEY!

Words and Music by JOSEPH P. SKELLY.

Arr'd by J. J. FREEMAN.

Tempo di Polka.

f *ff* *pp*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Tempo di Polka'. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The piece starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, reaches a fortissimo (*ff*) peak, and concludes with a piano (*pp*) ending.

Me - self and Bar - ney Ca - sey wint to have a lit - tle spree. He

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Me - self and Bar - ney Ca - sey wint to have a lit - tle spree. He".

had a hot - tle for him - self, andanoth - er one for me. We

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "had a hot - tle for him - self, andanoth - er one for me. We".

thravell'd round the ci - ty, till our heads and feet were sore. And

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "thravell'd round the ci - ty, till our heads and feet were sore. And".

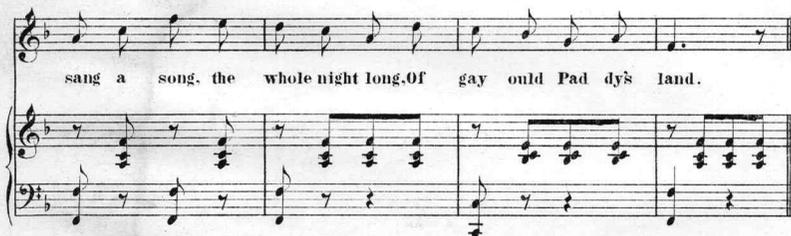
ev - ry dhrink it was so nice, it made us wish for more.

Chorus.

Bad luck to Ca - sey's Whiskey! It made us both so frisky. We

dhrank our bot - tles emp - ty, and at last we couldn't stand: A -

-long the streets we rambled. We stagger'd, and we scamb'ed. And



sang a song, the whole night long, Of gay ould Pad dy's land.



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2.

We met a big policeman and he looked at us, says he,
 "What brings you out so late as this?" says I; "the country's free"
 "Shut up!" says Casey; "come along!" "O' divil a bit," says I,
 "I'll sthrike him if he says a word, the dirty mane ould spy!"
Spoken—And if I ever did sthrike him he might well say— Chorus.

3.

He turned around and left us—sure the man was not to blame
 I called him back, and axed him if he'd plase to tell his name,
 "Of coorse," says he; "its Flanigan, I'm from the county Clare."
 "Hurrool!" says I; "shake hands me by, our whiskey you must share." Chorus.

4.

Out kem the empty bottle, and I put it in his paw;
 "Lookout," says he; "whin on me post, a dhrink's against the law."
 He put the bottle to his mouth, but divil a dhrup was there,
 And while we laughed at Flanigan, sure he began to swear! Chorus.

5.

He raised his club above his head, and vowed he'd take us in,
 For dhrinkin' on the highway, "O," says Casey; "thats too thin"
 He dhragg'd poor Casey off to jail, and thried to take me too,
 But to keep a houl't on Casey was as much as he could do.
*Spoken— I pitied poor Casey and I suppose he pitied me, But it was all his own doings. The
 two bottles fixed him.* Chorus.

Scanning Target

Edison Sheet Music

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