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You Will Have To Sing An Irish Song

(Where The Little Shamrock Grows.)

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Music by
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INTRO. Moderato

I've been hav - ing to
I could learn to

trou - bles of me own Since I left old Ir - e - land you
love him, I'll ad - mit, But his lan - guage sounds so ver - y

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see, For there's a Dutch man who won't leave me a-lone, He
 queer, To tell the truth, I don't think that it's fit For a

wants to spark with me. So un-der-neath my
 de-cent girl to hear. Still ev-ry time I

win-dow ev-ry night, He comes 'round to ser-e-nade and
 think I'll ans-wer yes, Then he starts to ser-e-nade a-

spoon, His songs aint much be-cause they're Dutch, You
 gain, "Ich lie-be dich" that makes me sick, Then

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bet I'll stop them soon. I told him once, you
he - tries to ex - plain; But I say quick, "Du

Ger - man dunc you bet - ter change your tune, For you will
bist ver - rückt" your coax - ings all in vain, For you will

CHORUS.

Have to sing an I - rish song. If you want to mar - ry

me, Faith, I think the Wear - ing Of The Green Is the

sweet-est mel - o - dy, ————— Now that "Wacht am Rhein" It

may sound fine But good - ness on - ly knows, Sure you

would n't live long if you would sing that song — Where the

lit - tle sham - rock grows? ————— For you will grows?"

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