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Mulligan Guard.

San Francisco: M. Gray, 1873

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TO MR. JOSH. HART.

60.

THE MULLIGAN GUARD.



Composed, arranged & performed with immense success by
HARRIGAN & HART.

QUICKSTEP.



NEW YORK.

Published by **Wm. A. Pond & Co.** 547 Broadway.

SONG.



CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, ST. PAUL, PITTSBURG, MILWAUKEE, SAVANNAH, SAN JOSE, HOUSTON, NEW HAVEN,
ROOT & LEWIS, M. GRAY, WEIDE & ROSS, H. KLEBER & BRO., H. N. HEMPSTED, LUDGEN & BATES, AWALDEUFEL, E. H. CUSHING, SKINNER & SPERRY

SENT ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1873 BY W. A. POND & CO. IN THE OFFICE OF LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.

GUITAR.

THE MULLIGAN GUARD.

Composed and arranged by DAVID BRAHAM.

SIDE DRUM.

BASS DRUM.

DRUM AND FIFE.

f ORCHESTRA.

VOICE.

We crave your con - de-scension, We'll

tell you what we know Of marching in the Mulligan Guard from Sli - go ward below. Our

The musical score is arranged in five systems. The first system shows the Side Drum and Bass Drum parts. The second system shows the Drum and Fife part with triplets. The third system shows the full orchestra (f) with a piano introduction (p). The fourth system shows the voice part with the lyrics 'We crave your con - de-scension, We'll'. The fifth system shows the voice part with the lyrics 'tell you what we know Of marching in the Mulligan Guard from Sli - go ward below. Our'.

Captain's name was Hussey, a Tipper - ra - ry man, He carried his sword like a Russian duke, when-

-ever he took com - mand. We shoulder'd guns, and march'd, and march'd a - way, From

FORWARD MARCH. *f* 3 3 3 3

Bax - ter street, we march'd to Avenue A, With drums and fife, how sweet - ly they did

1st. 2d. *S*

play, As we march'd, march'd, march'd in the Mulligan Guard. We Guard.....

Dal Segno *S*

After the Second Verse. *f*

SIDE DRUM. TARGET EXCURSION BAND.

PRESENT ARMS. BASS DRUM.

CHORUS.

We shoulder'd guns, and

FORWARD MARCH. *f*

march'd and march'd a - way, From Bax - ter street we march'd to Avenue A, With drums and

fifes, how sweet - ly they did play, As we march'd, march'd, march'd, in the Mul-li-gan Guard.....

2
When the band play'd Garry Owen,
Or the Connamara Pet;
With a rub a dub, dub, we'd march
In the mud, to the military step.
With the green above the red, boys,
To show where we come from,
Our guns we'd lift with the right shoulder shift,
As we'd march to the bate of the drum.—CHORUS.

3
Whin we got home at night, boys,
The divil a bite we'd ate,
We'd all set up and drink a sup
Of whiskey strong and nate.
Thin we'd all march home together,
As slippery as lard,
The solid min would all fall in,
And march with the Mulligan Guard.—CHORUS.

WM. A. POND & Co's THEMATIC CATALOGUE of NEW and CHOICE MUSIC.

