The Only Bit Of Ireland In Old New York.

Written by
R.P. Weston and
Fred J. Barnes.

Composed by C.W. Murphy.

Moderato.

Piano.

Pat Mol-lon was an Irish boy Wh'd
No one knew as that sham-rock grew, What it
Pat would dream, and, at night he'd scheme If

em-i-grated o'er the foam. But his heart, quite his
meant to lone-ly Pat Mol-loy. He with grief watch'd a
he had mon-ey what he'd do. Pat would say "Here in

larg-est part He'd left with those he lov'd at home. So he
fading leaf, But a new one was an un-told joy. "Be-
U. S. A. I'd have Dub-lin and Kil-lar-ney too. I

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wrote to his mother in the land of his birth, "Just
gorra! I'm a landlord," he would say with a smile, "For
cannot leave my new friends and I long for the old, And

send me some shamrock and a spadeful of earth!" She
sure I own in miniature the dear Emerald Isle. It's
that's why I'm a slaving and a saving my gold. The

sent it as she bade her by the very next boat, Then
true it's on the window sill, and ever so high, But
song "Come back to Erin" sets me shedding a tear, But

patriotic Patsy to his dear old mother wrote:
Ireland stands above all other countries he would sigh.
when I've wealth, I'll buy it up and bring it over here.

The Only Bit etc. &
Chorus.
Marcia.

At my window near the sky,
Smoking my old dhu-deen, I'm a million aire, for, faith! I've a share of the dear little Isle so green, in a flower-pot full of mould.

The Only Bit etc. 4
Sent me from County Cork.

Is a dear little shamrock, a sweet little shamrock, And the only bit of Ireland in old New York!

At my York.