My Wild Irish Rose
by Chauncey Olcott (1899)

\[\text{Chords: } C \quad C+ \quad F \quad D7 \quad G7\]

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,

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-----

\textit{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 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 heart of my wild Irish rose----

Chorus: My wild---- Irish rose---- the sweetest flow'er that grows-----
You may search everywhere, but none can compare
with my wild---- Irish rose----
My wild---- Irish rose---- the sweetest 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
(ver 4 3/13/17)