

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

Version 1

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song

Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,

Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,

Though each holds a-loft its proud head.

T'was given to me by a girl that I know,

Since we've met,

Faith I've known no re-pose.

She is dearer by far

Than the world's brightest star,

And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

They may sing of their roses,

Which by other names,

Would smell just as sweetly, they say.

But I know that my Rose

Would never con-sent

To have that sweet name taken a-way.

Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by

The bower where my true love grows,

And my one wish has been

That some-day I may win

The heart of my wild Irish Rose. **Chorus**

Chorus

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows.

You may search every-where,

But none can com-pare

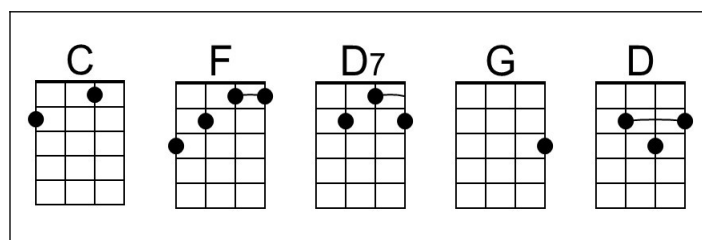
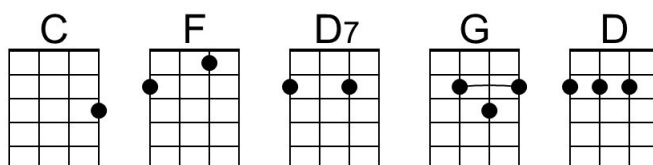
With my wild Irish Rose.

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.



My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key G

Version 1

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**

