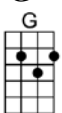
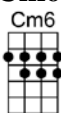
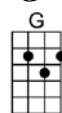
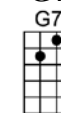

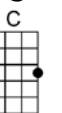

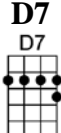
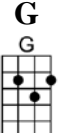
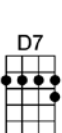
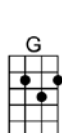


MY WILD IRISH ROSE

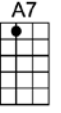
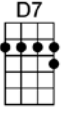
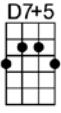
3/4 123 12

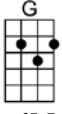




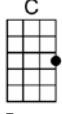

My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,

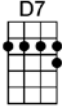
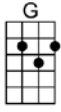
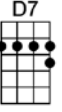
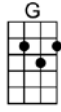
You may search everywhere, but none can compare

With my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose, the dearest flower that grows,

And, someday for my sake, she may let me take







The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

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G Cm6 G G7 C C#dim G
My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,

D7 G D7 G
You may search everywhere, but none can compare

A7 D7 D7#5
With my wild Irish rose.

G Cm6 G G7 C C#dim G
My wild Irish rose, the dearest flower that grows,

D7 G D7 G
And, someday for my sake, she may let me take

A7 D7 G Cm6 G
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.