

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

1899

Chauncey Olcott was a native of Buffalo (some say Providence) and one of the most celebrated artists and composers of his day. He performed as a blackface minstrel and sang tenor in light opera in America and England. He earned his greatest renown as an interpreter of Irish songs in the American musical theater.

One of the most enduring of close harmony songs, "My Wild Irish Rose" is loved and enjoyed by almost everyone. It's sure to be sung wherever harmonizers gather to sing a few of the old songs.

By **CHAUNCEY OLCOTT**
(1858-1932)

VERSE:

8
You may sing of your ros - es which by oth - er names would
8
smell just as sweet - ly they say; they say; But I

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9 10 11 12

know that my Rose would nev - er con - sent to have

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. Measure 10 features a long note for the word 'Rose'.

13 14 15 16

that sweet name tak - en a - way. Her

This system contains measures 13 through 16. Measure 16 features a long note for the word 'Her'.

17 18 19 20 21

glanc - es are shy when - e'er I pass by the bow - er where

This system contains measures 17 through 21. A piano marking '(p)' is present in measure 18.

22 23 24 25 26

my true love grows; And my one wish has been that some

This system contains measures 22 through 26. Measure 23 has a dynamic marking '(b)'. Measure 24 features a long note.

27 28 29 30

day I may win the heart of my wild I - rish

This system contains measures 27 through 30. Measure 28 features a long note.

my Rose. CHORUS:

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

Rose,

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, I - rish Rose.

Rose, the dear - est flow'r that grows;

56 57 58 59

And some - day for my sake, she may let me

60 61 62 (b) 63 64

take the bloom from my wild I - rish Rose;

TAG:

65 66 67 68

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

Additional verse:

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song,
 Of a flower that's now drooped and dead;
 Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates,
 Though each holds aloft its proud head.

'Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
 Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose;
 She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
 And I call her my wild Irish Rose.