The Irish Blues

Words by
J. BRANDON WALSH
Writer of "The Irish Tango," etc.

Music by
ERNIE ERDMAN
Comp. of "I'm a long way from Tipperary," etc.

Moderato (Not fast.)

The Irish are a fighting race, a

ve-ry hard to fright-en race, To ev-ry war you'll find the Irish
go-in';

try and solve the mys-te-ry, Of why the Irish love the cannon's roar;

mat-ter what the fight's a-bout, Some Irish men go march-ing out, And if they can-not find a war, They

war breaks out in 'Tim-bc-too;' the gal-lant fighting Dan Mc-Que, Loads up his gun to shoot some-one, He


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start one of their own, Near far off Dub-lin Bay, Poor Ma-ry Ann O'
never saw be-fore, The wo-men know it's wrong, They've said so right a-

Shea,- Is griev-ing for her sol-dier boy, And mean-ing all the day.
long,- For ev-ry day near Dub-lin Bay, Poor Ma-ry sings this song.

Chorus.

Oh! Oh! Oh! I've got those darn old I-rish Blues, The mean-est kind, the greenest kind, the
kind you nev-er lose, I don't know what the war's a-bout or where my Din-ny went, But I

The Irish Blues - 2 - 8
know I need his kiss-es, And the land lord needs his rent. Oh! Oh! Oh! there was no

need for him to roam. He could have had his fight-ing here at home.

I'm a-fraid he's fight-in' where the bat-tle's hot, And he may be com-ing home to

me'half shot! That's why I've got those darn old I-rish Blues.

The Irish Blues - 3-3