Let Yez All Be Irish To-Night

Waltz tempo

Michael Mc-Carty once gave a big party, On Saint Patrick's night in his
Big Herman Moser, the fat German grocer, Sat down by the side of con-

man-sion so fine; His friends and re-la-tions re-ceived in-vi-
ta-tions, They formed quite a
tractor Mc-Cann. And Sandy Mc-Pherson a tall Scot-tish per-
son, Paired off with Mc-

crowd when they sat down to dine. Be-side all the I-rish in town my but I wish, I
Ginty the big Al-der-man. An-ton-y Mo-ret-ti who deals in spa-ghet-ti, Held

knew all the names of the folks gath-ered there, Some Ger-mans and He-brews, I-
hands with the charm-ing Be-de-lia Mc-Gee, A Swede Os-car Swan-son and

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talians and Swedes, too, All na-tions at- tend-ed Mc- Cart-y's af-fair. They Eng-lish Bill John-son, They both sprained their brogues sing-ing "Moth-er Ma-chree? Mc-

lis-tened with glee to their host, When Mc-Cart-y said "Byes, here's a toast!" Cart-y said "Stop where you are," Stand up and shout "Er-in Go Bragh."

CHORUS

Let yez all be I-rish to-night Wow! Let yez all be I-rish to-night Wow! You French, Scotch and Ger-mans, I-talians and Jews, Just act like Mc-Kennas, O'Sheas and Mc-Cues, And I'll shake yez
all by the hand. Wow! As if you came from Ireland.

Wow! Forget all your troubles, your cares and your woes. Imagine you're one of the Macs and the Os, Do every thing Irish, but don't start to fight. Let yez all be Irish tonight. Wow! Let yez

\[ \text{music notation} \]