

My Wild Irish Rose

Written by: Chauncey Olcott, 1899



[INTRO]

If you [C]listen I'll sing you a [F]sweet little [C]song
Of a flower that's [D7]now droped and [G]dead,
Yet [C]dearer to me, yes than [F]all of its [C]mates,
Though each holds a[G]loft its proud [C]head.
T'was [F]given to me by a [C]girl that I know,
Since we've met, faith I've [D7]known no re[G]pose.
She is [C]dearer by far than the [F]world's brightest [C]star,
And I call her my [G]wild Irish [C]Rose.

[CHORUS]

My [C]wild [G]Irish [C]Rose,
The [F]sweetest [G]flower that [C]grows.
You may [F]search every[C]where, but [F]none can com[C]pare
With my [D]wild [D7]Irish [G]Rose.
My [C]wild [G]Irish [C]Rose,
The [F]dearest [G]flower that [C]grows,
And some [F]day for my [C]sake, she [F]may let me [C]take
The [D7]bloom from my [G]wild Irish [C]Rose.

[BRIDGE]

They may [C]sing of their roses, which [F]by other [C]names,
Would smell just as [D7]sweetly, they [G]say.
But [C]I know that my Rose would [F]never con[C]sent
To have that sweet name [G]taken a[C]way.
Her [F]glances are shy when [C]e'er I pass by
The bower where my [D7]true love [G]grows,
And my [C]one wish has been that some [F]day I may [C]win
The heart of my [G]wild Irish [C]Rose.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

My [C]wild [G]Irish [C]Rose,
The [F]sweetest [G]flower that [C]grows.
You may [F]search every[C]where, but [F]none can com[C]pare
With my [D]wild [D7]Irish [G]Rose.
My [C]wild [G]Irish [C]Rose,
The [F]dearest [G]flower that [C]grows,
And some [F]day for my [C]sake, she [F]may let me [C]take
The [D7]bloom from my [G]wild Irish [C]Rose.