

My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncey Olcott

G Gaug Am C A A7 D7 B7 Em Fdim7

Soprano

If you lis - ten I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle song of a
 They may sing of their ro - ses which by oth - er names, would

5 G A A7 D7 D7

S
 flow - er that's now drooped and dead. Yet
 smell just as sweet - ly they say. But

9 G Gaug am C G

S
 dear - er to me, yes, than all of its mates, The
 I know that my Rose would nev - er con - sent To have

13 G D7 G G

S
 each holds a - loft its proud head. 'Twas
 that sweet name ta - ken a - way. Her

17 D7 D7 G D7 G G B7

S
 giv - en to me by a girl that I know; since we've
 glan - ces are shy when e'er I pass by, the

21 em A D7 D7

S
 met, faith, I've known no re - pose. She is
 bow - er where my true love grows. And my

25 G Gaug am C G

S
 dear - er by far than the world's bright - est star, and I
 one wish has been that some day I may win the

My Wild Irish Rose

29 G D7 G G D7

S call her my wild I - rish rose. _____ My
heart of my wild I - rish rose. _____

REFRAIN

33 G am G G

S wild I - rish rose, _____ The

37 C D7 C G G F dim7

S sweet - est flower that grows, _____ You may

41 D7 G F dim7 D7 G

S search ev - ry where, but none ca com - pare with my

45 A7 A7 D7 D7

S wild I - rish rose. _____ My

49 G am G G

S wild I - rish rose, _____ the

53 C C G G

S dear - est flower that grows, _____ and some

57 D7 G F dim7 D G

S day for my sake, she may let me take the

61 C A7 D7 G

S bloom from my wild I - rish rose.