

My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncy Olcott

Capo 4

Obie

A A D A A

If you'll lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle song, Of a flow - er that's
 The may sing of their ro - ses which, by oth - er names, Would smell just as

C4
D 6+-7 0 5 6+- 0 6+- 5 5 0 5 0 6+-7 0 5 0

B7 E7 E7 A A D

now drooped and dead, Yet dear - er to me, yes, than all of its
 sweet - ly, they say, But I know that my Rose would nev - er con

T 6+-7 0 5 6+- 0 6+- 5 5 0 5

A 5 6+- 5 5 5 0 6+- 5 5 0

B 5 6+- 5 5 5 0 6+- 5 5 0

A A E7 A A E7 E7

mates, Tho' each holds a loft its proud head. 'Twas giv - en to me by a
 sent To have that sweet name tak - en a way. Her glan - ces are shy when

T 6+-7 0 5 6+- 0 0 6+- 5 6+- 7 7 6+- 5

A 0 0 5 0 5 0 0 0 6+- 5 6+- 7 7 6+- 5

B 0 0 5 0 5 0 0 0 6+- 5 6+- 7 7 6+- 5

A A A D E7 E7

girl that I know, Sin we've met, faith, I've known no re pose, She is
 e'er I pass by The bow - er, where my true love grows; And my

T 6+-7 6+- 6+- 6+- 6+- 5 0 5 6+- 0 5 5

A 0 5 6+- 6+- 6+- 6+- 6+- 5 0 5 6+- 0 5 5

B 0 5 6+- 6+- 6+- 6+- 6+- 5 0 5 6+- 0 5 5

A A D A A E7

dear - er by far than the world bright - est star, And I call her my wild I - rish
 one wish has been that some day I may win The heart of my wild I - rish

T 6+-7 0 5 6+- 0 6+- 5 5 0 5 0 6+-7 0 5 0 5 0 6+-

A 0 5 6+- 0 6+- 5 5 0 5 0 6+-7 0 5 0 5 0 6+-

B 0 5 6+- 0 6+- 5 5 0 5 0 6+-7 0 5 0 5 0 6+-

A A $\text{\textcircled{X}}$ A E7 A A D E7

Rose. My wild I - rish Rose, The sweet- est flow'r that

31 T
A
B 0. 0 0 6+- 6+- 5 0. 0 0 0 0 6+- 5

A A D A D A D

grows, You may search ev' ry where, But none can com pare With my wild

39 T
A
B 0. 0 6+6+- 7 0 5 0 6+- 7 0 5 0 7-6+- 5.

A E7 E7 A A E7 A A D

I - rish Rose. My wild I - rish Rose, The dear- est

46 T
A
B 6+- 5 5. 5. 0 6+- 6+- 5 0. 0 0 0 0

E7 A D A D A

flow'r that grows, An some day for my sake, She may let me take The

54 T
A
B 6+- 5 0. 0 6+6+- 7 0 5 0 6+- 7 0 5 0 0

D D E7 A A

bloom from my wild I - rish Rose.

61 T
A
B 5 6+- 0 0 5. 0 0. 0.