

IRISH WERE EGYPTIANS LONG AGO



SONG



LYRIC BY
ALFRED BRYAN
MUSIC BY
CHRIS. SMITH

JEROME H. REMICK & Co.
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E. Prentiss

THE IRISH WERE EGYPTIANS LONG AGO

SONG

Lyric by
ALFRED BRYAN

CHÉ

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

stud - ied things E - gypt - ic Those writ - ings weird and cryp - tic Up -

p

- on the tombs that dot Sa - ha - ra's sands I've

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solved each strange in - scrip - tion Left by each wise E - gyp - tian And

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is in G major, starting on a half note G4 and moving stepwise. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

hold the mys - tic se - cret in my hands ————— The

Egyptian

This system continues the melody. The vocal line has a long note on 'hands' followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment includes a melodic line in the right hand that corresponds to the vocal melody.

I - rish were — gyp - tians long a - go ————— Just

Irish.

This system continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with eighth-note patterns.

cresc. read be - tween the lines and you will know —————

cresc. *f* *fz*

This system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment builds in intensity, marked with 'cresc.' and 'f' (forte), ending with a final chord marked 'fz' (forzando).

CHORUS

It must have been the I-rish who built the Pyr-a - mids For no one else could
 It must have been the I-rish who built the Pyr-a - mids For no one else could

p-f

car-ry up the bricks It must have been a Doyle who
 car-ry up the bricks It must have been a Doyle who

fz

dug the riv-er Nile For no one but an I-rish-man would fight a croc-o-
 dug the riv-er Nile For no one but an I-rish-man would fight a croc-o-

fz

-dile I think these Micks were Turks Mo-ham-me-dans and Ghurks They
 -dile Now ev - 'ry Houl - i han once drove a car - a - van I'll

speak of "I-rish Tur-key" till to - day Cle - o - pa - tra was a coo -
say the same for ev - 'ry Mac and O And when Mo - ses went to E - gypt

came from Con-ne - ma - ra She lost her na-tion - al - i - ty while roam - ing in Sa -
saw those I - rish fac - es He took the name O' Cal - la - han and chang'd it to O'

- ha - ra So all the Hoo-li-gans and all the Doo-li-gans
- a - sis So all the Hoo-li-gans and all the Doo-li-gans

Must have been E-gyp-tians long a - go It
Must have been E-gyp-tians long a - go

MY ISLE OF GOLDEN DREAMS

SONG

Lyric by

GUS KAHN

Music by

WALTER BLAUFUSS

a tempo



I hear the voice of my land — a - call - ing me —

f marcato a tempo



It seems — That fair Ha - wai - ian Is - land —



My Isle of Gold - en dreams



Some-how I know, some-time I'll go, Back o'er the sea —

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