

ALL TOGETHER

It looks to me like a big night to-night,
Big night to-night, big night to-night.
I sent the folks out to sea,
But they're home, Holy Gee!
Boys, it looks like a big night to-night.



Has anybody here seen Kelly, K—E—double—L—Y,
Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Have you seen him smile?
Sure his hair is red, his eyes are blue,
And he's Irish through and through,
Kelly from the Emerald Isle——.



E—Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay!
E—Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!
I don't care what becomes of me,
When you play me that sweet melody.
E—Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay!
My heart wants to holler hurray, (Hurray)
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
Home was never like this.
Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!

Heintz! Heintz! Vot's de matter mit Heintz?
Here he comes vobbling down de street,
Vot's de matter mit Heintz's feet?
Oeh! My! Dot's de trouble mit men,
He's been in fifty-seven bars,
Unt Heintz is Pickled again.



My wife's gone to the country, Hurrah! Hurrah!
She thought it best, I need a rest,
That's why she went away.
She took the children with her, Hurrah! Hurrah!
I don't care what becomes of me,
My wife's gone away.



Sure I've got rings on my fingers, bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish rose.
So come to your nabob, and next Patrick's Day,
Be Mistress Mumbo Jumbo Jij-ji-boo J. O'Shea.



O why don't you work
Like other men do?
How the H—— can we work
When there's no work to do?
Hallelujah, you're a bum,
Hallelujah bum again;
Hallelujah, give us a hand-out,
To revive us from sin.

For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.



Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder;
Steadily blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the old Brigade.
Then steadily shoulder to shoulder;
Steadily blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the old Brigade.



Baby, dear—sh! listen here, I'm afraid to come home
in the dark.
Every day the papers say: "A robbery in the park,"
So I sat alone in the Y.M.C.A., singing just like a
lark,
There's no place like home—But I couldn't come home
in the dark.

Swing me just a little bit higher, O-ba-di-ah, do!
 Swing me just a little bit higher, and I'll love you:
 Tie me on and I'll never fall, swing me over the
 garden wall,
 Just a little bit higher, O-ba-di-ah, do!



She is ma daisy . . . ma bonnie daisy! . . .
 She's as sweet as sugar candy, and she's very fond
 of Sandy,
 And I would rather loose ma whip than lose ma
 daisy.



H—A double R—I—GAN spells Harrigan,
 I'm proud of all the Irish that is in it;
 Divil the man can say a word agin' it,
 H—A double R—I—GAN you see.
 It's a name that a shame never has been connected
 with,
 Harrigan, that's me.