O' O' O'BRIEN.

Words by
M. B. KIRBY.

Music by
JEAN SCHWARTZ.

1. You've heard of Dan O'Connell, Robert Emmet and the rest, Of
famous Irish gentlemen that histories bequest, For
Irishmen to celebrate until the end of time, But I'll
never have an argument but frequently a fight, That

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bet you sixty cents you never heard of Pat O'Brien, He opens in the morning and that closes in the night, One

runs a place in Harlem where the best of drinks are sold Every day his German wife produced a lovely Irish flag, And

especially a mixture that will always knock you cold, It's right before his face she used it for a dusting rag, O'

called the "Final Punch" it never fails to put you out, And O'Brien had the banner made into a parasol, "Take

while you're in the trance it's pretty sure you'll dream about that" says he, "you Dutch-man or you'll carry none at all!"

O'Brien. 3
CHORUS.

O, O, O, O, O, O'Brien
You are fancy fat and fine
You are the
O, O, O, O, O, O'Brien
See your darling wife is cryin'
Her par-a-

gentle-man for mine
sol looks like a sign

3.
O'Brien went down town one day to see a man named Flynn,
Who lived on Second Avenue of course he wasn't in,
O'Brien had a friend with him and both acquired a still,
And spent the last red cent they had on mixtures that will kill;
They jumped upon a street car, but they couldn't pay their fare,
The conductor threw them off about a block from Chatham Square,
"It's ten miles up to Harlem," says his friend "I think I'll balk;"
Says Pat "that's just five miles apiece, come on, old pal, we'll walk."

CHORUS.
O, O, O, O, O, O'Brien,
I never heard of figures lyin'
But your's are different from mine,
O, O, O, O, O, O'Brien.

4.
O'Brien got a dandy job, conductor on a car,
To save himself from walking when he had to travel far,
He worked about a week when someone in the Company,
Accused him of retaining fares, and O'Brien, says he,
I never stole a cent, I always share the money fair
"At the end of every trip I throw the nickles in the air,
Whatever sticks to the bell rope, why I give it to the Company
And all that falls upon the floor, begob belongs to me."

CHORUS.
O, O, O, O, O, O'Brien,
As a conductor you're a shine,
You'd ruin any street car line,
O, O, O, O, O, O'Brien.