

SM 3961

# MICKEY

Words by  
HARRY WILLIAMS

Music by  
NEIL MORET

Moderato

*f*

*mp*

*mp*

*slower*

*a poco*

*rit.*

*legato*

*a poco*

*rit.*

*pipes*

Oh what a shame they gave you the name of Mick-ey. — Where is the rose that grows in re - pose like  
 You had a friend that used to de - fend and love you. — He was a dog, a mutt of a dog, it's  
 you. — Luck - y the birds and the bees you'd meet, Luck - y the moss and the vi - o - let sweet,  
 true. — He used to fol - low you ev - 'ry - where, Look in your eyes with a lov - a - ble stare,  
 When they were trod by your bare lit - tle feet, There in the morn - ing dew.  
 He was a luck - y old dog to be there, And he be - lieved it too.  
 How can you blame me when I pine, Dear - ie, to change your name to mine?  
 This is a prom - ise true from me, "I'll be as faith - ful to you as he."

## REFRAIN

*(Not fast)*

3

Mick - ey, pret - ty Mick - ey With your hair of ra - ven

*p-f* *pizz.*

hue; In your smil - ing so be - guil - ing There's a

bit of Kil - lar - ney, bit of the Blar - ney, too. Childhood in the

wild-wood, Like a moun-tain flow'r you grew; Pret - ty Mick - ey, pret - ty

Mick - ey, Can you blame an - y - one for fall - ing in love with you. you.

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