

SM 1401

My Wild Irish Rose

Words and Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Moderately

mf

If you lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle
They may sing of their ro - ses which by oth - er

rit.
p a tempo.

song Of a flow - er that's now drooped and dead, — Yet — dear - er to
names, Would smell just as sweet - ly, they say, — But I know that my

me, Yes, than all of its mates, Tho' each holds a - loft its proud head. — 'Twas
Rose would nev - er con - sent To have that sweet name ta - ken a - way. — Her

giv - en to me by a girl that I know; Since we've met, faith, I've
 glan - ces are shy when - e'er I pass by The bow - er where

known no re - pose, She is dear - er by far than the
 my true love grows. And my one wish has been that some

world's bright - est star, And I call her my wild I - rish rose.
 day I may win The - heart of my wild I - rish rose.

REFRAIN *With much expression*

My wild I - rish rose, The sweet - est flow'r that grows,

— You may search ev-'ry - where, but none can com-pare With my wild

I - rish rose. — My wild I - rish rose, —

— The dear-est flow'r that grows, — And some day for my

sake, she may let me take The bloom from my wild I - rish rose. —