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1907

Pipe O' Briar

Midshipman Kirkwood H Donavin
Composer

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DEDICATED TO O8
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Pipe O' Briar

SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
MIDSHIPMAN KIRKWOOD H. DONAVIN



PUBLISHED BY
THE GEO. B. DONAVIN & CO.
COLUMBUS, O.

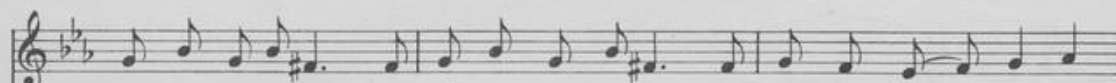
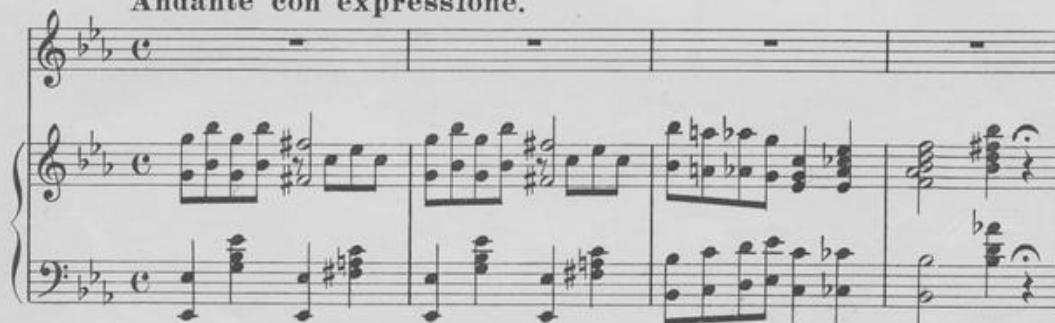


Vp. 009848
1907
Pip

Pipe o' Briar.

K. H. DONAVIN.

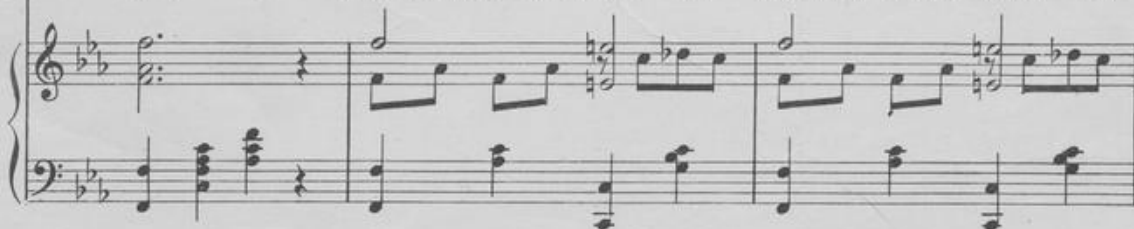
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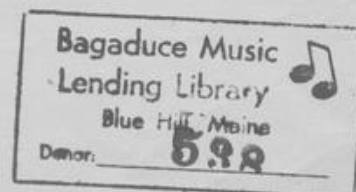
1. When you're feel-ing blue, And don't know what to do, And time makes hours seem lik.
 2. Joys come in a whirl, As you think of each girl, To whom you prom-ised you'd be



years, Draw your mor-ris-chair To the fire and in its glare.—
 true, Some-how you con-fessed You loved just one the best. She



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Vp 1907
 P ●

Ev-ry joy of for-mer days ap-pears, Then your pipe you light,
had such winning ways and eyes so blue, You nev-er bought the ring, For

rit. *a tempo*

Soon you feel al-right, You med-i-tate, you pon-der, think, Of
time's a fun-ny thing, Your love af-fair came to its end, And

all the things you've done, Your frolic and your fun, And in a rev-er-ie you
as you puff a-way, You're thinking of the day, She turned you down for your best

rit.

CHORUS.

sink, friend, Then take your lit-tle pipe of bri-ar, Put to-bac-co in the

bowl Soon the air a - round grows ha - zy,

And you think of things of old, May be its a girl you

think of, May-be its the chums of yore, But

pic-tures in the smoke bring mem'-ries And rec-ol-lec-tions of be - fore.

rit.