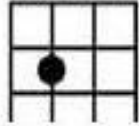
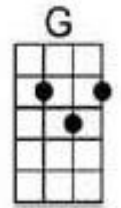
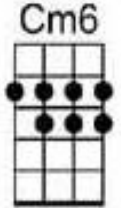
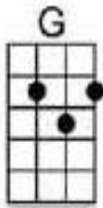


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MY WILD IRISH ROSE

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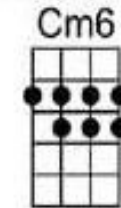
My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,



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. (Ritard)