

My Wild Irish Rose

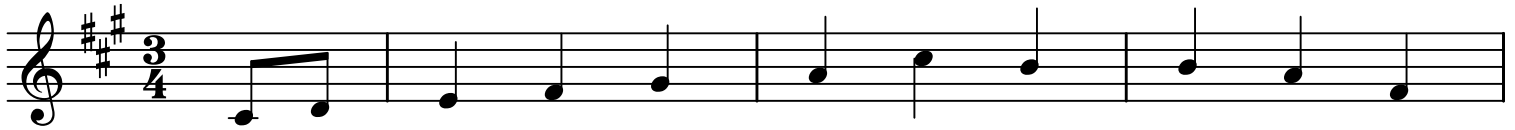
Chauncy Olcott

Obie

A

A

D



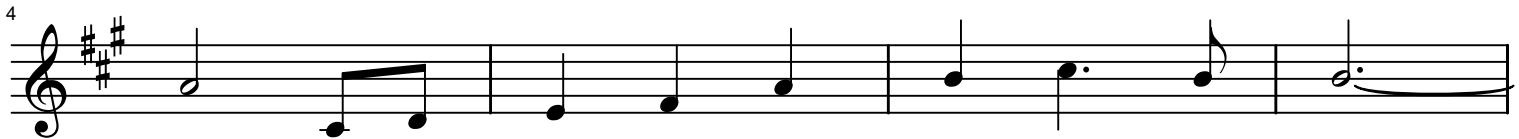
If you'll lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle
They may sing of their ro - ses which, by oth - er

A

A

B7

E7



song, Of a flow - er that's now drooped and dead,
names, Would smell just as sweet - ly, they say,

E7

A

A

D



Yet dear - er to me, yes, than all of its
But I know that my Rose would nev - er con

A

A

E7

A

A



mates, Tho' each holds a loft its proud head. 'Twas
sent To have that sweet name tak - en a way. Her

E7

E7

A

A



giv - en to me by a girl that I know, Since we've
glan - ces are shy when e'er I pass by The

A

D

E7

E7



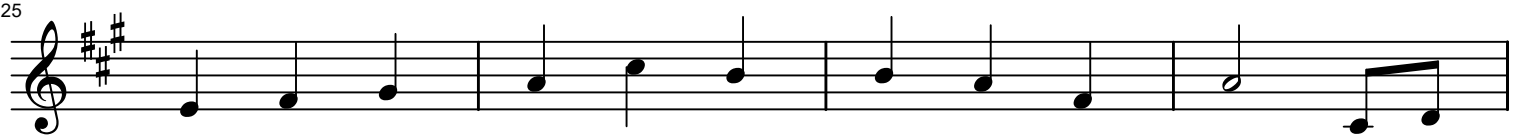
met, faith, I've known no re pose, She is
bow - er, where my true love grows; And my

A

A

D

A



dear - er by far than the world's bright - est star, And I
one wish has been that some day I may win The

29 A E7 A A ♩ A

call her my wild I - rish Rose ——— My wild
 heart of my wild I - rish Rose. ———

34 E7 A A D E7 A

I - rish Rose, ——— The sweet- est flow'r that grows,

40 A D A D

You may search ev' ry where, But none can com

44 A D A E7 E7 A

pare With my wild I - rish Rose. ——— My wild

50 A E7 A A D E7 A

I - rish Rose, ——— The dear- est flow'r that grows,

56 D A D

And some day for my sake, She may let me

60 A D D E7 A A

take The bloom from my wild I - rish Rose. ———