

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.

UP to mighty London, came an Irishman, one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure every-
one was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there :

Chorus.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',
Saying "Should you not receive it, write and let me
know!

"If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame
on me."

Chorus.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
"Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
"For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the
same!"

Chorus.