My Wild Irish Rose
by Chauncey Olcott (1899)

3/4 time (waltz)

(sing g)
If you list-en, I'll sing you a sweet lit-tle song,
Of a flower that's now droop-ing its head------
Yet dear-er to me, yes, than all of its mates,
. . . . . | G7 . . | C . . . | . . .
So there's none so that all here are dead------

'Twas giv-en to me by a girl that I know,
Since we've met, faith, I'll know no re-pose------
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------

Chorus: My wild-- I-----rish rose---- the sweet-est flow-er that grows------
You may search ever-y-where, but none can com-pare
with my wild-- I-----rish rose----
My wild---- I-----rish rose---- the sweet-est flow-er that grows------
And some day for my sake, she may let me take,
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 consent,
To have that sweet name taken away.

Her glances are shy, when-’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: My wild---- Irish rose---- the sweet-est flow-er that grows------
You may search ever-’y-where, but none can com-pare
with my wild---- Irish rose----
My wild---- Irish rose---- the sweet-est flow-er that grows------
And some day for my sake, she may let me take,
the bloom from my wild Irish rose.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v.4b 3/8/19)