The Irish Rag.

Lyric by
BALLARD MACDONALD.

Music by
HARRY CARROLL.

Not fast.

Patrick MacCar-ty thought
Though they played sim-ply grand

he'd give a par-ty And ask ev'-ry-bod-y a-round the town;
It was a Ger-man band That Mac had hired to play that day,

Swell mu-si-cians took their po-si-tions To do the danc-ing up
And the Ger-man guys, as a big sur-prise Rag-time Na-tion-al

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Such an impression they made, When McCarty said
You should have heard the crowd yell, Then McCarty's guests

"Play an Irish rag?" This is what they played:
led by Mac him-self, started raising. Well!

Hum.

Chorus.

Oh, the only rag that Paddy knows Flies o'er the land where
Shamrock grows, It's green as grass and bears a harp of gold; You can have your rag that "nay-gurs'dance, Beside this one they stand no chance, It's the Irish Rag that floats on dear old Ireland.