My Wild Irish Rose
by Chauncey Olcott (1899)


C  C+  F  C
If you listen, I’ll sing you a sweet little song,
D7              G7
Of a flower that’s now drooping its head,
C  C+  F  C
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates,
G7              C
So there’s none so that all here are dead.
G7              C
‘Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
C  D7              G7
Since we’ve met, faith, I’ll know no re-pose.
C  C+  F  C
She is dearer by far than the world’s brightest star,
G7              C  F/  C/
And I call her my wild Irish rose.

Chorus:
My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower than grows
G7              C  G7              C
You may search every-where, but none can com-pare with my wild Irish rose
C  Fm  C  F  G7  C
My wild Irish rose, the dearest flower that grows,
G7  C  G7  C  F  G7  C
And some day for my sake, she may let me take, the bloom from my wild Irish rose.


C  C+  F  C
They may sing of their roses which by other names,
D7              G7
Would smell just as sweetly, they say.
C  C+  F  C
But I know that my Rose, would never con-sent,
G7              C
To have that sweet name taken a-way.

G7              C
Her glances 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  F/  C/
The heart of my wild Irish rose.

Chorus
F  G7  C .  .  .  C/F/C/

End: The bloom from my wild …. Irish…. rose.