

SONGS FROM HARRIGAN & HART'S

GREAT SENSATION,

"THE MULLIGAN GUARD BALL."

Singing at the Hallway Door.

The Babies on our Block.

The Skidmore Fancy Ball.

WORDS BY

EDWARD HARRIGAN.

MUSIC BY

DAVE BRAHAM.

NEW YORK:

WM. A. POND & CO., 25 Union Square,
(Broadway, bet. 10th and 11th Streets.)

CHICAGO:

CHICAGO MUSIC COMPANY,
159 STATE STREET.

THE BABIES ON OUR BLOCK.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ED. HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRAHAM.

A piano introduction consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

1. If you want for in - for - ma - tion, Or in need of mer - ri - ment, Come o - ver with me
2. Of a warm day in the sun - mer, When the breeze blows off the sea, A hundred thousand
3. It's good - morn - ing to you, land - lord; Come, now how are you to - day? When Patrick Mur - phy,

Musical notation for the first system of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics from the previous block.

so - cial - ly To Mur - phy's ten - e - ment; He owns a row of hous - es In the
child - er - en Lay on the Bat - ter - y; They come from Mur - phy's build - ing, - Oh, their
Es - qui - re, Comes down the al - ley way, With his shi - ny silk - en beau - ty, He's as

Musical notation for the second system of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics from the previous block.

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First ward, near the dock, Where Ireland's rep - re - sent - ed By the Ba - bies on our
 noise would stop a clock! Oh there's no perambula - to - ry With the Ba - bies on our
 sol - id as a rock, The en - vy of the neighbors' boys A - liv - ing off our

Block. There's the Pha - lens and the Wha - lens From the sweet Dun - ock - a - dee, They are
 Block. There's the Clea - rys and the Lea - rys From the sweet Black wa - ter side, They are
 Block. There's the Bran - sons and the Gan - sons, Far - down and Connaught men, Quite

sit - ting on the rail - ings With their chil - dren on their knee, All gos - sip - ing and
 lay - ing on the But - t'ry And they're gas - ing at the tide; All roy - al blood and
 ea - sy with the shov - el And so han - dy with the pen; All neigh - bor - ly and

talk - ing With their neigh - bors in a flock, Singing "Lit - tle Sal - ly Waters," With the
 no - ble, All of Dan O'Con - nell's stock, Singing "Grav - el, Green - y Grav - el," With the
 friend - ly, With re - la - tions by the flock, Singing "Lit - tle Sal - ly Waters," With the

Ba - bies on our Block. Oh, Lit - tle Sal - ly Wa - ters Sit - ting in the
 Ba - bies on our Block. Oh, Grav - el, Greeny Grav - el, How green the grass - es
 Ba - bies on our Block. Oh, Lit - tle Sal - ly Wa - ters Sit - ting in the
See. ad lib.

son, A - cry - ing and weep - ing for a young man; Oh,
 grow, For all the pret - ty fair young maidens that I see; Oh,
 son, A - cry - ing and weep - ing for a young man, Oh,
tr

rise, Sal - ly, rise, Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the
 "Green Grav - el Green," Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the
 rise, Sal - ly, rise, Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the

Ba - bies a - liv - ing on our Block.
 Ba - bies a - liv - ing on our Block.
 Ba - bies a - liv - ing on our Block.