SUNG BY

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL

THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

LYRIC and MUSIC

BY

J. R. SHANNON

Price 60 cents.

M. WITMARK & SONS,

NEW YORK   CHICAGO   SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON      PARIS      MELBOURNE.
Who Knows?

Thou art the soul of a summer's day,

Thou art the breath of the rose; But the summer is fled and the

rose is dead, Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts, Thou art my soul's re-

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Solo 60 cents Duet 75 cents Discount ½ off postpaid. Octavo 15 cents each net postpaid
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Over in Killarney,
Many years ago,
Me Mither sang a song to me,
In tones so sweet and low;
Just a simple little ditty,
In her good ould Irish way,
And I'd give the world if she could sing
That song to me this day.

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Hush now, don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
That's an Irish lullaby."

Oft in dreams I wander
To that cot again,
I feel her arms a huggin' me,
As, when she held me then.
An' I hear her voice ahummin'?
To me as in days of yore,
When she used to rock me fast asleep
Outside the cabin door.

J. R. Shannon
Dedicated to, written for and sung by
Chauncey Olcott

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Lyric and Music
By J. R. SHANNON
simple little ditty, In her good old Irish way, And I'd hear her voice a hummin' To me as in days of yore, When she
give the world if she could sing That song to me this day. used to rock me fast asleep Outside the cabin door.

REFRAIN Smoothly with much expression

Too-ra-loo-ra-looral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-looral, Hush now, don't you cry!

Too-ra-loo-ra-looral, Too-ra-loo-ra-

[1.]
li, Too-ra-loo-ra-looral, That's an Irish lullaby.

[2. Optional ending]
by. looral, That's an Irish lullaby.
Can't Yo' Heah Me Callin'  
Caroline

Lyric by  Wm. H. GARDNER  
Music by  CARO ROMA

Appealingly

Can't yo' heah me call-in' Car-o-line,  
It's mah heart a-call-in' time.

Lord-y, how I miss yo' gal o' mine,  
Wish dat I could kiss yo' Car-o-

line!  
Aint no use now fo' de sun to shine, Car-o-line, Car-o-

line,  
Can't yo' heah mah lips a-say-in',  
Can't yo' heah mah soul a-pray-in'!
BEAUTIFUL IRISH BALLADS
THAT ARE BEING SUNG BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS
JOHN McCORMACK
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS

MOTHER MACHREE
Lyric by RIDA JOHNSTON, YOUNG. Music by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & ERNEST R. BALL.

Sure, I love the dear silver that shines in your hair, And the brow that's all furrowed, And wrinkled with care.

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SOLO. FOUR KEYS: Bb, (G TO F) C, D, AND F. DUET, TWO KEYS: Bb AND F

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN
Poem by J. KEIRN BRENNAN. Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

Share the little bit of Heaven still from out the sky one day... And

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SOLO. THREE KEYS: A, (G TO F) Bb AND C

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
Lyric by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & GEO. GRAFF. Jr. Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

When Irish eyes are smiling, Sure it's like a warm in Spring, in the light of Irish laughter, You can hear the angels sing, When Irish hearts are happy, All the

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SOLO. THREE KEYS: C, (G TO F) D AND F

TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL
Words and Music by J. R. SHANNON

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-

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SOLO. THREE KEYS: C, (G TO F) E AND F

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