You Will Have To Sing An Irish Song
(Where The Little Shamrock Grows.)

Words by
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Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER.

INTRO. Moderato

I've been having

I could learn to

troubles of me own

Since I left old Ireland

You love him, I'll admit,

But his language sounds so very
see. For queer, To there's a Dutch man who won't leave me alone. He tell the truth, I don't think that it's fit For a

wants to spark with me. So underneath my decent girl to hear. Still every time I

window every night, He comes 'round to serenade and think I'll answer yes, Then he starts to serenade a-

spoon, His songs ain't much because they're Dutch, You gain, "Ich liebe dich" that makes me sick, Then

You will have to sing an Irish song.
I'll stop them soon. I told him once, you
loses to explain; But I say quick, "Du

German dance you better change your
tune. For you will

bist ver-rückt" your coaxings all in
vain. For you will

CHORUS.

Have to sing— an Irish song. If you want to marry

me, Faith, I think the Wearing Of The Green Is the

You will have to sing an Irish song.
sweetest melody, Now that "Wacht am Rhein" It may sound fine But goodness only knows, Sure you wouldn't live long if you would sing that song— Where the little shamrock grows! For you will grows."

You will have to sing an Irish song.