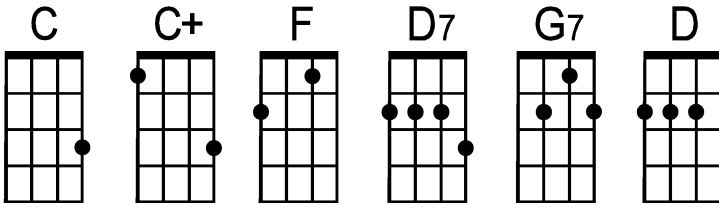


# My Wild Irish Rose

by Chauncey Olcott (1899)



3/4 time (waltz)

**Intro:** C . . | C+ . . | F . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | C . . | G7\

(sing g)

--- --- | C . . | C+ . . | F . . | C . .  
If you list-en, I'll sing you a sweet lit—tle song

. | . . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .  
Of a flower that's now droop-ing its head—

. | C . . | C+ . . | F . . | C . .  
Yet dear-er to me, yes, than all of its mates

. . . | . . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
So there's none so that all here are dead—

. | G7 . . | . . . | C . . | . . .  
'Twas giv-en to me by a girl that I know

. . . | D7 . . | . . . | G7 . . | . .  
Since we've met, faith, I'll know no re—pose—

. . | C . . | C+ . . | F . . . | C . .  
She is dear-er by far than the world's bright-est star

. | . . . | G7 . . | C . . | C\ ---  
And I call her my wild I--rish rose—

--- | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . | F . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
**Chorus:** My wild— I—rish rose— the sweet-est flow-er that grows—

. . | G7 . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . .  
You may search ever-y—where, but none can com-pare

. . | D . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | G7\ ---  
with my wild— I—rish rose—

--- | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . | F . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .  
My wild— I—rish rose— the sweet-est flow-er that grows—

. . | G7 . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . .  
And some day for my sake, she may let me take

. | D7 . . . | G7 . . | C . . | C\  
The bloom from my wild I—rish rose—

--- |C . . |C+ . . |F . . |C . .  
 They may sing of their ros—es which by oth—er names  
 . | . . . |D7 . . |G7 . . | . .  
 Would smell just as sweet—ly, they say—  
 . |C . . |C+ . . |F . . |C . .  
 But I know that my Rose would nev—er con—sent  
 . | . . . |G7 . . |C . . | . .  
 To have that sweet name tak—en a—way—

. |G7 . . | . . . |C . . | . .  
 Her glanc—es are shy, when—e'er I pass by  
 . |D7 . . . | . . . |G7 . . | . .  
 The bower where my true love— grows—  
 . |C . . |C+ . . |F . . |C . .  
 And my one wish has been, that some day I may win  
 . | . . . |G7 . . |C . . |C\ ---  
 The heart of my wild l—rish rose—

--- |C . . |G7 . . |C . . | . . . |F . . |G7 . . |C . . | . .  
**Chorus:** My wild— l—rish rose— the sweet—est flow—er that grows—  
 . . |G7 . . |C . . |G7 . . |C . .  
 You may search ever—y—where, but none can com—pare  
 . . |D . . |D7 . . |G7 . . |G7\ ---  
 with my wild— l—rish rose—  
 --- |C . . |G7 . . |C . . | . . . |F . . |G7 . . |C . . | . .  
 My wild— l—rish rose— the sweet—est flow—er that grows—  
 . . |G7 . . |C . . |G7 . . |C . .  
 And some day for my sake, she may let me take  
 . |D7 . . . |G7 . . . |C . . |C\  
 The bloom from my wild l—rish rose—