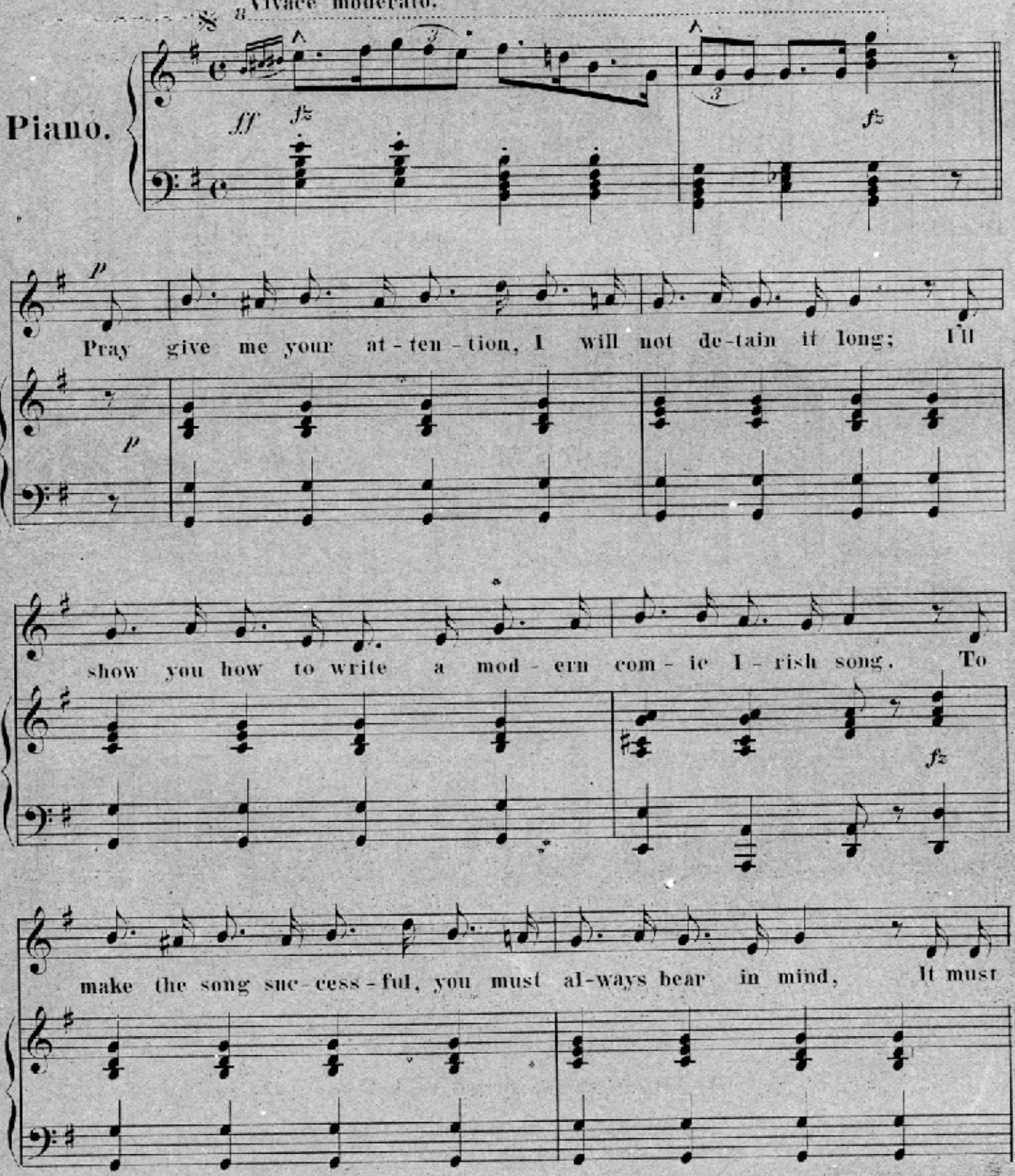
HIS NOSE WAS ON THE MANTELPIECE.

Written and Composed by GEORGE GROSSMITH.



