Words by
HARRY WILLIAMS

Music by
NEIL MORET

Moderato

Oh what a shame they gave you the name of Micky—
Where is the rose that grows in repose like you?
You had a friend that used to defend and love you—
He was a dog, a mutt of a dog, it's true.

Lucky the birds and the bees you'd meet,
Lucky the moss and the violet sweet,
He used to follow you everywhere,
Look in your eyes with a lovable stare,

When they were trod by your bare little feet,
There in the morning dew.
He was a lucky old dog to be there,
And he believed it too.

How can you blame me when I pine,
Dearie, to change your name to mine?
This is a promise true from me,
"I'll be as faithful to you as he.

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Mickey, pretty Mickey With your hair of raven

In your smiling so beguiling There's a

bit of Killarney, bit of the Blarney, too.

Childhood in the wildwood, Like a mountain flow'r you grew;

Pretty Mickey, pretty

Mickey, Can you blame any-one for falling in love with you. you.