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1866

Pat Malloy

Dion Bourcicault

Lyricist

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To Frank Drew Esq.

PAT MALLOY.

Originally sung with Immense Success by



In his immitable Character of
MR. DAN BRYANT,
The Irish Emigrant,
Words by Dion Bourcicault
NEW YORK
Arranged by John P. Cooke
at Wallacks Theatre

LITH. OF MAJOR & KNAPP, 449 BROADWAY N.Y.

Published by W^m A. POND & C^o 547 Broadway.

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Vp-004381

1866

PAT

"PAT MALLOY"

3

Words by DION BOURCICAULT, Esq.

Arranged by JOHN P. COOKE, Esq.



1. At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair-haired boy, She

The first line of the song, featuring a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are "1. At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair-haired boy, She".

kept a lit-tle huxter shop, her name it was Mal-loy; "I've

The second line of the song, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "kept a lit-tle huxter shop, her name it was Mal-loy; 'I've".

four-teen children" Pat says she "which heav'n to me has sent, But

The third line of the song, concluding the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "four-teen children" Pat says she "which heav'n to me has sent, But".

chil-der aint like pigs you know- they can't pay the rent!" She

gave me ev'-ry shilling there was in the till, And

kiss'd me fif - ty times or more, as if she'd never get her fill, - "On

heav'n bless you Pat," says she "and don't for - get my boy That ould

Ireland is your country, and your name is Pat Mal - loy!"

2.

Oh, England is a purty place, of goold there is no lack -
 I trudged from York to London wid me scythe upon me back;
 The English girls are beautiful, their loves I don't decline,
 The eating and the drinking too is beautiful and fine;
 But in a corner of me heart which nobody can see
 Two eyes of Irish Blue are always peeping out at me!
 Oh Molly darlin never fear I'm still your own dear boy -
Ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

3.

From Ireland to America across the seas I roam
 And every shilling that I got ah sure I sent it home;
 Me mother could it write but oh there came from Father Boyce:
 "Oh, heaven bless you" Pat says she - I hear me mother's voice!
 But now I'm going home again, as poor as I began,
 To make a happy girl of Moll and sure I think I can;
 Me pockets they are empty but me heart is filld wid joy:
For ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.