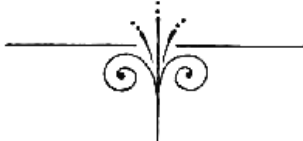
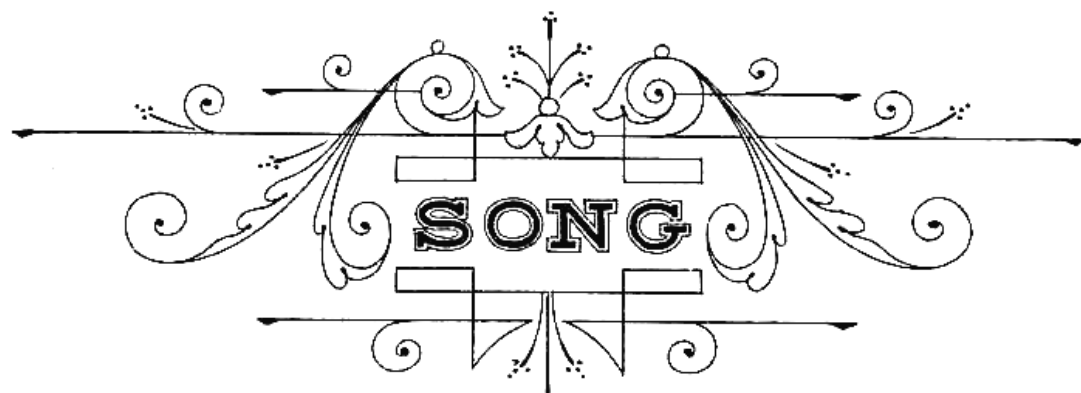


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My Wild Irish Rose

Lyric and Music
By CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Moderately

mf

If you lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle
They may sing of their ro - ses which, by oth - er

rit. *p a tempo*

song Of a flow - er that's now drooped and dead, _____ Yet dear - er to
names, Would smell just as sweet - ly, they say, _____ But I know that my

me, yes, than all of its mates, Tho' each holds a - loft its proud head. _____ 'Twas
Rose would nev - er con - sent To have that sweet name ta - ken a - way. _____ Her

giv - en to me by a girl that I know; Since we've met, faith, I've
glances are shy when - e'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,

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

I - rish Rose. My wild I - rish Rose,

The dear - est flow'r that grows, And some day for my

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