My Wild Irish Rose
by Chauncey Olcott (1899)

3/4 time (waltz)

(sing g)


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

--- --- |C . . |G7 . . |C . . |F . . |G7 . . |C . . |G7\nSo there’s none so that all here are dead—

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

Chorus: My wild— Irish rose— the sweetest flower that grows—


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


--- --- |C . . |G7 . . |C . . |G7 . . |C . . |C \ 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 sweet—ly, 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-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
(v4c - 3/10/19)