

# My Wild Irish Rose

Folksong

bew. Henk Swart

Valse Moderato  $\text{♩} = 60$

Tenor solo

Tenor 1  
My wild I - rish Rose, the sweet est flow'r that grows, that

Tenor 2  
My wild I - rish Rose, I - rish Rose, the sweet est flow'r that grows.

Bariton  
My wild I - rish Rose, I - rish Rose, the sweet est flow'r that grows, that

Bas  
My wild I - rish Rose. The sweet - est flow-er that grows.

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T. 1  
grows. Search ev' ry- where, but no com- pare with my wild I - rish Rose.

T. 2  
— Search ev' ry- where, but no com- pare with my wild I - rish Rose, I - rish

Bar.  
grows. You may search ev' ry- where, but none can com- pare with my wild I - rish Rose.

B.  
— Search ev' ry- where, but no com- pare with my wild I - rish Rose, I - rish

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T. 1  
— My wild I - rish Rose, the dear- est flow'r that grows, that

T. 2  
Rose. My wild I - rish Rose, I - rish Rose, the dear- est flow'r that grows.

Bar.  
— My wild I - rish Rose, I - rish Rose, the dear- est flow'r that grows, that

B.  
Rose. My wild I - rish Rose, the dear - est flow-er that grows.

*melody*

T. 1 grows. She let me take for my own sake, the bloom from my wild I - rish Rose...

T. 2 She let me take for my own sake, the bloom from my wild I - rish Rose...

*melody*

Bar. grows. And some day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild I - rish Rose...

B. She let me take for my own sake, the bloom from my wild I - rish Rose...

*solo*

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

T. 1 — Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

T. 2 — Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

Bar. — Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

B. — Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

Solo dead, — Yet — dear - er to me, yes than all of its mates, Though each holds a - say, — But I know that my Rose — would nev - er con - sent To have that sweet name

T. 1 doo. — Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

T. 2 doo. — Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

Bar. doo. — Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

B. doo. — Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

Solo  
loft its proud head. 'Twas giv - en to me by a girl that I know, Since we've  
ta - ken a - way. Her , glan - ces are shy when e'er I pass by The

T. 1  
doo, doo. Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

T. 2  
doo, doo. Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

Bar.  
doo, doo. Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

B.  
doo, doo. Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

Solo  
met, faith I've known no re - pose. She is dear - er by far than the  
bow - er where my true love grows, And my one wish has been that some

T. 1  
doo, doo, doo. Doo, doo,

T. 2  
doo, doo, doo. Doo, doo,

Bar.  
doo, doo, doo. Doo, doo,

B.  
doo, doo, doo. Doo, doo,

Da Capo al Fine (2e)

Solo  
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.

T. 1  
doo, doo, doo, doo, doo.

T. 2  
doo, doo, doo, doo, doo.

Bar.  
doo, doo, doo, doo, doo.

B.  
doo, doo, doo, doo, doo.