

My Wild Irish Rose

by Chauncey Olcott (1899)

A Aug5 D A
If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
A B7 E7(2) Bm7(1) E7
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead
A Aug5 D A
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,
A E7(1) Dm(1) E7(1) A(2) D6(1) A
Though each holds aloft its proud head.
E7 E7 A(1) E7(1) A(1) A(2) C#7(1)
Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
F#m B7(1) B6(1) B7(1) E7(2) Bm7(1) E7
Since we've met, faith I've known no re pose.
A Aug5 D A
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
A E7(1) Dm6(1) E7(1) A(2) D(1) A
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

A Dm A A D C#m A A(2) Edim7(1)
My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.
E7 A(2) Edim7(1) E7 A
You may search everywhere, but none can compare
B7 B7 E7(2) Bm7(1) E7
with my wild Irish Rose.
A Dm A A D C#m A A(2) Edim7(1)
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,
E7 A(2) Edim7(1) E7 A
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
B7(2) A(1) B7(2) E7(1) A(2) D(1) A A
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 heart of my wild Irish Rose.