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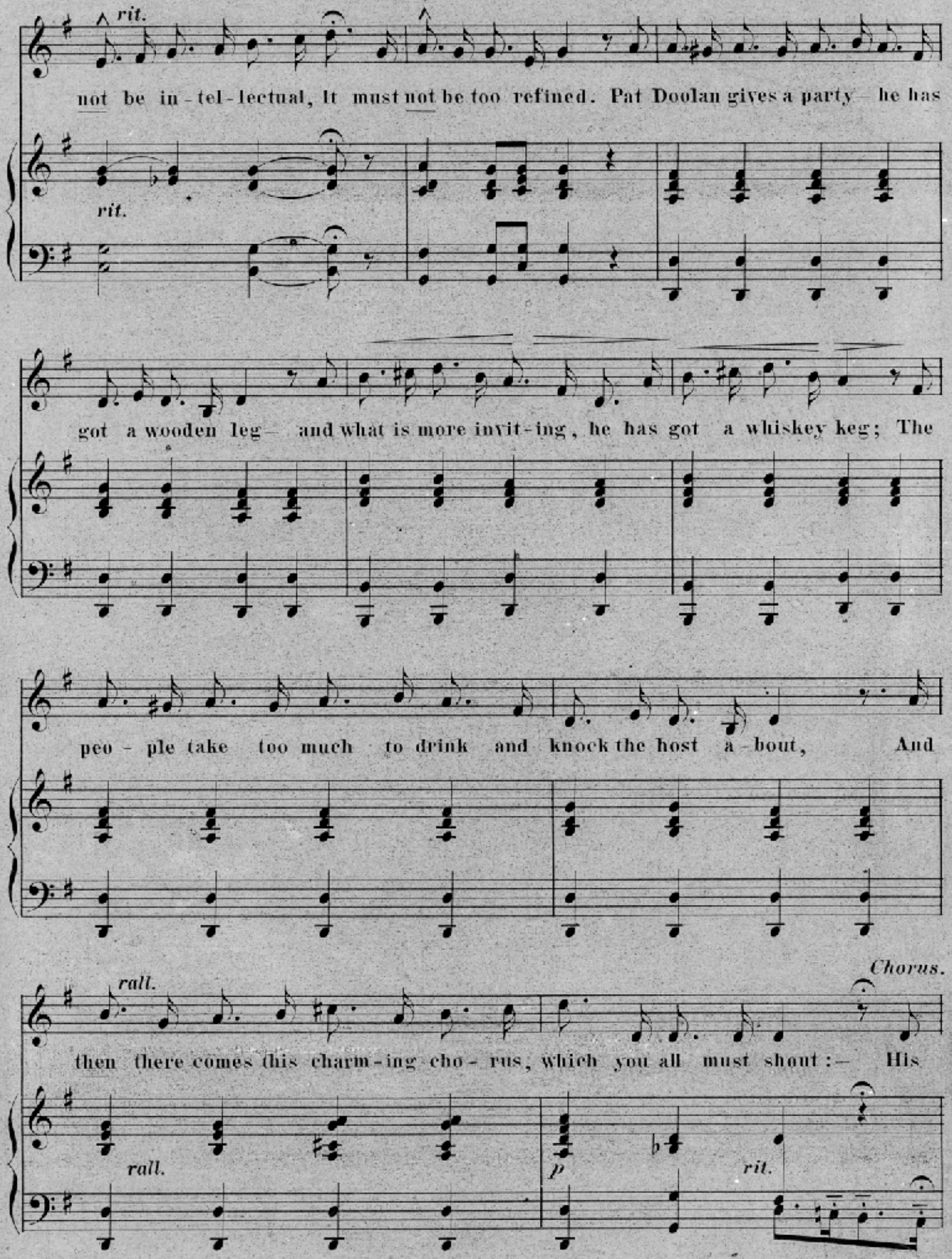
rit.
not be in-tel-lectual, It must not be too refined. Pat Doolan gives a party he has
rit.
got a wooden leg and what is more invit-ing, he has got a whiskey keg; The
peo-ple take too much to drink and knock the host a-bout, And
Chorus.
rall.
then there comes this charm-ing cho-rus, which you all must shout:— His
rall.
p
rit.

a tempo. (First time quietly.)

nose was on the man - tel - piece, his mouth was on the floor, His

Vivace.

fz

(Whoop!)

teeth were hang - ing on a peg be - hind the kit - chen door; And

fz

then there came Mc Car - thy, who finished the whis-key keg; And he

(Whoop!)

soon broke up the par - ty with Pat Doo-lan's wood-en leg.

8

fff

1.

Pray give me your attention, I will not detain it long,
I'll show you how to write a modern comic Irish song.
To make the song successful, you must always bear in mind,
It must not be intellectual, it must not be too refined.
Pat Doolan gives a party he has got a wooden leg,
And what is more inviting, he has got a whiskey keg;
The people take too much to drink and knock the host about,
And then there comes this charming chorus, which you all must shout:—

Chorus.

His nose was on the mantelpiece, his mouth was on the floor,
His teeth were hanging on a peg behind the kitchen door;
And then there came Mc Carthy, who finished the whiskey keg,
And he soon broke up the party with Pat Dolan's wooden leg.

2.

I've often been to Ireland, and I love the dear old place;
I've seen the Irish dancing, with decorum and with grace;
They may indulge in Blarney, but they don't indulge in blows,
And they never come away with other people's eyes and nose.
But in the modern Irish song, the audience expert
The guests to treat each other with the greatest disrespect.
They never thank the host for all his hospitality,
But smash him into little bits, and then they sing with glee:

Chorus. (With a little more vigor.)

His nose &c. &c. (as before.)

3.

Now, in the best society, we always used to think
One never ought to sing a song with reference to drink;
And men and women fighting at a ball, was rather strong!
Of course that was before the days of modern Irish song.
But now, the "Irish Emigrant" will make the people yawn;
They'll go to sleep by dozens if you sing them "Molly Bawn;"
Yet you can always rouse them up and make the rafters ring,
And they'll join you in the chorus, if this sort of thing you sing:—

Chorus. (With full vigor.)

His nose &c. &c. (as before.)

Hounslow N.Y.