**My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key C**

**Version 1**

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|  **C F C** If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song **D7 G** Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,  **C F C** Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates, **G C** Though each holds a-loft its proud head.  **F C** T’was given to me by a girl that I know, Since we've met,  **D7 G** Faith I've known no re-pose. **C** She is dearer by far  **F C** Than the world's brightest star, **G C** And I call her my wild Irish Rose. **Chorus** **C G C** My wild Irish Rose,  **F G C** The sweetest flower that grows.  **F C** You may search every-where,  **F C** But none can com-pare  **D D7 G** With my wild Irish Rose. **C G C** My wild Irish Rose, **F G C** The dearest flower that grows,  **F C** And some day for my sake,  **F C**She may let me take  **D7 G C** The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.  |  **C** They may sing of their roses,  **F C** Which by other names,  **D7 G** Would smell just as sweetly, they say.  **C** But I know that my Rose  **F C**Would never con-sent  **G C** To have that sweet name taken a-way.  **F C** Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by  **D7 G**The bower where my true love grows,  **C** And my one wish has been  **F C**That some-day I may win  **G C** The heart of my wild Irish Rose. **Chorus** |
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**My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key G**

**Version 1**

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|  **G C G**If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song **A7 D**Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,  **G C G**Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates, **D G**Though each holds a-loft its proud head.  **C G**T'was given to me by a girl that I know, Since we've met,  **A7 D**Faith, I've known no re-pose. **G**She is dearer by far  **C G**Than the world's brightest star, **D G**And I call her my wild Irish Rose. **Chorus** **G D G**My wild Irish Rose,  **C D G**The sweetest flower that grows.  **C G**You may search every-where,  **C G**But none can com-pare  **A A7 D**With my wild Irish Rose. **G D G**My wild Irish Rose, **C D G**The dearest flower that grows,  **C G**And some day for my sake,  **C G**She may let me take  **A7 D G**The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.  |  **G**They may sing of their roses,  **C G**Which by other names,  **A7 D**Would smell just as sweetly, they say.  **G** But I know that my Rose  **C G**Would never con-sent  **D G**To have that sweet name taken a-way.  **C G**Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by  **A7 D**The bower where my true love grows,  **G**And my one wish has been  **C G**That some-day I may win  **D G**The heart of my wild Irish Rose. **Chorus** |
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