

Traditional Irish Music

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My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncey Olcott

C C5# F C
If you listen, I'll sing you a sweet little song
D G7
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,
C C5# F C
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,
C Fm C
Tho' each holds aloft its proud head.
G7 C
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know;
Am D7 G7
Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose,
C C5# F
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
C F C
And I call her my wild Irish rose.

Chorus:

C Fm C F C
My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flow'r that grows,
G7 C C#dim G7 C
You may search ev'rywhere, but none can compare
Am D D7 G7
with my wild Irish rose.
C Fm C F C
My wild Irish rose, the dearest flow'r that grows,
C#dim G7 C C#dim G7 C
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
F C D7 G7 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 heart of my wild Irish rose.