My Wild Irish Rose
by Chauncey Olcott (1899)

Snappy waltz tempo

If you listen, I'll sing you a sweet little song,

Of a flower that's now drooping its head--------

Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates,

So there's none so that all here are dead-----

--- --- | G7 . . | . . . | C . . . | .
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know,

Since we've met, faith, I'll know no repose-----

She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,

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

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

You may search every-where, but none can com-pare

with my wild--Irish rose----

My wild--Irish rose--the sweetest flower that grows----

And some day for my sake, she may let me take,

--- --- | G7 . . | C . . | C\ the bloom from my wild Irish rose.
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 e'er I pass by. The bower where my true love grows——

And my one wish has been, that some day I may win, the bloom from my wild Irish rose.

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

You may search everywhere, but none can compare with my wild——Irish rose——

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

And some day for my sake, she may let me take, the bloom from my wild Irish rose.

San Jose Ukulele Club (ver3 3/3/16)