

My Wild Irish Rose

Lyric and Music by
CHAUNCEY GLCOT

Moderately

PIANO

mf

rit.

If you lis-ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit-tle song Of a flow-er that's now drooped and dead,
They may sing of their ro-ses which, by oth-er names, Would smell just as sweet-ly, they say,

p a tempo

— Yet—dear-er to me, yes, than all of its mates, Tho'—each holds a-loft its proud head.
— But I know that my Rose—would nev-er con-sent To have that sweet name tak-en a-way.

— 'Twas giv-en to me by a girl that I know, Since we've met, faith, I've known no re- pose,
— Her glanc-es are shy when-e'er I pass by The bow-er, where my true love grows;

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F7 B $\flat$ B $\flat$ + E $\flat$ B $\flat$ F7 E $\flat$ m6 F7 B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$

— She is dear-er by far than the world's bright-est star, And I call her my wild I-rish Rose. —
 — And my one wish has been that some day I may win The heart of my wild I-rish Rose. —

REFRAIN *With much expression*

B $\flat$ E $\flat$ m B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$ F $^\circ$

My wild I - rish Rose, — The sweet-est flow'r that grows, — You may

mf a tempo

F7 B $\flat$ F $^\circ$ F7 B $\flat$ C7 F7 Cm7 F7

search ev-'ry-where but none can com-pare With my wild I - rish Rose. — My

B $\flat$ E $\flat$ m B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$ F $^\circ$

wild I - rish Rose, — The dear-est flow'r that grows — And some

mf

F7 B $\flat$ F $^\circ$ F7 B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$ C7 F7 B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$

day for my sake, she may let me take The bloom from my wild I - rish Rose. —

rit.