

My Wild Irish Rose

Written by Chauncey Olcott in 1899. Recorded by John McCormack in 1914.

INTRO: G G C G G C D D STRUM: D DUD TEMPO: 90PBM
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

G G C G
If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song,
G A7 D(6)
Of a flower that's now dropped and dead,
G C G
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,
D G(6)
Though each holds a-loft its proud head.
C C G G
Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
G A7 D(6)
Since we've met, faith I've known no re--pose.
G G C G
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
G D G(6)
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

CHORUS G D G(6) C D G(6)
My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.
C G C G
You may search every-where, but none can com-
A A7 D(6)
pare
With my wild Irish Rose.
G D G(6) C D G(6)
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,
C G C G
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
A7 D G(6)
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

G G C G
They may sing of their roses, which by other names,
G A7 D(6)
Would smell just as sweetly, they say.
G G C G
But I know that my Rose would never con-
G D G(6)
sent
To have that sweet name taken a-way.
C C G G
Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by,
G A7 D(6)
The bower where my true love grows,
G G C G
And my one wish has been that some day I may win
G D G
The heart of my wild Irish Rose.

REPEAT CHORUS

