In the Land Where the Shamrock Grows

S O N G

WORDS BY
W. L. BEARDSLEY

MUSIC BY
PHILIP SCHWARTZ

PUBLISHED BY
G. C. CHURCH & CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.
U. S. A.
In The Land Where The Shamrock Grows

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Music by
PHIL SCHWARTZ

Valse moderato

In that pretty green isle o-ver yon-der, In the land where Moore wrote fam-ous
In that same rus-tic lane where we part-ed, She'll be wait-ing and watch-ing for

in that pret-ty green isle o-ver yon-der, In the land where Moore wrote fam-ous
in that same rus-tic lane where we part-ed, She'll be wait-ing and watch-ing for

songs. Dwell the pride of my life, a fair Col-leen, To be with her my heart al-ways longs,
For I've writ-ten a let-ter to tell her, That I'm cross-ing the deep an-gry sea,

Dwell the pride of my life, a fair Col-leen, To be with her my heart al-ways longs,
For I've writ-ten a let-ter to tell her, That I'm cross-ing the deep an-gry sea,

For I wor-ship the green turf she walks on, She's so blithe-some, so win-some, so true,
To the iv-y clad church in the vil-age, I will take her as my blush-ing bride,

For I wor-ship the green turf she walks on, She's so blithe-some, so win-some, so true,
To the iv-y clad church in the vil-age, I will take her as my blush-ing bride,

And the last words I said when I kissed her, Were some day I'll come back, dear, to you,
Sure'stis then I'll be proud of old Er-in, When that fair Col-leen stands by me side.

And the last words I said when I kissed her, Were some day I'll come back, dear, to you,
Sure'stis then I'll be proud of old Er-in, When that fair Col-leen stands by me side.
Chorus

For I love her blue eyes, and her sweet Irish smile, Mary Ann from the country Mayo,

There was never but one, with such grace and such style, She has captured my heart as you know,

I'll go back to me darlin', and Erin's green farms, Where the old river Shannon still flows, Sure I'll bless and caress her endearing young charms, In the land where the Shamrock grows.

For I grows.

In The Land Where The Shamrock Grows 2
TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

Words by
JEAN LEFEVRE

Music by
W. C. POLLA

Dear Heart

Chorus

Dear heart, are you true to me,
My heart yearns for thee.

(Slow and with sentiment)

My Soul knows no sunshine,

Unless you are mine.
Faithful I will always be.

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