

### III. MY WILD IRISH ROSE

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 some day for my sake  
She may let me take  
The bloom from my wild Irish  
rose.

### IV. THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The more we get together, to-  
gether, together,  
The more we get together  
The happier we'll be.  
For your friends are my friends  
And my friends are your friends;  
The more we get together,  
The happier we'll be.