

SM 1748

# "CASEY"

Words by  
ARTHUR GILLESPIE

Music by  
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

Moderato

*f*

Mich - ael Hou - i - gan,  
Mich - ael Hou - i - gan,

*p*

Den - nis Mul - li - gan Big Tim Lee, and Mc Caf - fer - ty, —  
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Held a Shiv-er-ee, I-rish Jub-i-lee, Down at the Wi-dow Mach-rees.—  
Took no stock in Him, Got to knock-in' him, Said that he nev-er could fight.

They were talk-ing of the friends they knew, Back in Ire-land where the Sham-rock's grew.  
Hou-l-i-gan said Cas-ey had no pride, Mul-li-gan de-clared he was cock-eyed,

While the whis-key made a ros-y hue, Of their mem-o-ries:— Says the  
Says the Wi-dow I'm his prom-ised bride, and he'll be here to-night.— Then they

Wi-dow there's a gin-tle-man 'ye have-nt min-tioned yet.—  
all said Pat-sey Cas-ey is a bos-om friend of mine.—

*rall.*

## CHORUS

Does an-y bod-y here re-mem-ber, (who) Cas-ey, (no) Pat Cas-ey, (sure) From

Jan-u-a-ry to De-cem-ber, The smile he used to wear, — He could

play the pipes to beat the band, Sure I left him back in I-re-land, Does

an-y bod-y here re-mem-ber, (well) Cas-ey from the Coun-ty Clare — Does Clare —