

# My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncey Olcott

♩ = 116

Voice

Piano

*mf*

8

Vo.

If you lis - ten I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle song of a  
They may sing of thier ros - es which by oth - er names would -

Pno.

13

Vo.

flo - wer that's now dropped and dead Yet - dear - er to  
smell just as sweet - ly they say, But I know that my

Pno.

18

Vo.

me, yes, than all of it's mates Though - each holds a - loft it's proud  
Rose would nev - er con - sent to have that sweet name ta - ken a -

Pno.

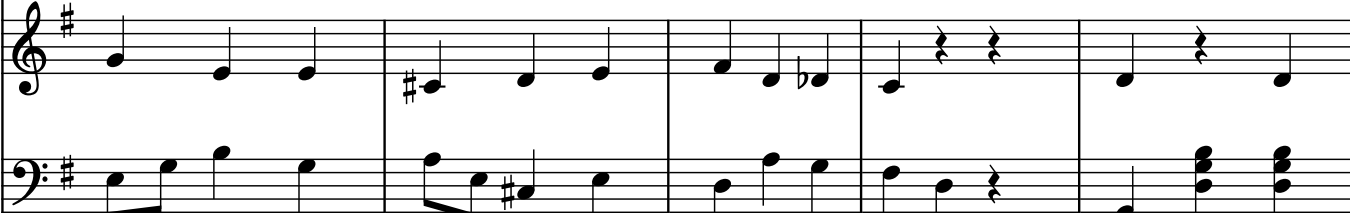
23

Vo.  head way. 'Twas gi - ven to me by a girl that I know, since we  
Her glan - ces are shy when - e'er I pass by the -

Pno. 

29

Vo.  met, faith, I've known no re - pose; She is dear - er by  
bow - er where my true love grows; and my one wish has

Pno. 

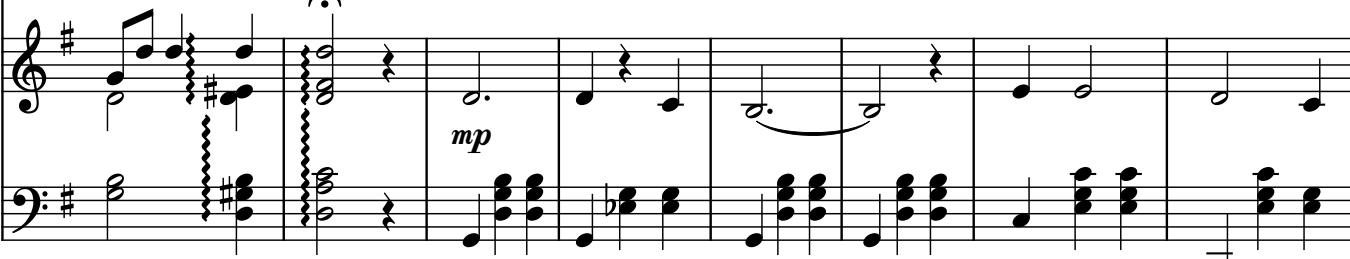
34

Vo.  far than the world's bright - est star And I call her my wild I - rish  
been that some - day I may win the - heart of my Wild I - rish

Pno. 

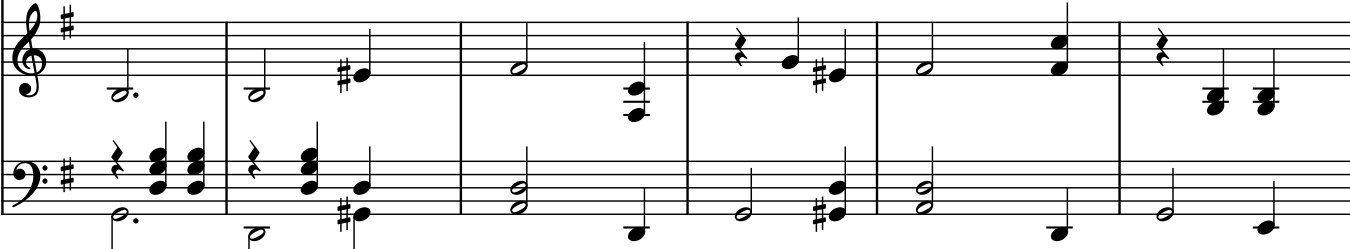
39 a tempo

Vo.  Rose Rose My wild i - rish rose the swee-test flow'r that

Pno.  *mp*

47

Vo.  grows, You may search ev - ry - where but none can com - pare with my

Pno. 

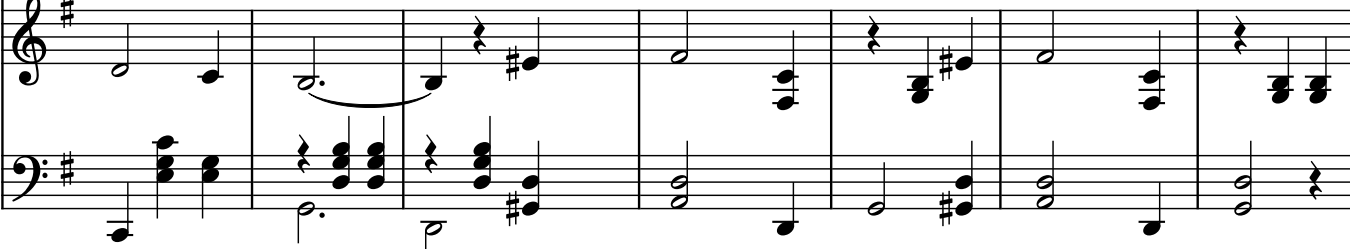
53

Vo.  wild I - rish rose, My wild I - rish rose the dear-est

Pno. 

62

Vo.  flow'r that grows And some day for my sake, she may let me take the

Pno. 

69 rit.

Vo.  bloom from my Wild I - rish rose

Pno. 