

SONGS FROM HARRIGAN & HART'S  
GREAT SENSATION,  
**"THE MULLIGAN GUARD BALL."**  
**Singing at the Hallway Door.**  
**The Babies on our Block.**  
**The Skidmore Fancy Ball.**

WORDS BY

**EDWARD HARRIGAN.**

MUSIC BY

**DAVE BRAHAM.**

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NEW YORK:  
**WM. A. POND & CO., 25 Union Square,**  
(Broadway, bet. 10th and 11th Streets.)

CHICAGO:  
**CHICAGO MUSIC COMPANY,**  
152 STATE STREET.

# THE BABIES ON OUR BLOCK.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ED. HARRIGAN.

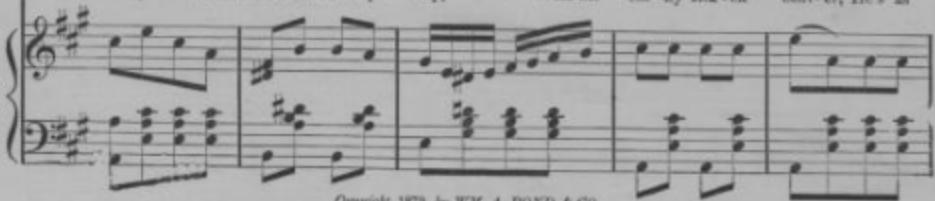
Music by DAVE BRAHAM.



1. If you want for in - for - ma - tion, Or in need of mer - ri - ment, Come o - ver with me  
2. Of a warm day in the sun-mer, When the breeze blows off the sea, A hundred thousand  
3. It's good - morn-ing to you, landlord; Come, now how are you to - day? When Patrick Murphy,



so - ci-al - ly To Murphy's tea - e - ment; He owns a row of houses In the  
chil-der-en Lay on the Bal-ter - y; They come from Murphy's build-ing, Oh, their  
Es - qui - re, Comes down the al - ley way, With his shi - ny silk - en beav - er, He's as



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First ward, near the dock, Where Ireland's rep - re - sent - ed By the Ba - bies on our  
noise would stop a clock! Oh there's no perambula - to - ry With the Ba - bies on our  
sol - id as a rock, The en - vy of the neighbors' boys A - liv - ing off our

Block. There's the Pha - lens and the Wha - lens From the sweet Dun - och - a - dee, They are  
Block. There's the Clea - rys and the Lea - rys From the sweet Black wa - ter side, They are  
Block. There's the Bran - sons and the Gan - nons, Far - down and Connacht men, Quite

sit - ting on the rail - ings With their chil - dren on their knees, All gos - sip - ing and  
lay - ing on the But - try And they're gas - ing at the tide; All roy - al blood and  
ea - sy with the show - el And so han - dy with the pen; All neigh - bor - ly and

talk - ing With their neigh - bers in a flock, Singing "Lit - tie Sal - ly Waters," With the  
no - ble, All of Dan O'Con - nell's stock, Singing "Grav - el, Green - y Grav - el," With the  
friend - ly, With re - la - tions by the flock, Singing "Lit - tie Sal - ly Waters," With the

Ba - bies on our Block. Oh, Lit - tle Sul - ly Wa - ters Sit - ting in the  
 Ba - bies on our Block. Oh, Grav - el, Greeny Grav - el, How green the grass-es  
 Ba - bies on our Block. Oh, Lit - the Sul - ly Wa - ters Sit - ting in the  
 Sec. ad lib.

min, A - ery - ing and weep - ing for a young man; Oh,  
 grow, For all the pret - ty fair young maidens that I see; Oh,  
 sun, A - ery - ing and weep - ing for a young man, Oh,

"rise, Sul - ly, rise, Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the  
 "Green, Grav - el, Green," Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the  
 "rise, Sul - ly, rise, Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the

Ba - bies a - liv - ing on our Block.  
 Ba - bies a - liv - ing on our Block.  
 Ba - bies a - liv - ing on our Block.