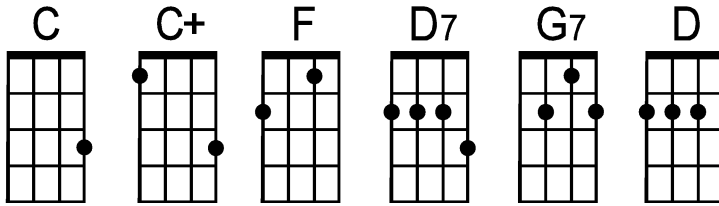


My Wild Irish Rose

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—