Compartment song to "Peggy Brady" by the same authors.

Rosie Shea.

Words by
ALLEN LOWE.

Music by
BEN. M. JEROME.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

Where the broad ocean rolls on the surf beaten shore, of
From old Donegal, 'way down to Cork's famous cave,

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Colleen I stand, No spot on earth so fair; Where the sweet-scented greensward that grows, You are dear to me; But of all things on

breeze that sighs through the trees, Tells of love in its own way And it earth, in the land of my birth, I will love dearest way, 'Tis the

whispers a name that is dearest to me, 'Tis little Rosie Shea. My girl of my heart and the joy of my life, My little Rosie Shea.
Refrain.

Over the heath-er in all kinds of weath-er, comes Ros- ie

Shea, Our hearts like a feath-er, when roam-ing to-geth-er, The

live long day; My Rose is the fair-est, her
Shea.

Charms are the rarest, so all folks say, And as

bright and as airy, my own rog-uish fair-y, My Ros-

Shea, Shea.