My Wild Irish Rose

Lyric and Music
By CHAUNCEY OLcott

Moderately

If you listen, I'll sing you a sweet little
They may sing of their roses which, by oth-

song Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,
names, Would smell just as sweetly, they say,

me, yes, than all of its mates, Tho' each holds aloft its proud head.
Rose would never consent To have that sweet name taken away. Her
given to me by a girl that I know; Since we've met, faith, I've

glances are shy when '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,

W.M. & SONS NO. 1958-4
You may search ev'ry-where but none can com-pare With my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose,

The dearest flow'r that grows, And some day for my sake, she may let me take

The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

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