IN THE HEART OF AN IRISH ROSE

Lyric by
JACK FROST

Music by
E. CLINTON KEITHLEY.

In the heart of dear old Ireland,
Grew a little Irish rose;

In the garden of Killarney,
Pretty rose now droops her head;

By the magic stone of Blarney,
And the petals are all dead.

So the story goes,
This sweet rose was loved by a

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soldier boy Who loved her for his own;  Now the rose droops her 
in her heart Has gone for ever more;  For a colleen must 

head, For the sunshine has fled Since he left her all alone.
sigh, And the roses must die Since he left his sweet As-thore.

CHORUS.

When he marched away with the colors gay From that dear little Isle of

green, There were two hearts grieving For he was leaving His

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liltle Irish queen. Now the war is o'er, he'll re-

turn no more To the land where the sham-rock grows;

He took all gladness and left but sadness In the heart of an

Irish rose. When he rose

In The Heart Of An Irish Rose.