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ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.



A Celebrated Irish Air.



BY

JOHN DAVIES.

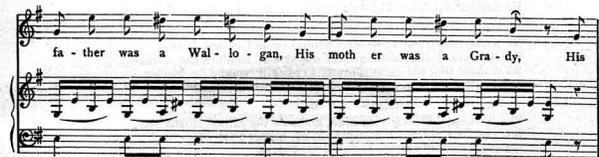
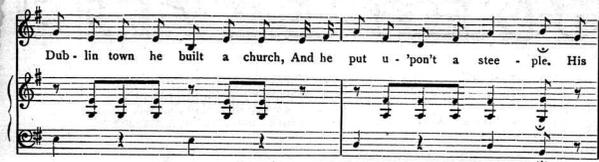
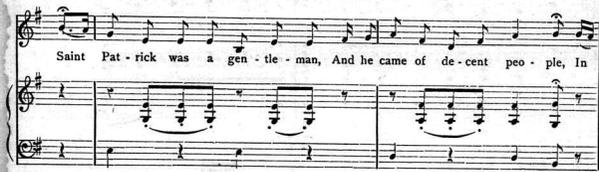


ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A CELEBRATED IRISH AIR.

By JOHN DAVIES.

Allegretto.



aunt she was a Kin - ni - gan, And his wife the wid - ow Bra - dy Then suc -

cess to bold Saint Pat - rick's fist, For he was a Saint so clev - er, He

gave the snakes and toads a - twist, And ban - ish'd them for, e - ver.

2

There's not a mile in Ireland's Isle, where the dirty vermin musters,
Where'er he put his dear forefoot, he murder'd them in clusters.
The toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slip dash into the water,
And the beasts committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter.

3

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue, he charm'd with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killalaw, in soups and second courses,
When blindworms crawling in the grass, disgusted all the nation,
He made them arise, and op'd their eyes to a sense of their situation.

4

No wonder then our Irish boys should be so free and frisky.
For St. Patrick taught them first the joys of tipping the whiskey.
No wonder that the Saint himself to taste it, should be willing
For his Mother kept a sheban shop in the town of Enniskillin.

5

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill of Hoath Sir,
But there's a hill much higher still, ay, higher than them both Sir,
'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preach'd the sarnent,
He drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother'd all the varment.

St. Patrick was a Gentleman.—2.

HITCHECOCK'S THEMATIQUE CATALOGUE.

SADLY AND LONELY I WANDER. Song & Chorus, by D. L. HERRICK.

Price 40 cts.

1. Sad-ly and lone-ly I wan-der to-night, Bat-ting a - gainst the cold storm; No one to give me a pit-y-ing glance, And
2. Dark-ness steals o - ver me, child' is my heart, Blind-ly I plod thro' the snow; Sweet are the mem-ries that steal o'er me now Of

no place to shel-ter my form.... Soon I'll be gone from all sor-row and care, The chil-y earth will be my bed, etc. etc.
loved ones I left long a - go.... Sad are the chang-es that long years have made, No friend will the ban-ished one save... etc.

SEND ME A ROSE FROM MY ANGEL MOTHER'S GRAVE. Song & Cho. by W. S. MULLALLY.

Price 40 cts.

Andante.

1. I've been think-ing, to - day of the hap-py years a - go, And the tears quick-ly gath-er'd in my eyes, As I
2. I would give all this world, if it were mine to give, If my moth-er could re-turn to me a - gain; I would

CHORUS.

When you kneel down in pray'r near the spot where she's laid, Re-mem-ber this fa-vor that I crave; Oh! take from the ho-ly ground a

SWEET SCENES OF CHILDHOOD. Song & Chorus, by M. H. ROSENFELD. (Lithograph Title.)

Price 40 cts.

1. Soft-ly I'm dream-ing of the gold-en years, Fad-ling and flee-ing in a mist of tears; Dreaming in sor-row with a heart of pain;
2. Sweet scenes of childhood, fad-ling soft and low, Bring-ing fond mem-ries of the long a - go; Pain I would in-giv-er more with thee.
3. Sweet scenes of childhood, with thy vis-ions bright, Glad-den my path-way thro' the wan-ing night; From mol-ten fire resp the chastened gold.

CHORUS.

Sweet scenes of child-hood, stay, oh do not go, Lin-ger yet soft-ly in the e-ven's glow; Glad-den the path-way thro' the we-ry day, etc.

THE SEA KING. Song for Baritone, by JAMES A. JOHNSON.

Price 40 cts.

Allegro con Spirito.

1. A rol-lick-ing son of old o - cean am I, Is the fear not the storm-bloom that dark-ens the sky; My sail to the breeze I
2. The mu-sic that charms me, when far from the shore, Is the dash of the wave, or the tem-pest's loud roar; I'm King of the bil-lows, the

gal-lant-ly fling, I laugh and I quaff, and I mer-ri-ly sing; Like a bird, o'er the bil-low my bark gai-ly flies, No
sea is my home, As o'er the dark wa-ters I mer-ri-ly roam; With mess-mates a - round me to share in my glee, I

SOMETIME YOU WILL MISS ME. Song & Chorus, by F. A. ROTHSTEIN.

Price 40 cts.

Andante.

1. Some-time you will miss me, dar-ling! When the long night-shadows fall, I shall be be-yond the star-light, And I shall not hear you call, etc.
2. All the precious love you gave me In the old-en hap-py time, You will think of, and will weave it, Dett-ly in to heart-felt rhyme, etc.
3. I shall come, if He is will-ing, At the lone-ly mid-night hour, And my presence soft-ly round you, Shall en-fold when stormclouds low'r, etc.

CHORUS.

Some-time you will miss me, dar-ling! Meek-ly bear the chast-ning rod, - Think that I am with you at - ways, - I, who love you next to God, etc.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF MOTHER. Song & Chorus, by JAMES A. BLAND.

Price 40 cts.

Andante.

1. Take good care of Moth-er, for she's get-ting old and fee-ble, Her hair that once was gold-en Is turn-ing in - to gray, etc.
2. Take good care of Moth-er, for you'll miss her when she's sleep-ing In the qui-et coun-try church-yard, Where sum-mer blos-soms bloom, etc.

CHORUS.

Take good care of moth-er, Nurse her ev-ry hour, Treat her just as ten-der as you would a lit-tle flow-er, Kiss her and ca-ress her, etc.

SWEETHEART AND MOTHER. Song & Chorus, by J. P. SKELLY.

Price 40 cts.

Moderato.

1. One sun-my day in Spring-time, A fair young lad went sail-ing; A moth-er and a sweet-heart, In tears were left be-hind. They
2. The days and weeks de-part-ed, And still there came no tid-ings, They saw the ship in vis-ions toss'd On the storm-y main. It
3. One sun-my day in Spring-time, The Moth-er, white and wea-ry, With-gau-les the hand ca-ress-ing The sweet-heart's gold-en hair, Sighed

CHORUS.

Still fond-ly watch-ing for the loved one, They wan-dered to-gether by the sea, Sweet-heart and moth-er gent-ly pray-ing, Oh,

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