

# My Wild Irish Rose

by Chauncey Olcott

8

2 3 4 5

You may sing of your ro - ses which by oth - er names would smell just as

Detailed description: This system contains the first five measures of the song. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Measure numbers 2, 3, 4, and 5 are indicated above the treble staff. The lyrics are: "You may sing of your ro - ses which by oth - er names would smell just as".

6 7 8 9 10 11 12

sweet-ly they say; — But I know that my Rose would nev - er con - sent to have

Detailed description: This system contains measures 6 through 12. Measure numbers 6 through 12 are indicated above the treble staff. The lyrics are: "sweet-ly they say; — But I know that my Rose would nev - er con - sent to have".

13 14 15 16 17 18 19

that sweet name tak - en a - way. — Her glanc - es are shy when - e'er I pass

Detailed description: This system contains measures 13 through 19. Measure numbers 13 through 19 are indicated above the treble staff. The lyrics are: "that sweet name tak - en a - way. — Her glanc - es are shy when - e'er I pass".

20 21 22 23 24 25 26

by the bow - er where my true love grows; — And my one wish has been that some

Detailed description: This system contains measures 20 through 26. Measure numbers 20 through 26 are indicated above the treble staff. The lyrics are: "by the bow - er where my true love grows; — And my one wish has been that some".

27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35

day I may win the heart of my wild I - rish Rose. — My wild I - rish Rose, —

Detailed description: This system contains measures 27 through 35. Measure numbers 27 through 35 are indicated above the treble staff. The lyrics are: "day I may win the heart of my wild I - rish Rose. — My wild I - rish Rose, —".

36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

— the sweet-est flow'r that grows;— You may search ev-'ry where, but none can com-

44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53

pare with my wild I-rish Rose. My wild I-rish Rose, the dear-est

54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61

flow'r that grows;— And some-day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my

62 63 64 65 66 67 68

wild I - rish Rose; The bloom from my wild I-rish Rose.