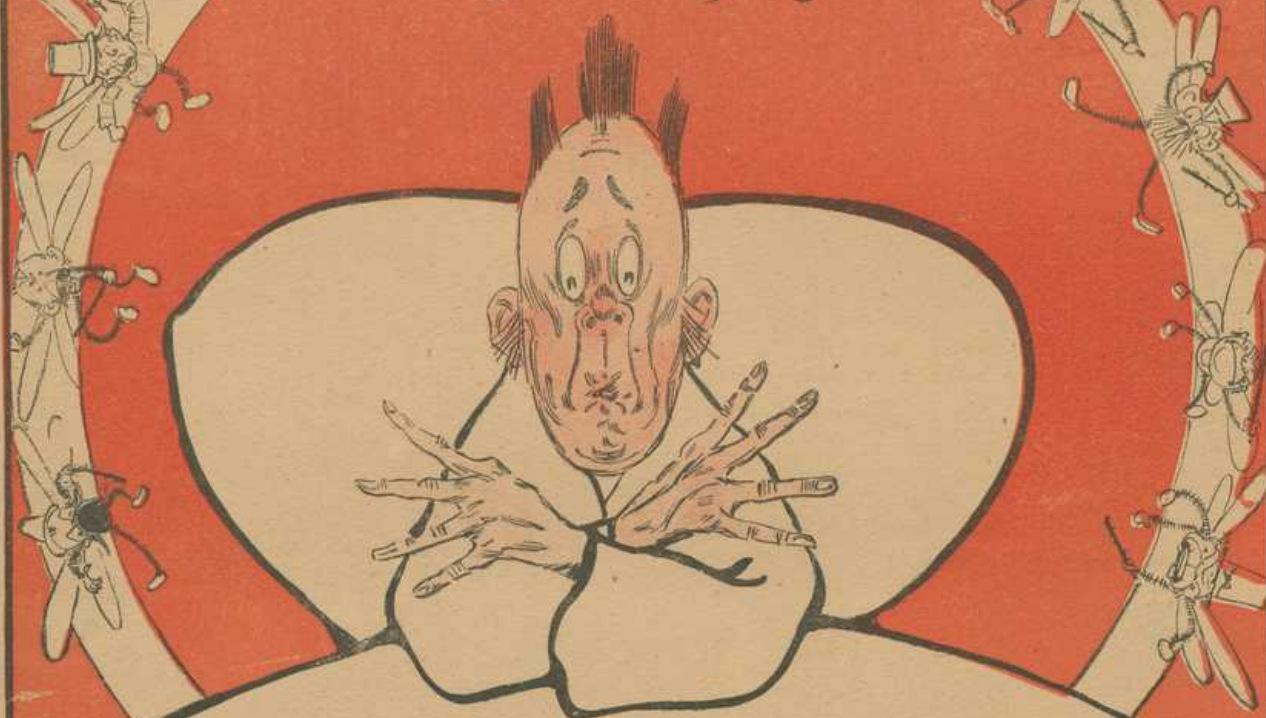


# "DOOR BARNEY MULLIGAN"

As Sung by  
Trixy Friganza.



H.B. Foss  
Words by  
W.W. Hall.  
Music by  
Edmund  
Braham.



TRIXY FRIGANZA.

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# "POOR BARNEY MULLIGAN"

## "Microbes on the Brain."

Words by W. W. HALL.

Music by EDMUND BRAHAM.

**Piano.** *mf*

1. Poor Mul - li - gan was in great dread Of mi - crobes in the air, — On  
2. He wor - ried to a sha - dow quite, He could not eat or sleep, — He'd

food and bath tub and his bed, He saw them ev - 'ry - where, — They  
wake so of - ten in the night, As mi - crobes at him peep. — They

mocked him from the look - ing glass, They sat up - on his chair, — They  
got up - on his street door keys, He got them in his mail, — They'd

trav - el'd on his rail - road pass, And kiss'd his girl so fair. — They  
hang on straps of trol - ley cars, And pull his pet dog's tail. — He

*rit.* *a tempo*



swam round his plate of soup, In milk and su - gar bowl — They  
feared at last to draw a breath, And died, in cof - fin strong — They

glanced up from his cof - fee cup. And wiped up on his towel — Theyd  
laid him in the ground be - neath But not to stay there long — For

float be - side the fer - ry boat, Then see him home a - gain They dis -  
back he comes both pale and thin, And says "May he be blessed If the

pu - ted his e - lec - tion vote Hed got 'em on the brain.  
mi - crobes in the cof - fin Will — e - ven let him rest"

*rit.*

**Chorus.**  
**Moderato.**

Oh, say! Pi - ty Bar - ney Mul - li - gan, His

*1st p 2nd f*

fan-cies would not let him eat or rest — Sleep, wash or

get in-to a bath a-gain Ev-ry-thing for mi-crobes he would test —

Oh, yes! Poor old Bar-ney Mul-li-gan. The mi-crobes real-ly drove him quite in-

sane — He died! Yet they got at him a-gain, He's

back once more with mi-crobes on the, brain. — 1. brain. — 2.

Lilly  
M1.D48  
Box 187  
No 61