

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:

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system contains measures 1 through 4, and the second system contains measures 5 through 8. The lyrics are: "You may sing of your roses which by other names would If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song, of a smell just as sweetly they say; they say; But I flow - er that's now drooped and dead; yet". Measure 7 includes a (b) symbol above the staff, and measure 8 has a fermata over the notes.

8
You may sing of your ros - es which by oth - er names would
If you lis - ten I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle song, of a
8
smell just as sweet - ly they say; — they say; But I
flow - er that's now drooped and dead; yet

8 know that my Rose would nev - er con - sent to have
 dear - er to me, yes, than all of its mates, though

8 that sweet name tak - en a - way. Her
 each holds a - loft its proud head. 'Twas

8 glanc - es are shy when - e'er I pass by the bow - er where
 gi - ven to me by a girl that I know, since we've met, faith, I've

8 my true love grows; And my one wish has been that some
 known no re - pose; she is dear - er by far than the

8 day I may win the heart of my wild I - rish
 world's brigh - test star, and I call her my wild I - rish

CHORUS

31 my Rose. 32 33 34 35

Rose. My wild I - rish Rose,

Rose. I - rish

Rose,

36 37 38 39 40

Rose, the sweet - est flow'r that grows; You may

41 42 43 44 45

search ev - 'ry - where, but none can com - pare with my wild

46 47 48 49 50

I - rish Rose. My wild I - rish

Rose, I - rish Rose.

51 52 53 54 55

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

56 57 58 59

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

60 61 62 (b) 63 64

8 take the bloom from my wild I - rish Rose;

TAG:

65 66 67 68

8 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.