

SM 1903

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The Only Bit Of Ireland In Old New York.

Written by
R. P. Weston and
Fred J. Barnes.

Composed by C. W. Murphy.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a series of chords in the left hand, followed by a melodic line in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'Piano' with a forte 'f' marking.

Pat Mol - lon was an I - rish boy Who'd
 No one knew as that sham - rock grew, What it
 Pat would dream, and, at night he'd scheme If

The first system of the song features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a piano 'p' dynamic marking.

em - i - gra - ted o'er the foam. But his heart, quite his
 meant to lone - ly Pat Mol - loy. He with grief watch'd a
 he had mon - ey what he'd do. Pat would say "Here in

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features various chordal textures and melodic lines.

larg - est part He'd left with those he lov'd at home. So he
 fad - ing leaf, But a new one was an un - told joy. "Be -
 U. S. A. I'd have Dub - lin and Kil - lar - ney too. I

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a piano 'p' dynamic marking and ends with a fermata.

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wrote to his moth - er in the land of his birth, "Just
gor - ra! I'm a land - lord," he would say with a smile, "For
can - not leave my new friends and I long for the old, And

send me some sham - rock and a spade - ful of earth." She
sure I own in min - ia - ture the dear Em' - rald Isle. It's
that's why I'm a slav - ing and a sav - ing my gold. The

sent it as he bade her by the ver - y next boat, Then
true it's on the win - dow sill, and ev - er so high, But
song "Come back to Er - in" sets me shed - ding a tear, But

pa - tri - ot - ic Pat - sy to his dear old moth - er wrote:
Ire - land stands a - bove all oth - er coun - tries he would sigh.
when I've wealth, I'll buy it up and bring it o - ver here,

Chorus.
Marcia.

rall. *a tempo.*

At my win - dow near the sky

rall. *p-f a tempo.*

Smok - ing my old dhu - deen, I'm a mil - lion -

aire, for, faith! I've a share of the dear lit - tle Isle so

green, In a flow'r - pot full of mould,

Sent me from Coun - ty Cork. Is a

p

leg. *

rubato.

dear lit - tle sham - rock, a sweet lit - tle sham - rock, And the

colla voce.

a tempo.

on - ly bit of Ire - land in old New

a tempo.

York! At my York.