My Wild Irish Rose

Words and Music by
CHAUNCEY OLcott

Moderately

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

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 a loft its proud head.
Rose would nev-er con-sent To have that sweet name ta-ken a-way.

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given to me by a girl that I know; Since we've met, faith, I've

The bow-er

known no re-pose,

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,

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

\begin{align*}
\text{Irish rose.} & \quad \text{My wild Irish rose,} \\
\text{The dear-est flow'r that grows,} & \quad \text{And some day for my}
\end{align*}

sake, she may let me take The bloom from my wild Irish rose.