

5M779

My Irish Girl.

Words by
HARRY WILLIAMS.

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE.

Valse moderato.

The world is so drear, ev - en clouds drop a tear, and the
The lads ev - ery where, in the town all de - clare, you're the
rain comes fall - ing down, — The heav - ens with me seem a
fair - est of the fair, — And I must a - gree it is
least to a - gree with an an - gry frown — I
proud I would be with you an - y - - where — Now

Copyright MCMVI, by JEROME H. REMICK & Co.
Successors to The Whitney Warner Pub. Co.; - Detroit - New York.
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year MCMVI,
by Jerome H. Remick & Co; in the Department of Agriculture.

nev - er would dream that my dar - ling col - leen would have thought to
I've of - ten heard that one hot an - gry word should not tear true

quarrel with me ——— As frost nips the clov - er, love's dream is all
love a - part ——— For pain, rain and sor - row, bring joy on the

poco *a* *poco.*

ov - er, But still in my heart there's a plea. ———
mor - row, So paint a rain - bow in my heart. ———

rit. *rall.*

CHORUS.
SLOWLY.

Come to me my Ir - ish girl you have set my

p

heart a whirl you to me will ev - er be a prec -

ions pearl Tho' oth - er maids may wear the

clothes and look the part, It's me who knows, There nev - er

bloomed a fair - er rose, Than you, My Ir - ish girl.