That song of Thine. J. R. THOMAS. 40.
Oh, sing a-gain; that song of thine Hath wakened mem'ries old & new.
Rock the Baby to sleep. G. OPERTI. 40.
In lone log hut young Creole sits, With anxious watch-ful eye.
Where shall the Baby's dimple be? ALBERT W. BERG. 50.
O - ver the cra - dle a moth - er hung.
Loved ones far away. J. R. THOMAS. 40.
When the qui-et stars are gleaming In the deep and love - ly blue.
Love may come to-morrow. ALBERT W. BERG. 50.
In the gold - en morn-ing, Far be - yond the sea.
What shall I say? D. FRANK TULLY. 40.
Jam - ie has long been a courting me, Nev - er was lover more true.
The little Coquette. BERTHOLD TOURS. 40.
Bon - nie brown hair which the breeze loves well, A face as round
Gone Before. BERTHOLD TOURS. 40.
O do not grieve that those ye love Have left this world for happier
Make believe I'm Dreaming. VIOLETTA. 40.
When you meet me at the brook, In the gold-en weather,
Linger near me, little Darling. VIOLETTA. 40.
Linger near me, lit - tle darling, Make my life a pleas-ant dream.
Parting. H. MILLARD. 50.
How sad the hour of parting! Oh! must we sev-ered be?
The Warrior's Return. BERTHOLD TOURS. 50.
From distant lands I come, I come, With joy to gain my lov'd one's home
Blarney. FRANK HOWSON. 40.
If love is an in - no - cent thing, my dear.
Ah, never deem my love can Change. J. R. THOMAS. 40.
Ah, never deem my love can change, Or falsethat I could prove to be.
Join the Dance. ADELINE MURIO-CELLI. 50.
Join the dance while hours are fleeting, Hap - py hearts in joy are
He kissed Her, and she kissed Him. H. P. DANKS. 30.
Oh, he kiss'd her, and she kiss'd him, And both kiss'd one another.
Three Roses. FAUSTINA HASSE HODGES. 35.
Just when the red June ro - ses blow, She gave me one.
Wishes. FAUSTINA HASSE HODGES. 30.
O Margaret! that I could be The breeze that softly kiss-es thee.
What is Home without a Mother-in-law? A. P. NUTT. 40.
What is home with-out a wife, To cheer his lone-ly way?
The Streamlet and the River. BERTHOLD TOURS. 40.
Streamlet! flow-ing to the riv - er, Winding thro' the meadow green

The Old Man's Darling. BERTHOLD TOURS. 40.
Her moth-er was his ear - ly love, Her sire his boyhood's friend.
Our Wandering Ships. J. R. THOMAS. 40.
Oh, they sailed away so gai - ly When our youth was in the prime.
Too late to go to Church. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB. 40.
I met her in the qui-et lane, One Sabbath morning ear - ly.
When the Sun has sunk to Rest. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB. 40.
When the sun has sunk to rest, And stars ap - pear.
Don't forget the Old Folks. H. TUCKER. 30.
Don't for - get the old folks, Love them more and more.
Beloved One. ALFRED H. PEASE. 40.
And will she love thee as well as I? Will she do for thee
Angel at the Window. BERTHOLD TOURS. 50.
I stood at an o - pen window, And gazed out o - ver the sea.
Alone. H. MILLARD. 40.
Forlorn, un-happy and a - lone, Without one ray of light to cheer.
All in the Mist of the Morning. H. TUCKER. 30.
Blossoms and li-lies were pearly, And sweet was the bird's early song.
By the Brook. J. R. THOMAS. 40.
How fair - ly it spar-les by, How blithely it speeds a - long.
Darling. H. MILLARD. 50.
Dar-ling, nev-er leave thy nest, Lean thy head up - on my breast.
Once Before. ALFRED H. PEASE. 40.
Sole she sat be-side the window, Hearing on - ly rain-drops pour.
I saw thee Weep. JOHN WIEGAND. 40.
I saw thee weep; the big bright tear Came o'er that eye of blue.
The happiest Land. J. ERNEST FERRING. 60.
There sat one day in qui-et, By an ale-house on the Rhine.
La prima Viola. (The first Violet.) EDUARDO MARZO. 50.
Nun - zia... gen - ti - - - le, Nunzia gen-ti - le.
Her - - - ald of spring - time, First in Love's bower.
Pity the Homeless One. CHARLES E. PRATT. 30.
Torn from home, I'm sad and weary, Far from scenes that once were bright
King Fun. HARRISON MILLARD. 50.
King Fun is a jol - ly old soul, He rules with a mighty sway.
Sunny Days of Old. ERNEST LESLIE. 40.
Oh sweet each dream of ear - ly days, When hope and joy were mine.
Sweet Dora Dare. CHARLES D. BLAKE. 40.
Trip - ping down the val - ley, Skip - ping o'er the lea.
Old Black Joe. S. C. FOSTER. 40.
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.

NEW YORK:

No. 547 BROADWAY, and No. 39 UNION SQUARE.

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